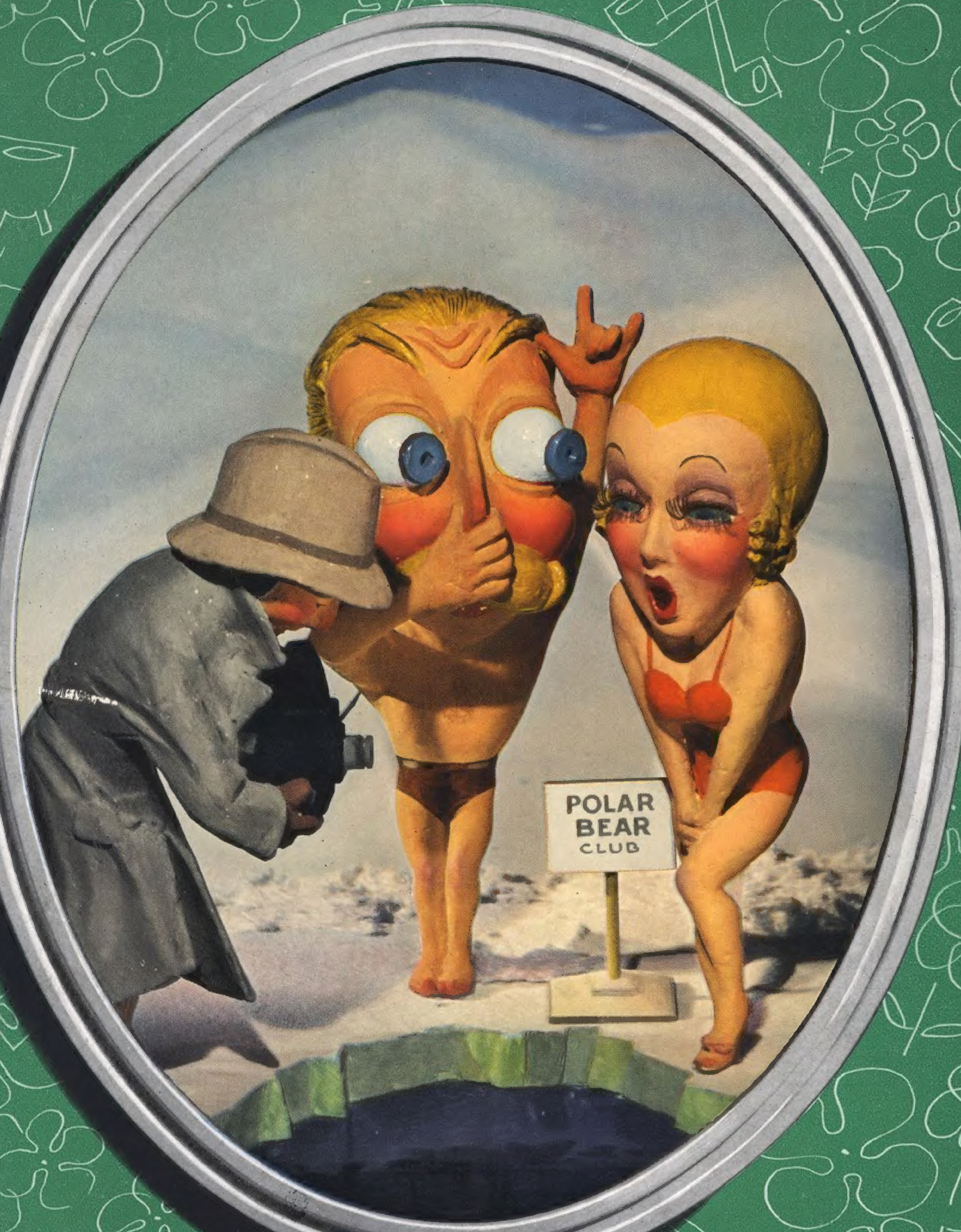
Esquire

A. N. C.

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH
1940



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BERT H. WHITE
HARRY SALPETER
CURT RIESS
WILLIAM LA VARRE
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SIDNEY CARROLL
WILSON CHAMBERLAIN

FICTION

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SÁNDOR HUNYADY
DONALD BARR CHIDSEY
GEORGES SURDEZ
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ART

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SATIRE

LOUIS PAUL
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STANLEY LOGAN
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POETRY

NELSON ALGREN

SPORTS

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(COVER)

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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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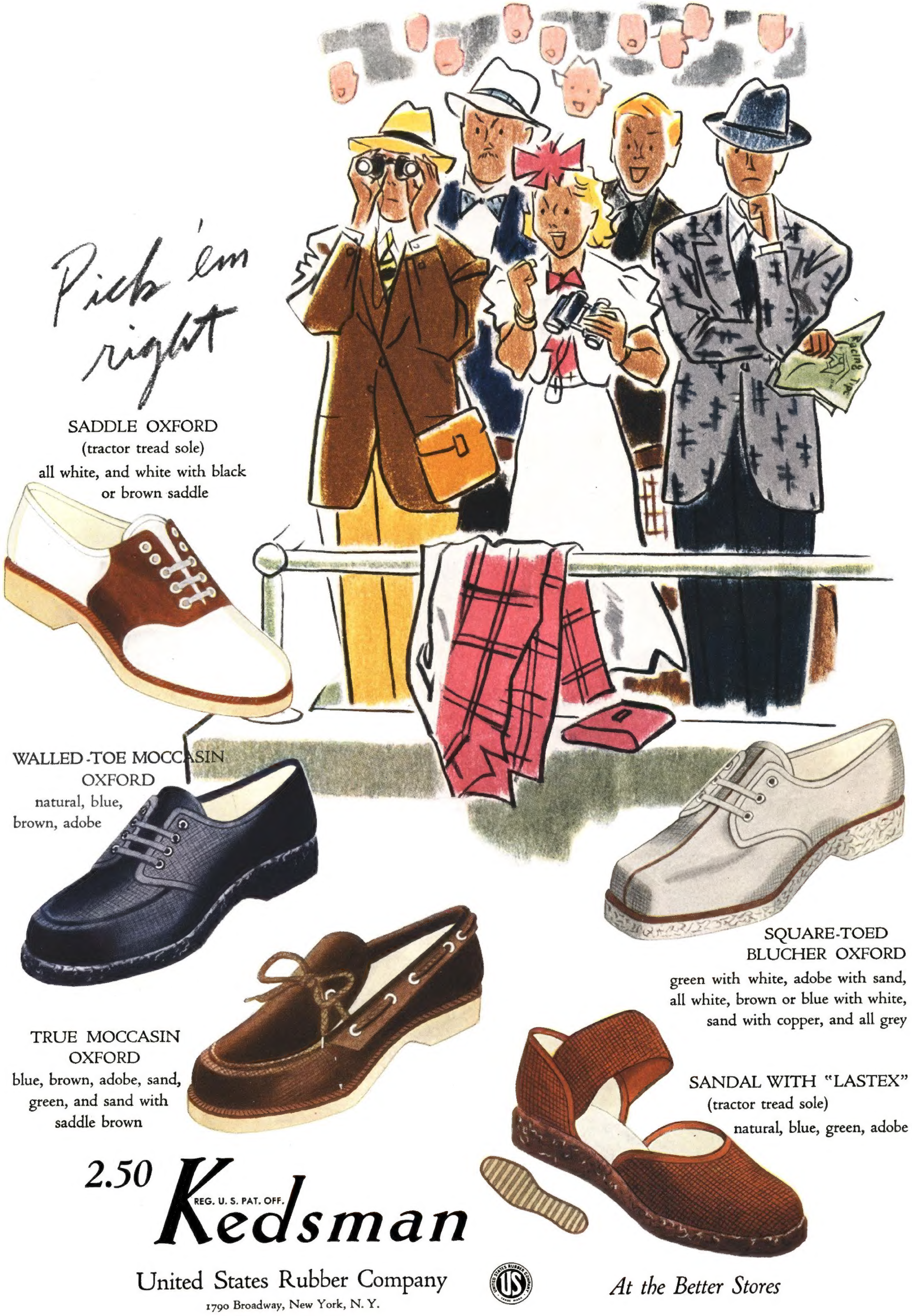

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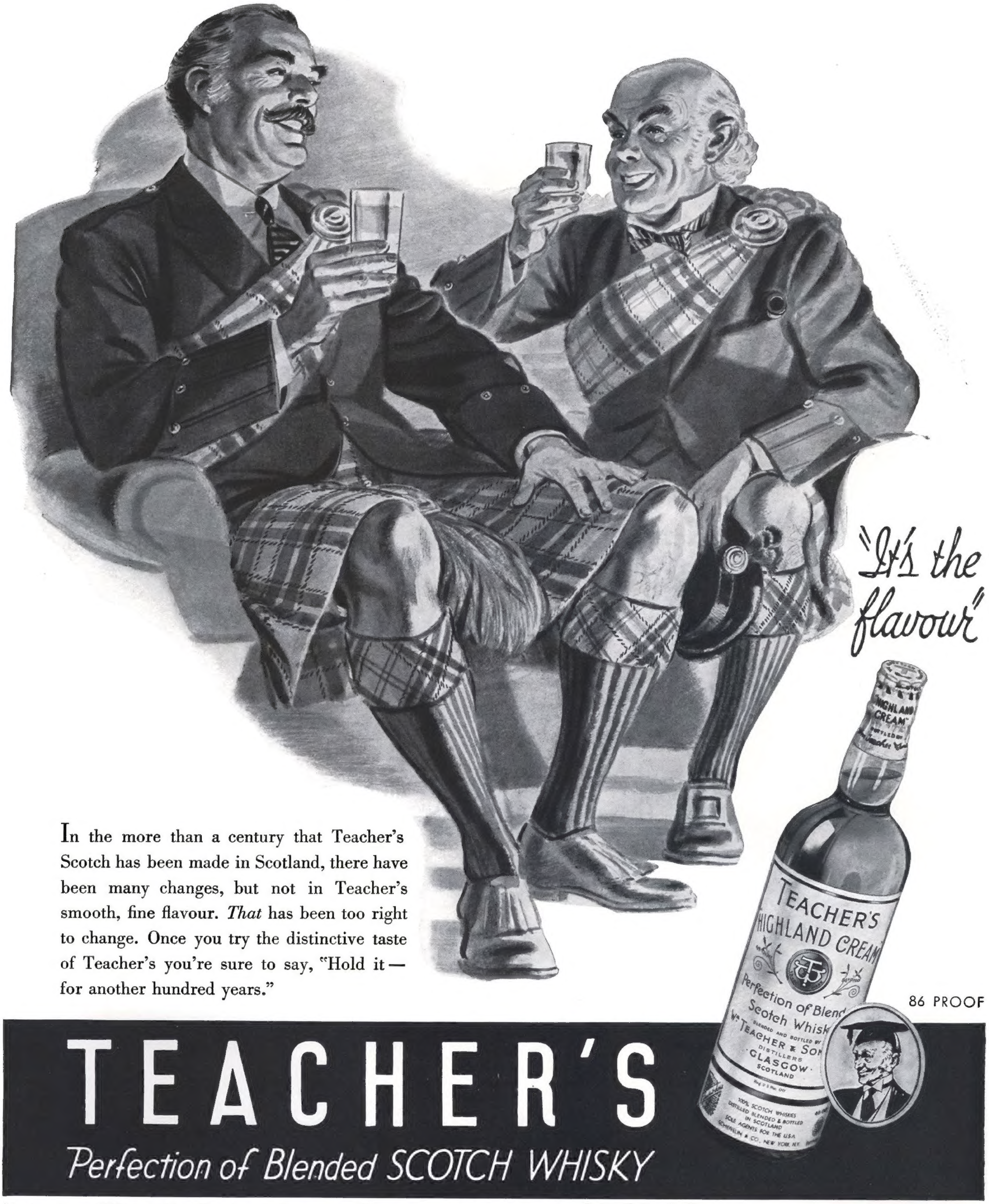

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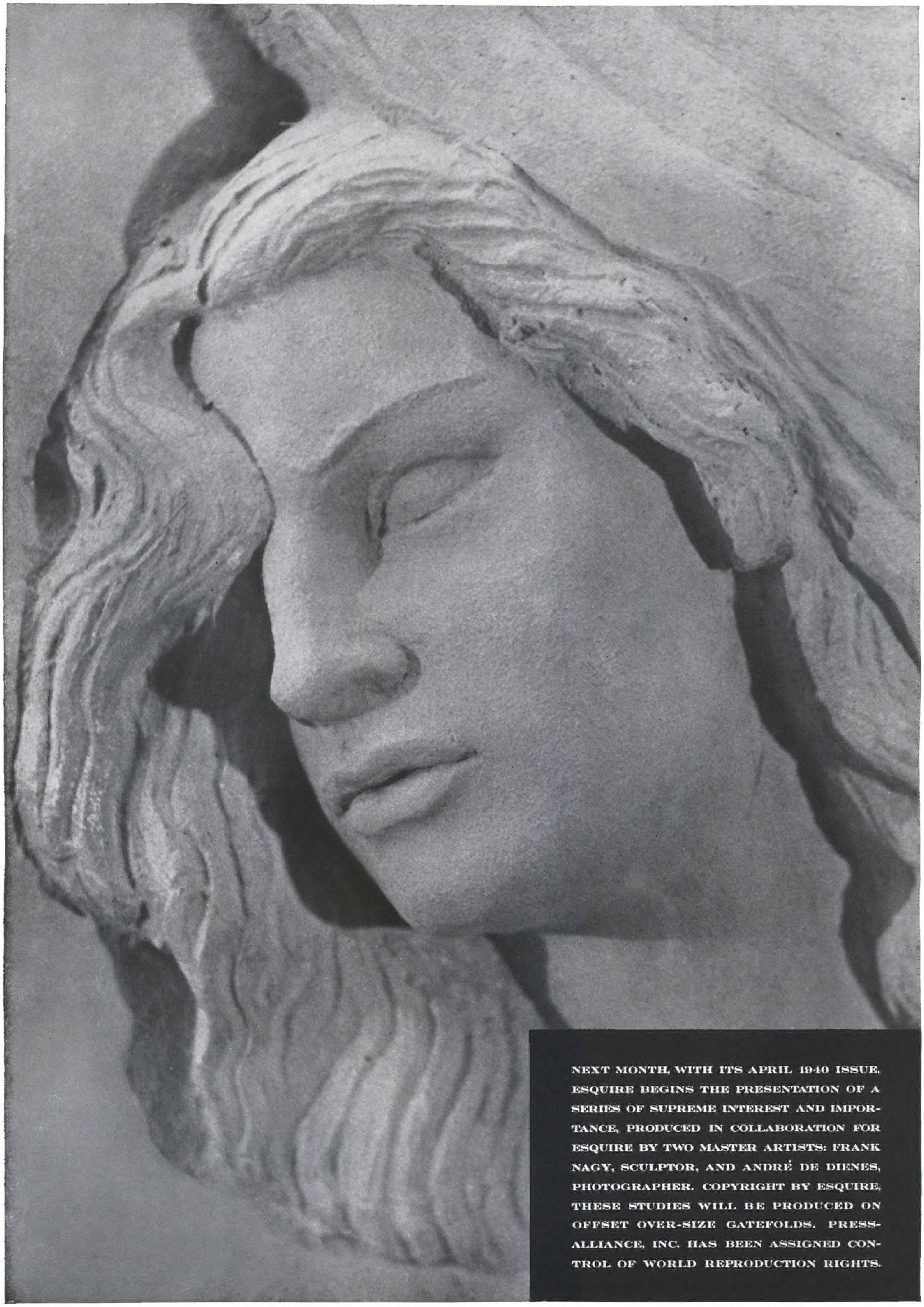

NEXT MONTH, WITH ITS APRIL 1940 ISSUE, ESQUIRE BEGINS THE PRESENTATION OF A SERIES OF SUPREME INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE, PRODUCED IN COLLABORATION FOR ESQUIRE BY TWO MASTER ARTISTS: FRANK NAGY, SCULPTOR, AND ANDRÉ DE DIENES, PHOTOGRAPHER. COPYRIGHT BY ESQUIRE. THESE STUDIES WILL BE PRODUCED ON OFFSET OVER-SIZE GATEFOLDS. PRESS-ALLIANCE, INC. HAS BEEN ASSIGNED CONTROL OF WORLD REPRODUCTION RIGHTS.

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

On the constancy of our changing nature

We have a letter from Paul Haggard which he wants published in our pages either in full or not at all. It was addressed to *The Sound and the Fury*, but that overcrowded department is already creaking under the load of problems we have piled onto it this month, so if we are to print Paul Haggard's letter at all it will have to come in here where we always seem to have room for anything and everything. Here it is:

> As an Esquire author I have not been watching your pages as closely as I should. I have just come back from reporting the war in Europe for a news service, and my attention has been called to a series of letters from your readers defending my short story, *No Peace With The Sea*. It's damn white of them and I thank them—but that is not the reason I'm writing this letter.
>
> Rumors have been spread, and your readers have been writing me, that they are never going to read another copy of Esquire if what they hear is true. And what they hear is that my stories have been barred from Esquire.
>
> Let me nail that lie in your pages and state the facts as they are—and then we can both go on to more important business, without you being done out of a lot of customers.
>
> The facts are that stories such as *Let The Day Perish*, *Castle In Yellow* and others I have done for you, were well liked by your readers—and all that have ever written to me seemed to like *No Peace With The Sea* better than the rest.
>
> I was not barred from Esquire because of that story and the rage it started in some pure-grammar breasts. No. After that story was published I got a note from your editor saying that Esquire was changing, and would not be in the market for just that kind of story. I was free to submit anything I wrote—and you were free to buy anything you felt fitted in with your new needs.
>
> Of course that left the cat in my bag. I could write the sort of new stuff you wanted or I could tell you to go to hell. I did neither—I just decided to write novels and say what I felt without a magazine editor worrying over my shoulder. I am having two novels published this spring and in them are a great many of the stories that would have appeared in Esquire had you gone on printing the type of story I had started writing for you.
>
> That is the real background of the claims your readers have that I was barred from your pages. I was not. I can still, I know, write for you if I write what you want. As an honest writer who feels he must say what he has to say without editorial dictate I can't—but that's my own fault—not yours.
>
> I might add that this is not a matter of not being able to sell my stories to magazines. I have been writing for *Cosmopolitan*, *Scribner's* and others—but have given it all up to work on novels. Sad but true, I have found that while readers like a little red meat in their stories—the editors alas, don't. And so rather than trim my stories to fit their pages, I have gone over to the book field where an author can stand on his toes and hit without damaging too many editorial rules.
>
> So just print this to say it ain't true that I've been barred from Esquire. And thanks to your readers who cared.
>
> Cordially,
>
> Brooklyn, New York (*Signed*) Paul Haggard

Well, first off, Mr. Haggard's letter reminds us of the old one about the guy reporting back to his pal about how he had been defending him. You remember that one, surely, wherein the guy says "Pal, I was with some guys the other night that was running you down something terrible, and I stuck up for you. They said you wasn't fit to sleep with pigs, but I made 'em take it back. I convinced 'em you was!"

In this letter Mr. Haggard comes very close to muscling in on the territory of George Seldes. George (who is emphatically not to be confused with his distant brother Gilbert) is the only author we know who never gets a rejection slip. All George Seldes ever gets is a suppression slip. Other authors all get stories and articles rejected now and then. But not George. Whenever any story or article of his is rejected he hotfoots it to the nearest housetop, slip still quivering in his outraged hand, and trumpets that it has been suppressed. He's made a pretty good thing of it, too.

But let us here and now assure both him and you that Paul Haggard has not been barred from these pages. No author is barred from these pages, and some of the authors who frequently appear in them happen to be our own favorite personal enemies. For instance, 1940 is still a pup as this is written, but we count that year lost in which Jim Tully does not at least once take typewriter in hand to remind us that we are a veritable louse among lice and the undisputed heavyweight champion of all stinkers whose unworthy feet ever demeaned the doubtful dignity of an editorial desk. Such honest enmity has so far failed to alienate Tully from these ungrudging pages, in which he has appeared as lately as November 1939, that remembering his batting average on past scripts we feel safe to say that he will undoubtedly be in again, maybe early and maybe often. And certainly Tully has tried as hard as anybody could to bar himself from our ball team, if that could be accomplished.

We don't remember word for word what we scribbled on the note we wrote Mr. Haggard, but it sounds as if we had told him that we weren't in the market for any more war stories at that moment. *No Peace With The Sea* was a war story and a wow. But in the years of so-called peace we had harped on war stuff so steadily that with the advent of war we felt we ought to give it a rest. You could read all the war stuff you wanted, at three cents a throw, without paying half a dollar for it here. We hope that, as an editorial decision, this one seems reasonably unsinister.

But it appears that we also said that Esquire was changing. Well, if we didn't we should have, because it is. Esquire is always changing. And with this Spring it happens to be at its "changingest." Esquire is edited as nearly without rules as any magazine alive. As far back as January 1937 we remarked in this space that it has only one fixed editorial policy and that is a devotion to gradual but constant change.

For these past few months the change has tried to be for the brighter. We've tried to drown out that old refrain of readers' complaints about the "morbid" tang of our text and tint of our pictures. Look this issue through and compare it with any issue of last Spring or the year before, and we think you'll agree that this is a brighter book.

And now, next month, the change is trying to be for the bigger. As we tell you elsewhere in this issue (many, many places elsewhere, notably pages 21, 92, 98, 101, 104, 111, and 118) we are embarking next month on a new dividend policy of value-giving, and the April issue aims to start it off with a whoop. Frankly, our pious hope and belief is that it will knock your hat off. But don't let that keep you from making it a mental "must" to lay your hands on a copy of the April Esquire.

Meanwhile, our daily prayer is a very slight rearrangement of a classic phrase, *Plus ça change, plus ça soit la même chose*, that is to say, may Esky guide our elbow to assure that the more it changes the more it may remain the same thing, The Magazine for Men.

ESQUIRE
March, 1940
T. M. Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N.Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given

Vol. XIII, No. 3
Whole No. 76
T. M. Reg.

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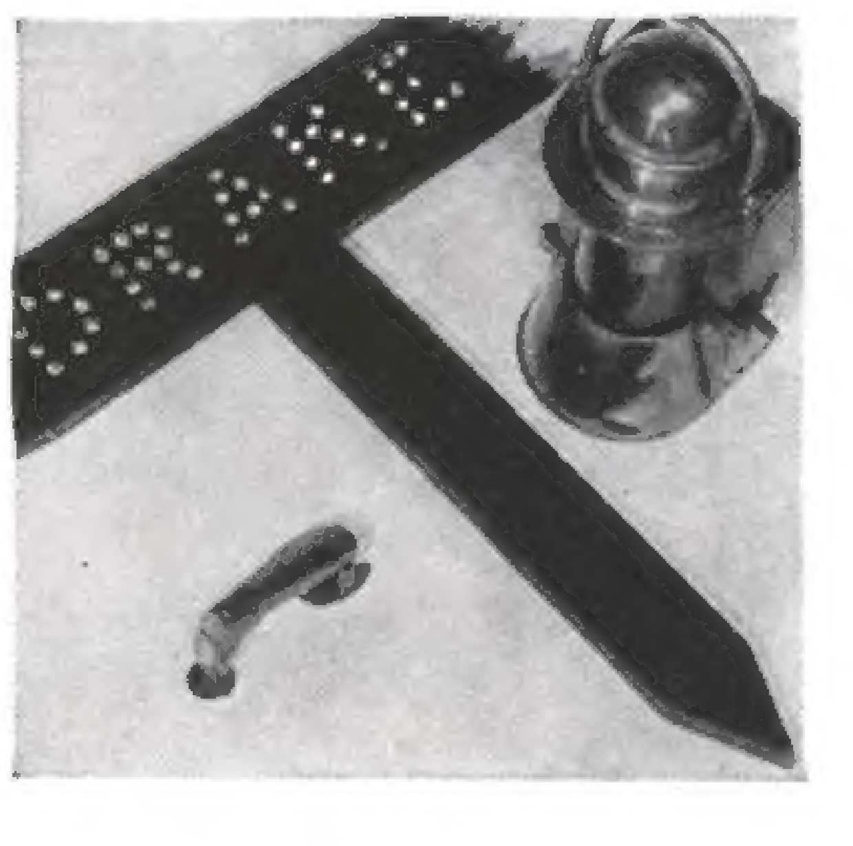

FRONT! If you have ever worked yourself into a state of near nervous prostration looking for that friend's house number at night, you'll know why we bring this up. Here is a sign that becomes a blaze of glory at the slightest touch of a ray of light from a headlight's beam. The little reflector buttons, the manufacturers tell us, are so designed as to reflect light from a very wide angle, thus making for more efficiency of performance. You will notice that the buttons are set into cut out wooden letters for daytime good looks . . . The history behind the venerable looking brass lantern is a romantic one. They were originally built to be used on old British fighting frigates. When these boats were superseded by steam battleships, the old sailing ships were kept in commission for purely sentimental reasons—as training ships and show pieces. But—when came the Great War of 1914, the dear old hulks were pressed into service as commercial raiders and patrol boats. After the Armistice, they were ordered dismantled and the material salvaged by English workers on the dole. A smart New York operator bought up all of them that he could get his hands on. Thanks to him, we could have a pair of these fine old lighting fixtures at the ancestral door—if we only had the dough . . . The little riding boot you see serves admirably as a door knocker. Cast in brass, it can be had in the natural or black finish and should be at home at anybody's front door.

LISTEN. Following Al Smith's advice, we had a "look at the records" and some interesting things we found, too. We were especially intrigued by an album of three records of card tricks done by Luis Zingone, card-manipulating movie star and crooked gambling exposeur. Mr. Z. very smoothly goes through the magician's patter while you impress your friends with what a monstrous clever fellow you are. Just the thing for those magic parties that are becoming so popular around town. You drag along your records and become a social success overnight... And speaking of unusual party ideas, "Hollywood Screen Test", another set of three records, assures a dearth of dull moments at any social function. Ray Foster, former Hollywood director, coaches you through histrionic scenes freighted with love, pathos, excitement, and plenty of laughs. On one side of each record, there is boy and girl dialogue. On the other side is a scene in pantomime. These records are not guaranteed to make you a Booth or a Bernhardt, but they certainly will help to keep an evening rolling along . . . And in a more serious vein, "Then Came War—1939". Here is an album of three twelve inch records which condenses into twenty-five minutes of well-recorded and dramatized sound, news of vital interest. In a three-minute preface, the narrator gives the history of the world from 1918 to 1938 in a clear and comprehensive manner. From there, it goes completely through Hitler's territorial expansion campaign with all its diplomatic maneuverings. You hear the actual voices of Hitler, Daladier, and Chamberlain, as well as translations by capable actors. The voices of these men, as their words alone never could, give this work vibrant reality and you a 50 yard line seat while history marches up and down the field before your ears.

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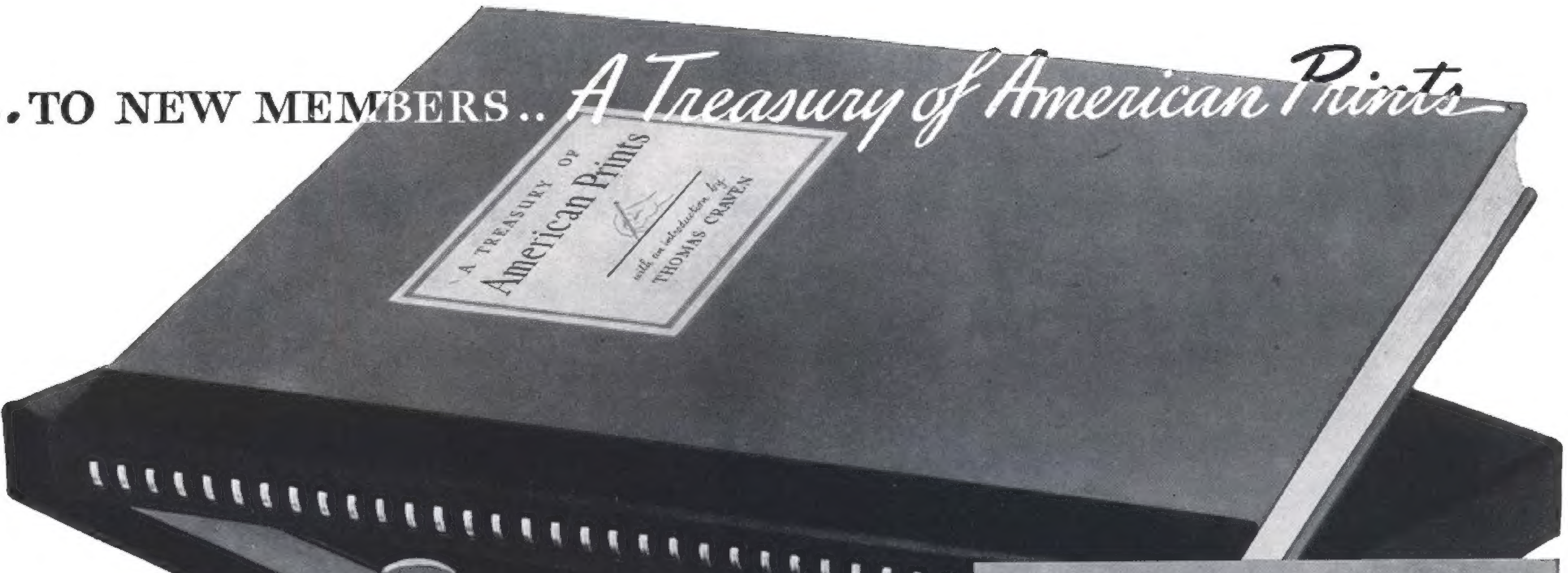

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INSIDE ASIA *by John Gunther*
NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD *by Vincent Sheean*
WIND, SAND AND STARS *by Antoine de Saint Exupéry*
DAYS OF OUR YEARS *by Pierre van Paassen*
THE REVOLUTION OF NIHILISM *by Hermann Rauschning*
COUNTRY LAWYER *by Bellamy Partridge*

—or *any other* new books you may have been particularly anxious to read. Instead, you may have been confessing to friends that you could "never get around to reading books."

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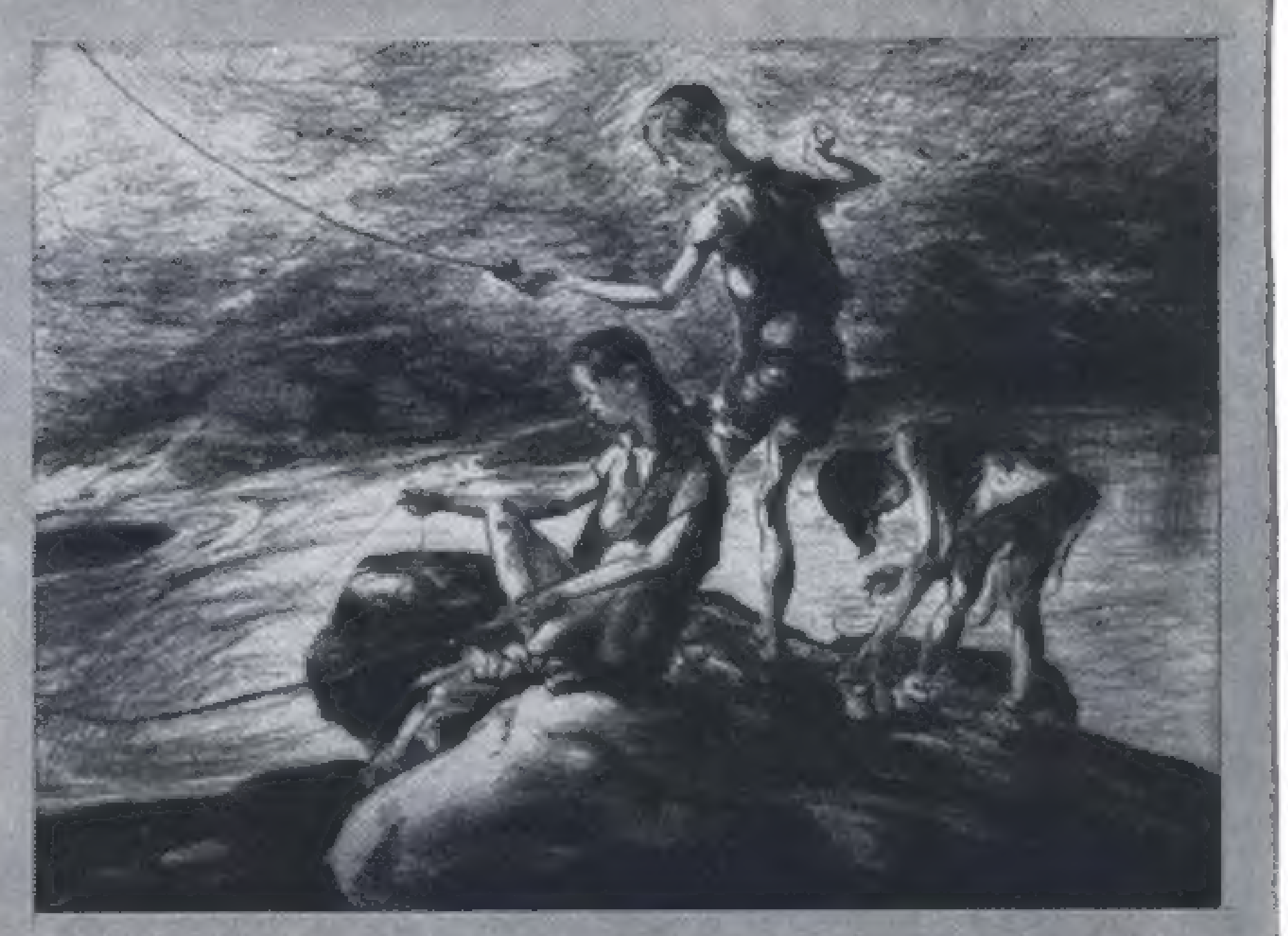

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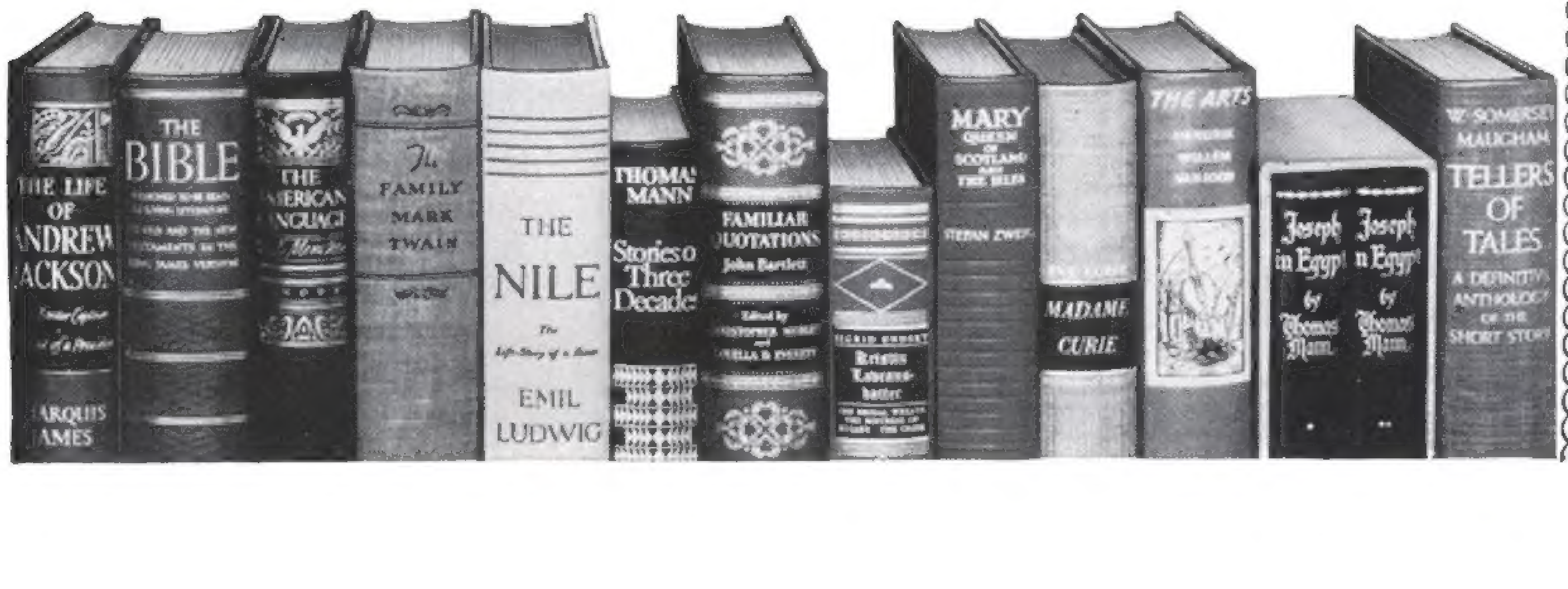

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

QUERYING THE 1, 2, 3, SYSTEM

I would like a little more enlightenment on Earle V. Weller's article entitled *One, Two, Three . . . and Win Six,* appearing in the January, 1940 ESQUIRE.

My first question is where did the number "7" come from in the first example described by Mr. Weller?

I can follow the playing and reasoning up to number "6" in the series or in other words, until the gambler is ready to make his fifth bet of eight chips. At that time the unlucky fellow has a series looking like this:

$\cancel{1}\ 2\ 3\ 4\ \cancel{5}\ 6$

He places his fifth bet of eight chips and loses. Now at this time he (the gambler) should mentally add the amount of his loss to the series, or leaving him with something like this:

$\cancel{1}\ 2\ 3\ 4\ \cancel{5}\ 6\ 8$

At this point I am stymied. Where did that number "7" slip into Mr. Weller's example? It is in there though and is even crossed out as if it had been used by the gambler but in none of the description is the number "7" used to determine the amount of a bet.

I have been trying all evening to figure out what happens if a player starts with three digits (1 2 3)—wins the first bet of four chips and loses the second bet of two chips. Would he then have a list of numbers like this?

$\cancel{1}\ 2\ \cancel{3}\ 2$

If it is possible, have somebody work out the following example starting with three digits (1 2 3):

Spins	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Outcome	W	L	L	W	L	L	L	L	W

W designates won
L designates lost

Yours truly,
Rapid City, S. Dak. J. E. SEDGWICK

AUTHOR'S ANSWER

Pardon the printer for being overenthusiastic and putting in a "7" where it is superfluous. As you state, the sequence runs "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, etc." and there should not be a cancelled "7".

Now as to the problem you spent an evening on. The player starts with his "1, 2, 3" and wins the first bet. He cancels the "1" and "3" and his next bet is "2". He loses. The loss is placed at the end of the sequence and it reads "2, 2." The next bet is, therefore "4." If he wins, the system begins all over again and he has a total winning of 4 plus "4" or 8 against a loss of 2. The system always gives a winning total of the sum of the figures in the original sequence, 1 plus 2 plus 3—or Six.

The problem you asked for is worked out below:

$\cancel{1}, \cancel{2}, \cancel{3}, \cancel{2}, \cancel{4}, \cancel{2}, \cancel{4}, \cancel{6}, \cancel{8}$

Won	Lost
(1) 4	(2) 2
(4) 6	(3) 4
(9) 10	(5) 2
(10) 8	(6) 4
(11) 4	(7) 6
	(8) 8
32	26

You win Six.

Your figures only went as far as the ninth bet but the above carries the system through to the conclusion of the series, or until all digits are cancelled out.

Very truly,
Berkeley, Cal. E. V. WELLER

IT HAS TO WORK . . . IF

I was much interested in the article, *One, two, three . . . and win six,* by Earle V. Weller in the January issue of ESQUIRE. However, I would hardly concede that the system described therein would make "a mathematics professor excited and *inarticulate*"—at least not after he had read and understood the article.

The system is really very simple and *has to work.* The gambler writes down the numbers 1, 2 and 3. He then adds on all his losses and crosses out all his winnings. After everything has been crossed out, the gambler must be ahead 6 units, since he started out with 6 and his wins and losses just cancel. He can't lose if he has the capital to complete the system. Since he crosses out two items when he wins and adds only one when he loses, the chances are all in favor of completing the system. The two automobile executives just didn't know that 6+50—50=6.

Very truly yours,
Washington, D.C. RICHARD J. FOOTE

P.S. I happen to be a mathematician.

TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

For many moons there has been a stream of advice in your press on how the Europeans should run their place on the globe. Hitler and the Nazis generally have been reviled (and in our opinion, how rightly!) by radio and the printed word. Britain and France were accused of betrayal, of greed, of yellowness, of sacrificing countries that the British Empire might live, etc., etc. The U. S. A., before September 3rd was one of the most unneutral countries in the world in so far as Germany was concerned.

Europe wasn't your business until you virtually made it so. Well, if you are prepared to leave the settlement of the war to decadent Britain and effete France . . . that's all right, but don't for the love of pity write tag ends to Xmas Editorials . . .

Meaning, the Oscar Wilde quotation is apt but misapplied. There's quite a brawl in the gutter, and the prostrate bodies of Czecho-Slovakia, Austria and Poland are gazing up at the stars with the full weight of Nazidom pressing heavily on them. Also in the gutter are the French Republic and the British Empire struggling to remove that weight, and on the sidewalk stands the U. S. A., keeping out of the mud and blood, proffering loads of advice (with occasional interjections that the fight is phony) . . . Yes sir, with the eyes of the nation, not on the stars, but on the gutter.

I'll go on buying ESQUIRE, if I can get it in the Maginot Line.

Yours faithfully,
FREDERIC C. W. SADLEIR
Hounslow, Middlesex, England

THE OLD REFRAIN

Now, I'm a mild, meek soul but even a mouse screams when it's stepped on.

First we get foundation garments that give you a simply darling "minikin middle." Corsets—aaaah. That was the October issue. Good thing that swell gagfest appeased my anger.

Then came November—beautiful November, blighted by "heavenly blue, shell pink, daffodil yellow, and gardenia white make-up capes." Fine thing!! But, as there was no gagfest in the November issue, my feelings were injured. Shame on you.

Now the height of heights!! All kinds of advertisements for women in the December ESQUIRE, but not one, mind you not even one tiny cartoon depicting "Trends in Dress" for men. Thank the Lord the rest of the December ESQUIRE was so grand in the rest of its features, or who knows what I might have done.

I'm tinking youse guys is itching for a bruise.

Now please, please keep ESQUIRE for the MEN.

Chicago, Ill. CHARLES M. KAUFMAN

PROBLEM FOR DR. GALLUP

The *New York Daily News* recently published a picture and story of a tipsy girl at the Rainbow Room New Year's celebration that put on a real strip tease.

The picture has caused some comment in these parts and started an argument regarding women's under apparel. The contention was that no decent and repsectable girl would go to a dance without at least a slip under her evening gown.

I objected and maintained that at least eight of ten women attending dances are dressed in nothing but their evening gown—not even a slip—and they could hardly all be considered indecent.

Several times I have read with interest surveys ESQUIRE has printed concerning the habits, likes and dislikes, and opinions of the "weaker sex" and thought perhaps you could shed some light on this important and very perplexing problem. If anybody can you can.

Hoping to hear from you soon and taking this opportunity of wishing you and your magazine a very Happy and Prosperous New Year, I am,

Yours truly,
Monessen, Pa. W. ARTHUR CUBBAGE

HIGHER CRITICISM

Of course, you have heard the story about the author who complained to an editor over the loss of a manuscript? He said he didn't feel so badly because it landed in the editorial wastebasket but he did think it was sort of rubbing it in when the janitor, who emptied the wastebaskets, sent a rejection slip.

Yours sincerely,
DANIEL RYERSON
New York City, N.Y.

DISCOVERY OF THE MONTH

Don't look around now but get an earful of this: recently a member of your staff visited our town and while under the mellowing influence of stock ale divulged the secret of the mystery labelled "Satire" in ESKY to a little coterie of friends in a local barrelhouse.

First we told him of our efforts to solve the problem, even to the extent of consulting an astrologer and a ouija board. The unfortunate astrologer went mad and that little gadget you shove around on the ouija board collapsed, never to rise again.

As one proud of his wisdom the ESKY staff member explained:

"Why, that's no secret at all. You see, in ESKY's office we have a regular hierarchy of editors; there's one of sports, one of music, the drahma and of course there's the chief panjandrum of them all, 'His Nibs,' we call him."

Here he paused for another slug of the stock ale, a regular Jeroboam of a slug by the way.

"The explanation is very simple," he went on, "and it is simply this. The editor of ESKY's 'Satire' is the mother of the chief panjandrum."

"It is incredible!" exclaimed one of us wide-eyed listeners.

"It is even so"; he continued, "she's a dear old soul and a devoted mother; he'd do anything for her. But she's a Mystic and something of a Rosicrucian; goes around barefooted with a horse-chestnut in her apron pocket; sprinkles sacred barley meal around a little household shrine; makes mystic pilgrimages to sacred mountains and the like. Naturally she prefers writings of profound mysticism. That's the reason why the astrologer was confounded; why the ouija board collapsed. Elementary, my dear friends, elementary; yes, thanks, I believe I will."

So now, ESKY, you can no longer fool us on the contents of the Satire columns. It is nothing more or less than a modern Gnosticism; it treats of mysteries beyond the ken of the man in the street, but it has no reference, no kinship to real satire, to that heartbroken, half-mad laughter at the ignorance and cruelties of mankind.

Yours very truly,
Philadelphia, Pa. BARRY SMITH

ANSWER: ZERO-ZERO AND THE HOUSE LIMIT

Surely Mr. Weller reveals rather too low an opinion of mathematics professors if he really expects them to get excited and inarticulate upon being asked for an explanation of the success of the *One, Two, Three* system expounded in the January issue of ESQUIRE. I myself am no professor, but only a very humble and sometimes despondent student of mathematics, but it seems to me that anyone who has learned to put two and two together should be able to explain the mystery.

What puzzles me far more is the following reflection. Every time one loses, one figure is added to the 1, 2, 3 line. Every time one wins, however, two figures are taken away from it. It follows from this that all the figures in the 1, 2, 3 line will be cancelled reasonably soon, and that consequently one has a very fair chance of winning one's six units; red and black, or head and tail being equally likely to turn up. If there is no flaw in this, and I cannot help suspecting that there is, why is it still profitable to operate roulette tables? I, for one, am certainly going to try to ruin the nearest one I can find.

Yours sincerely,
Houston, Texas FRANZ DAVID

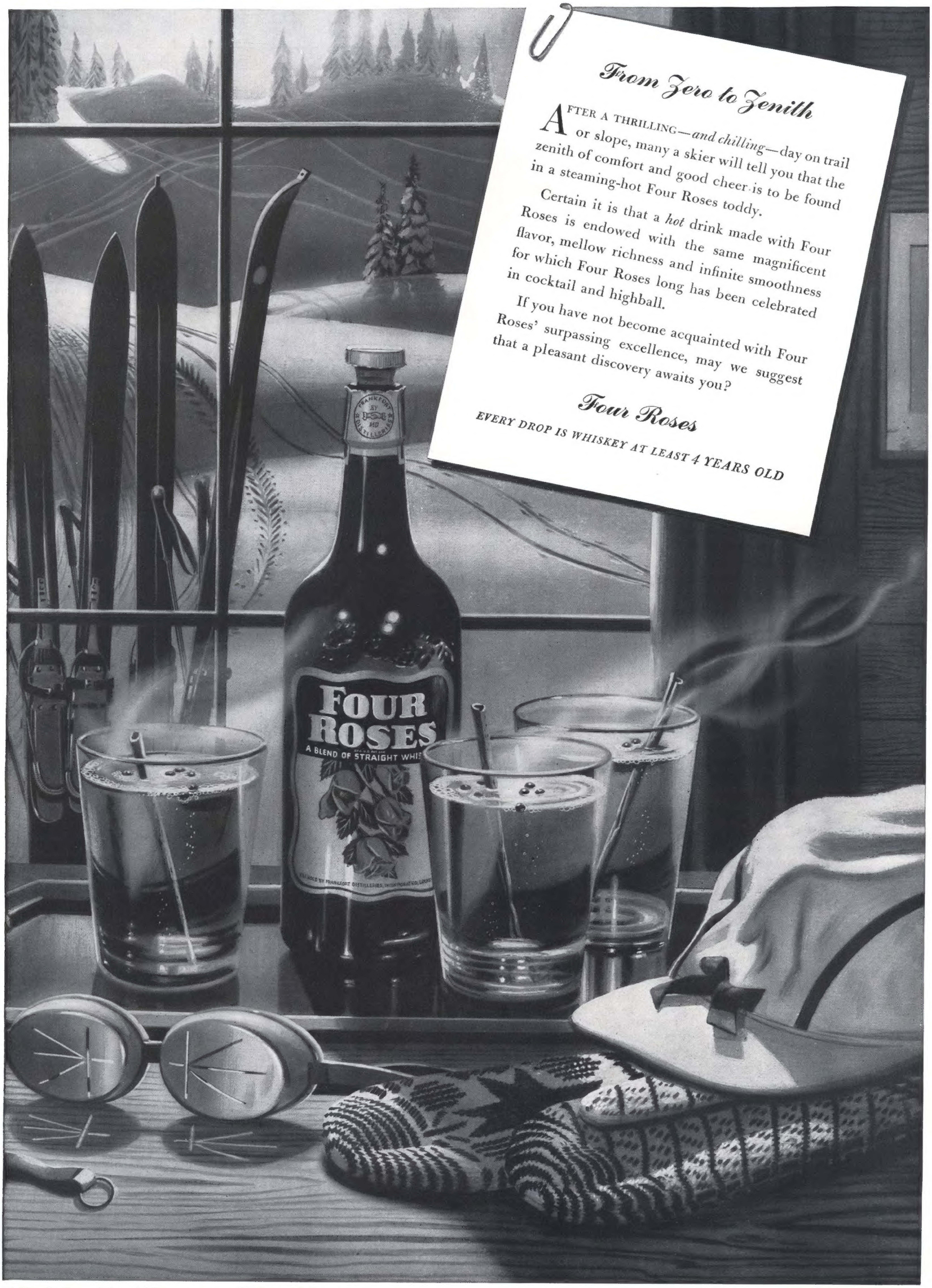
POME IN PRAISE OF PRACTICALLY NOBODY

To be sure I am just a poor female, harassed and cockpecked in your magazine, without the right to so much as thumb through its mysterious pages. I know all that and still I have the effrontery to offer a suggestion for ESQUIRE's improvement, around Christmas time anyway. I shall be your humblest and most devoted servant (I make rash promises in the good old style of men) if you will but take the trouble to glance over my complaint:

All men are rats at bottom,
Ask me, I know,
And soon, if not at first, their
Rodent colors show.
Some profess their love
To two at once
While others work with nothing smaller
Than a bunch.
They always keep their ego
Super-inflated,
If you don't inflate it, someone will,
You won't be dated.
But the rattiest, skunkiest, Old
Scroogeiest pheasant
Is the one who doesn't buy a girl
A Christmas present
So ESQUIRE, for next year, I suggest
You forego that encyclopedic compilation
Of *Things for Her*. Show them How *NOT* to Buy
And I'm sure you'll *triple* your circulation!

Sincerely,
Ridgewood, N.J. SANDRA TODD

Continued on page 10



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After a thrilling—*and chilling*—day on trail or slope, many a skier will tell you that the zenith of comfort and good cheer is to be found in a steaming-hot Four Roses toddy.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

AND WHY NOT?

I am writing a word of protest against the too frequent cartoons of clergy in all sorts of ridiculous positions, lampooning a profession that in my estimation represents sanity in an insane world. I am not, as you might suspect, a frost-bitten crank religionist. I'm thirty years old, having had a fair degree of education, and am one who looks on religion as a vibrant factor in the lives of people. I often read your magazine and have enjoyed it, but I do feel that your cartoonists are running rather short of material when they are called on to represent a minister asking for "a smash finish for a sermon," or of a beadle telling his rector to use "hades" because he is on the air. I noted no less than six slurring cartoons on the ministry in your last issue. I feel that is in poor taste and reflects an immature editorial staff straining for a laugh at the expense of the very thing that made the editor possible, that is Christian Education.

I think I can say safely that any of your staff who have had any liberal arts education, perhaps have come under the influence of a school that was founded by a Christian minister, and I am quite sure that many of your readers have been helped by the Salvation Army after drinking enough of the liquor you advertise so much.

The majority of ministers these days are honest, intelligent men who are earnestly seeking to do a good job against pretty big odds, and are not the emasculated pathetic people you cartoon. They are men like yourself who are seeking to sell the world something, a bit different from the thing you are selling, but the analogy holds.

You know, of course, that when the discipline of the Christian religion is gone, that magazines like yours will have pretty tough sledding, so I think, in all seriousness, that it might do some of you sophisticates some good to pick out a church some Sunday and go there, learn what's going on in the world before trying to amuse people with things that are, to say the least, asinine. It would be a new experience for you. As I understand it, it is the duty of any good journalist to investigate before printing.

Yours for fair play,
Coshocton, Ohio T. J. Mattingly
Minister, (and proud of it)

ADD SHOE-KINDNESS

I join with James Vivian Kincaid, in taking exception to the article in November's Esquire, *Be Kind to Your Shoes*. At the time, I battled one of your staff about the article, and he finally insisted I write you which I didn't.

If you want to shine patent leather shoes, and get them so brilliant that you can tie your bow tie, by gazing at them, do the following: Use a few drops of ordinary kerosene, by applying with a piece of rag. This cuts the dirt from the enameled surface of the leather, and softens it at the same time. Then rub with a soft cloth, and the results will be a shine that defies competition by any bootblack, valet, or what have you.

This letter is probably establishing a precedent being the first time that an advertiser had something to say without paying the usual $4.50 a line. Sorry I couldn't make this longer.

Technically yours,
New York City Joseph Burger

SETTLING SOMETHING

Please inform Mr. Salacuse that newly-born children vary in hues, if of colored parents, just as their adult fellows do. The lighter ones usually darken—but in any large hospital's maternity division he can see them at delivery as black as ebony—and very cute, too.

Salacuse is colored-blind.

Cordially,
J. George Gladston, M. D.
Elmira, N. Y.

DJUKA LORE

I lived for twenty years with the Djukas of Dutch Guiana and know the language well.

Mr. La Varre's contribution to *Sound & Fury* in your Christmas issue contains three grave errors and I trust he will accept my correction in good part.

Hafoe hafoe so is a corruption of *Hafo so an so* and means, literally, "Half of so and so"; while the correct translation of the idiom *Da wan switi oeman*—in bastard Djuka *Das sa ho to da Aune*—is undubitably, "She's a honey!"

Bigi boom killi da faja is a quotation from the great Djuka epic poem by Mem Uq and refers to the tragic death of Afja.

The line quoted by Mr. La Varre is from the 104th canto, where Ku Te accuses the killers of Afja before the king. Literally, the translation is, "Big Bum Killed Afja."

Yours pedantically—or,
in Djuka idiom—Nu Ts Tu
London, England Norman Edwards

P.S. By the way, how is the War going? You seem to know all about it in the U.S.A.

DING DONG FOR DOPES AND DOLTS

Still runs Dingus, little dog Dingus . . . Pah! A pox on your new dingus, in fact, on all your dingi.

I shudder to think that your habit of predigesting everything for the reader and serving insulated pap is really necessary.

Tell me, are your readers that stupid and illiterate? I suppose that next you'll be supplying small explanatory paragraphs with the cartoons for the dolts who lack acumen as well as a sense of humor.

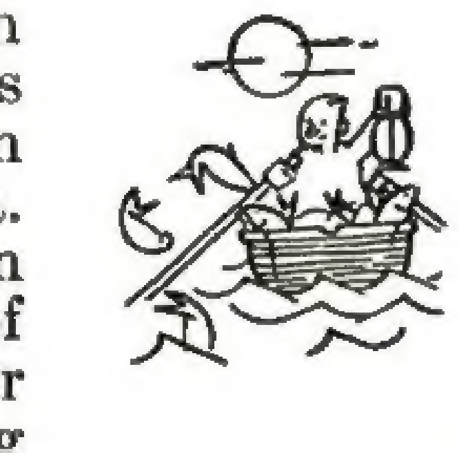
Permit me to make a suggestion. Distribute a small brochure in which you print all your damn dingi and a simple, oh so simple analysis of what Esquire will contain. The dopes can content themselves with the brochure; the rest of us will read the unsullied magazine.

signed: Anonymous
Ann Arbor, Mich.

P.S. The reason I'm using the signature Anonymous is that this seems to be a sure way of getting any written matter into your pages. If the Anonymous on page 65 of the Jan. '40 issue is interested, let her come around and I'll put her through the paces.

FAR-AWAY ECHO

August Esquire came to me late, as all my mail does. I assure you that *They Jump Right Into the Boat* is no novelty among river fishermen who never saw the Ozarks. It was practiced along the Monongahela when I was a boy. It is done regularly in some parts of China. It is my impression that this method of taking fish is more or less common along some streams all over the world.



Very truly yours,
Juneau, Alaska J. P. Mestrezat

FOR PUZZLENUTS ONLY ALL OTHERS STOP HERE

Editor's Note: *Were we to have attempted to get into this month's* Sound & Fury *columns all the solutions sent in answer to the two problems posed in these pages of our January number (to say nothing of those still dangling from earlier issues) there wouldn't be room for anything else at all this month. Most of the solutions to the January problems would each fill the better part of a page of this small type. To add perplexity to our predicament, dozens of new problems have been submitted. We can think of nothing better to do (even though we know it will suit nobody) than to tell you the various answers to problems still pending, and print as many of the new problems as we can squeeze in.*

If those who feel that they simply can't live without the solutions (as opposed to the mere answers) will write in, we'll do our best to supply copies of the solutions, long and formidable as they are, as fast as we can.

Corlett T. Wilson's January ladder problem (concerning the space between the feet of the two ladders) was first answered by Elwin S. Wyman of Chicago, Ill., with a figure of 33.732 ft. arrived at "by trial and error on two second degree equations obtained by geometric means." The first complete solution was offered by R. H. Cook of Ames, Iowa, with a figure of 33.73117 ft. The answer was given by Dr. F. B. Exner of Seattle, Wash. as 33 ft. 8.77414140 in.; by Joseph H. Phillips of Ruston, La. as 33.282273 ft.; by Wm. P. Clary of Jackson Hts., N.Y., as 33.73+ ft. Mr. Clary added that with this problem he had won many a dinner from university professors of mathematics who "gave up trying to work it after several days." The answer was expressed by R. L. Williams of Buffalo, N.Y., as 33 ft. 8¾ in. Other answers to the Wilson ladder problem were: 33'9" by Manuel González of Havana, Cuba; 36.57718 ft. by Maurice Barron of New York City "without use of calculus"; 33.7+ ft. by L. H. MacConkey of Chicago, Ill.; about 33.7 ft. by Wm. P. Bidelman, Jr., of Grand Forks, N.D.; 33.731 feet by D. Wiesenfeld of New York City; 33.73 ft. (or about 33 feet 9 inches) by Ernest Monti of London, England; 34.95 ft. which was offered by Ben Lapidus of Toronto, Ont. as being "arithmetically incorrect, since it is difficult to derive an exact arithmetical solution of an equation which involves surds"; and an erratic 15 feet ventured by Benj. G. Lowenstam of Roxbury, Mass. who observed that "to check this problem you would need the right yard, a couple of long ladders and a fire department—all of which would make a good idea for a cartoon."

SOLOMON'S SISTERS

For the diversion of mathematically inclined *Sound & Fury* fans, I submit the following original problem, which requiring only the simplest tools for its solution, will, I believe, be found a bit out of the ordinary.

Problem: Three sisters have each one son and one daughter; each has a savings bank in which an uncle has made deposits in this manner: when each child was one year old he placed in his or her bank, one dollar, and annually thereafter he has deposited in each child's bank two dollars more than on the last preceding birthday; the money has been allowed to remain in the banks, and each boy's bank now contains forty-five dollars more than his sister's. The names of the boys are William, John and Frank, and of the girls, Mary, Agnes and Jane; if William is seventeen years older than Mary, John is seven years older than Agnes, find the sister of each brother.

Perhaps some of your readers may improve on my own solution, which I will be glad, however, to supply.

Very respectfully,
Detroit, Mich. H. R. Solomon

QUARTER-HOUR SPECIAL

After wracking my brain trying to solve some of the problems that some mathematical nut must have spent weeks to Q.E.D. himself, I've decided that the readers of *The Sound and The Fury*, would more than welcome a brain teaser of the simpler sort so that they could derive the satisfaction that only comes by actually solving a problem.

With apologies to the two intellectual giants who read your magazine, I submit the following which can be solved in 15 minutes by anyone from 12 to 60.

```
          XX8XX
    XXX ⌋XXXXXXXX
          XXX
           XXXX
            XXX
             XXXX
             XXXX
             0000
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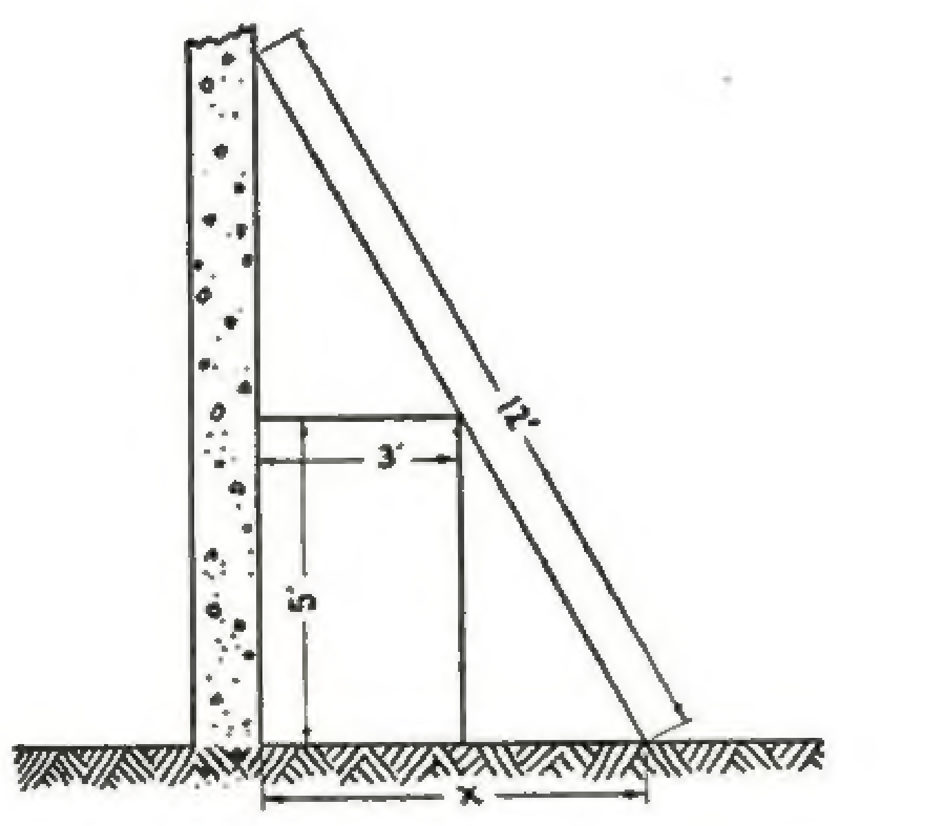
Yours truly,
New York City George D'Amaro

P.S. The problem is to find the 33 unknown numbers.

CAUVEL LADDER PROBLEM

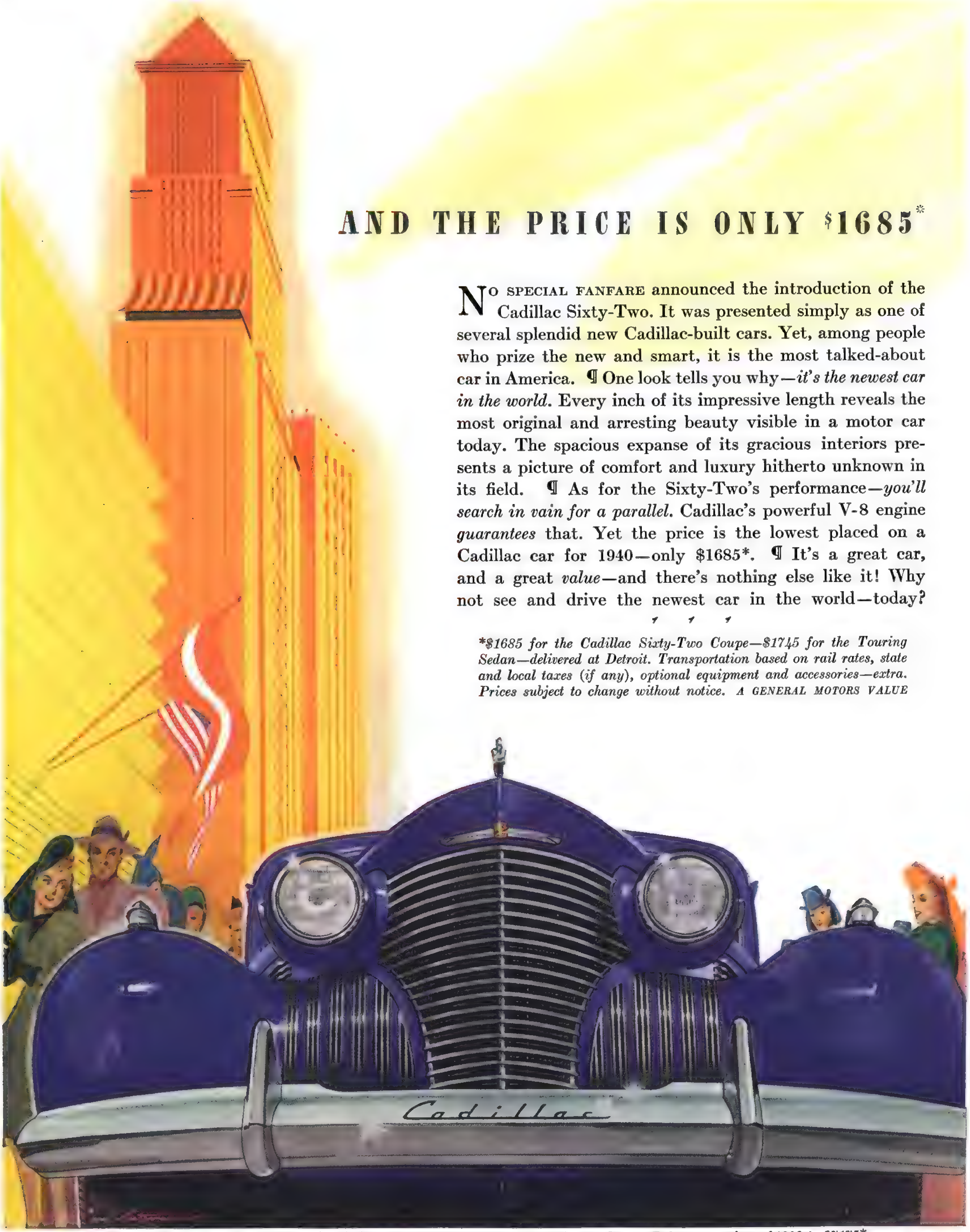
In case any readers should wish to while away their spare moments on another problem, I suggest the one about the ladder leaning over the packing box against the wall. A 12-foot ladder rests over a 3-foot by 5-foot box, touching the box, the wall, and the ground, as shown in the illustration. How far from the foot of the wall on the ground does the bottom of the ladder rest?



Sincerely yours,
Pullman, Wash. H. Lyman Cauvel

Editor's Note: Mr. Cauvel's answer to the Jamieson problem about the grazing area available to the cow tethered to a circular silo (propounded in the January issue) was 894.98 sq. ft. The same answer, but carried out to 894.9851973 sq. ft., was submitted by R. B. Maxwell, Jr. of Chicago, Ill., as well as by Richard J. Williams of Champaign, Ill. who carried it out to 894.98519739 ft. Essentially the same answer (expressed as 894.99 sq. ft.) was offered by Dr. F. B. Exner of Seattle, Washington, and by Capt. K. E. Thieband of West Point, N. Y. It was expressed as "895 sq. ft. approximately" by William A. Rosenberger of Hagerstown, Md. Other answers were: a low of 680.8 sq. ft. by F. Howard Rexroad of Marietta, Ohio, and a high (for men) of 908.1 sq. ft. by Victor H. Voss of Chicago, Ill., who added that he considered this result "accurate within the limits of slide rule error, but did not have a cow and silo to check it with." Curiously, only one woman even attempted an answer to the Jamieson problem, perhaps because, as this one lone lady expressed it, this was a problem which "to a woman seems absurdly simple." Anyway, her answer was "somewhere between 942.477 and 942.48 square feet." Proving, maybe, that this *is* the Magazine for Men.

Continued in center of page 147



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**$1685 for the Cadillac Sixty-Two Coupe—$1745 for the Touring Sedan—delivered at Detroit. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.* A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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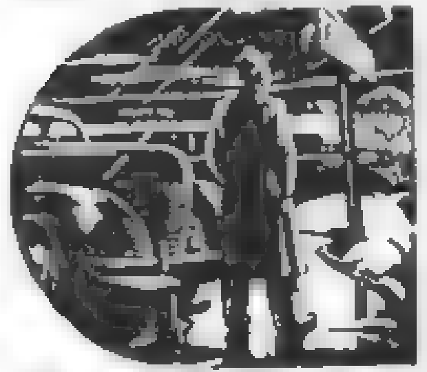

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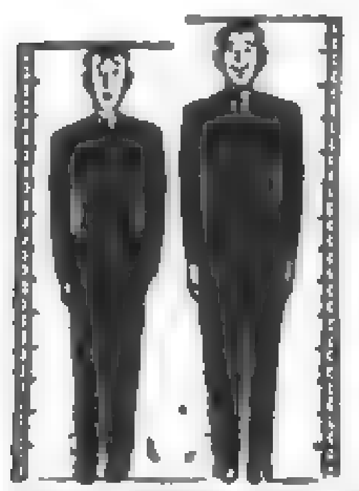

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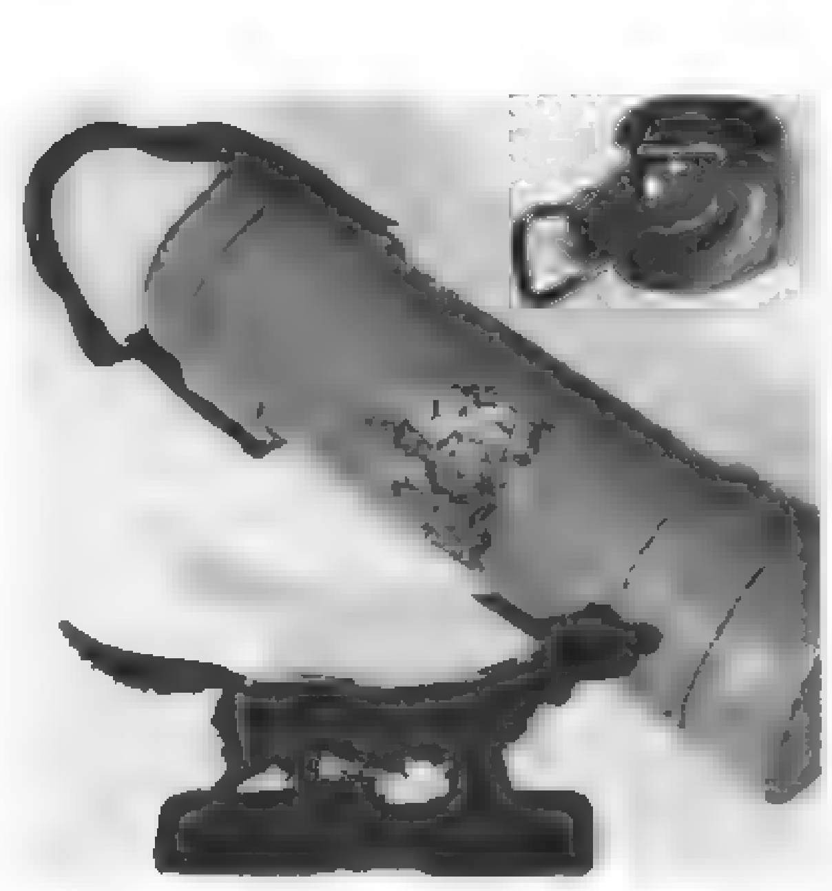
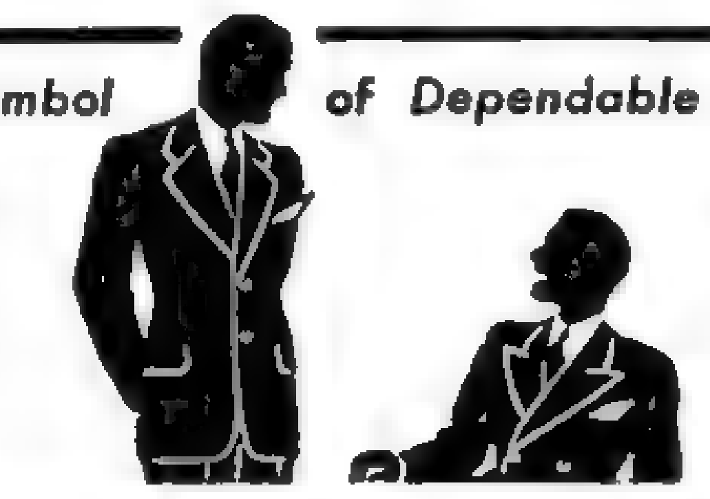
FISH STORY. It has been said that the barometer is "an ingenious invention which tells what kind of weather we are having right now". Here is one that goes a bit further than that—telling the angler whether or not the fish are running today. Get a fisherman's barometer and tell a better fish story than your neighbor . . . and just to make sure, you really ought to have a good reel. The makers say this one is equally at home whether you be fishing for Tarpon, Tuna, or Sailfish. It has an adjustable automatic friction drag with rim control, pilot wheel adjustable friction drag, rim control throw-off, and pilot wheel lock. The spool runs as nicely as you please on jewelled bearings . . . You might like a mug of the "nut brown" after your activities in the realm of Isaac Walton. For this, allow us to recommend the Sheffield mug illustrated. It was originally designed and executed by Thomas Watt, who invented steam engines when he wasn't silversmithing. It is being reproduced from the prototype by a New York smith. Just the thing for the man who likes his beer or ale in large draughts.

TALE OF TWO BOTTLES. Being a country boy at heart, we are always impressed by the homespun things. It is with a gnawing nostalgia that we think of the home-cooked nostrums of the medicine chest of our youth. For this reason, we are duly impressed by a hair tonic brewed up from native herbs in the good old-fashioned, small quantity way. The manufacturers assure us that by excluding all alcohol and fatty oils, they remove the possibility of drying the scalp or clogging the pores. Seems to make sense to us. And while we're on the subject of hirsute husbandry, we feel called upon to drop a word or three about a shampoo produced by the head man of one of our snootier hotel beauty salons. It is so highly concentrated that we find that a half dozen drops produce a luxuriant lather which seems to do everything a good shampoo should do plus a few others (Hawkins, do you find it easier to brush my blue serge suit these days?) We think it is a nice trick to leave a bottle of it with your barber for your personal use.



WHOA! For those who like a decorative touch on the curb, here is a hitching-post head that is classically simple in its lines. Cast in brass in the shape of the traditional Greek horse, it should be a welcome addition to any *porte cochere* . . . The little setter is handwrought from brass and painted black to make it quite the proud foot-scraper that is just the thing for the doorstep of that dream house . . . The attractive looking receptacle originally did proud service as a cannon-ball case aboard old British sloops-of-war. They are painted in a variety of colors and bear the British coat-of-arms. You may see them on duty as umbrella stands in some of the better homes—or maybe out in the tack room as a holder for those riding crops.



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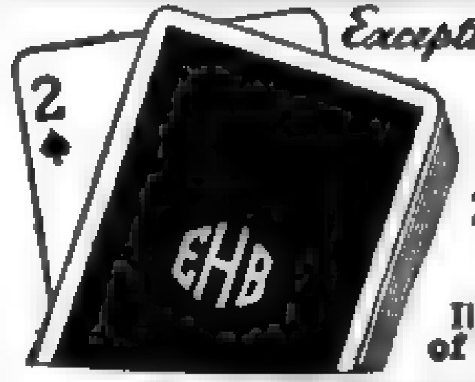

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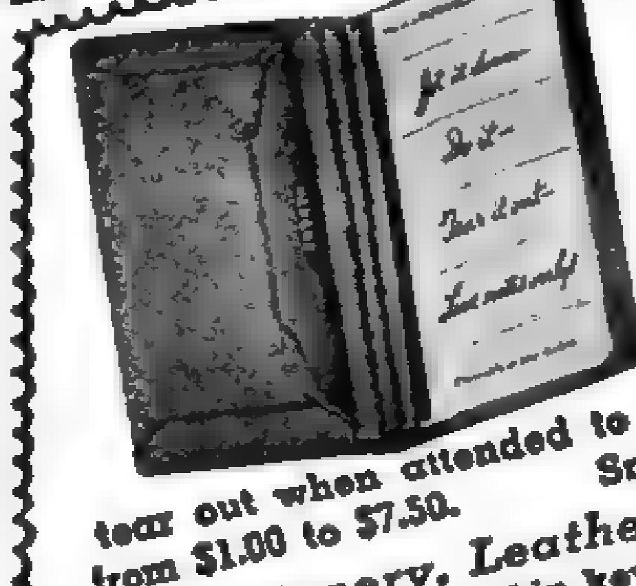

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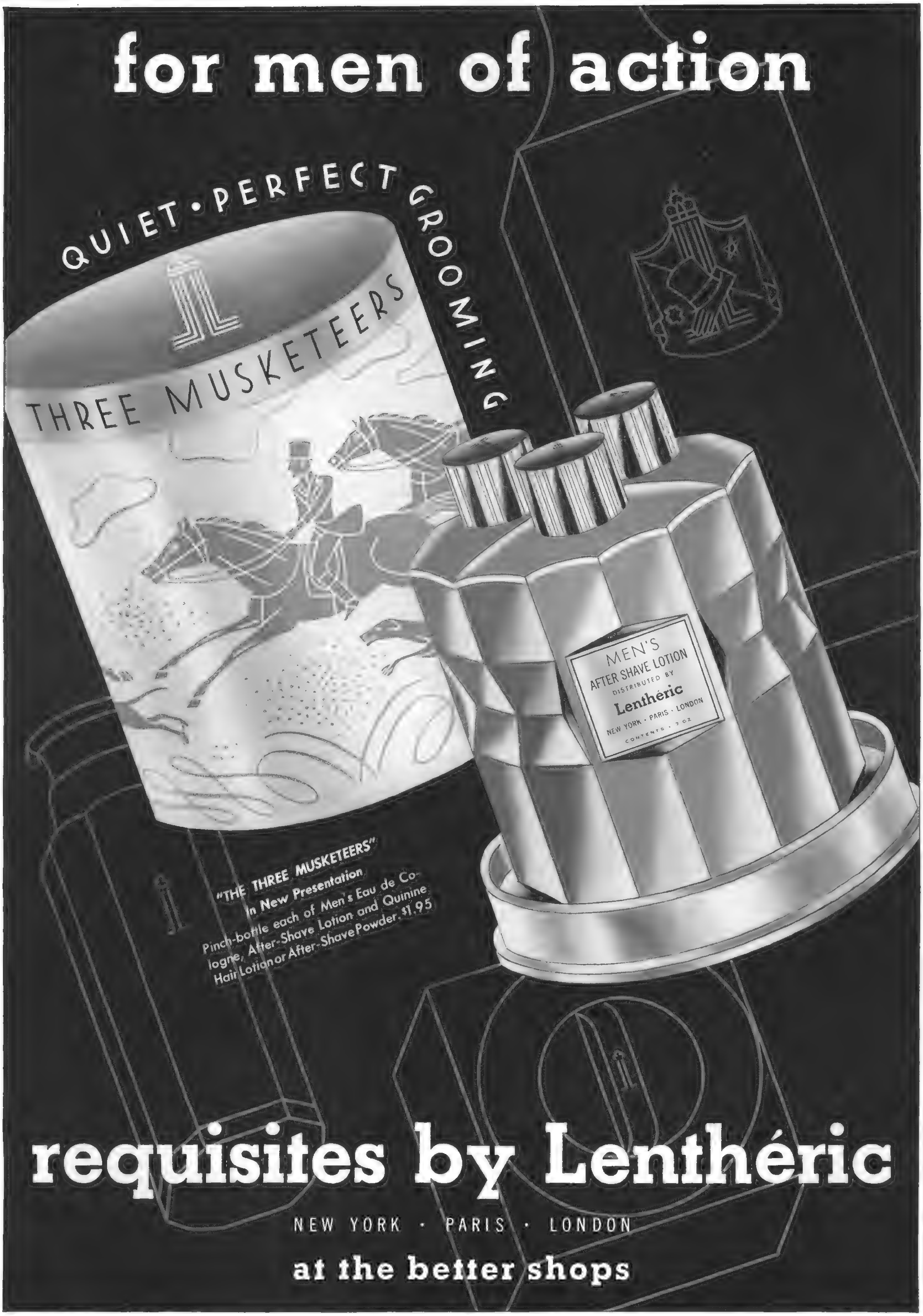
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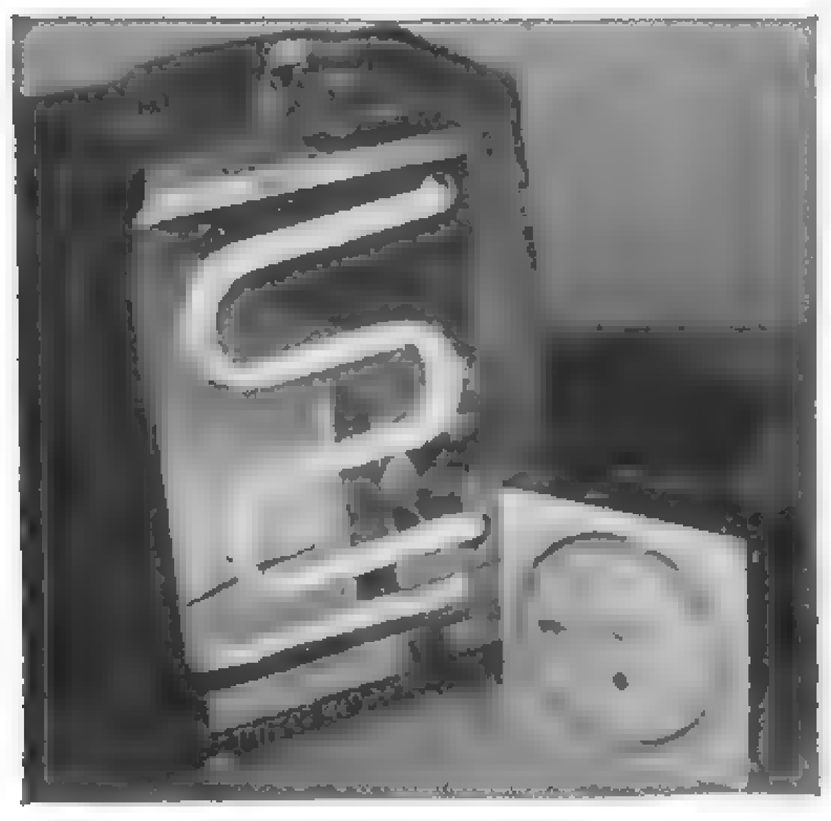
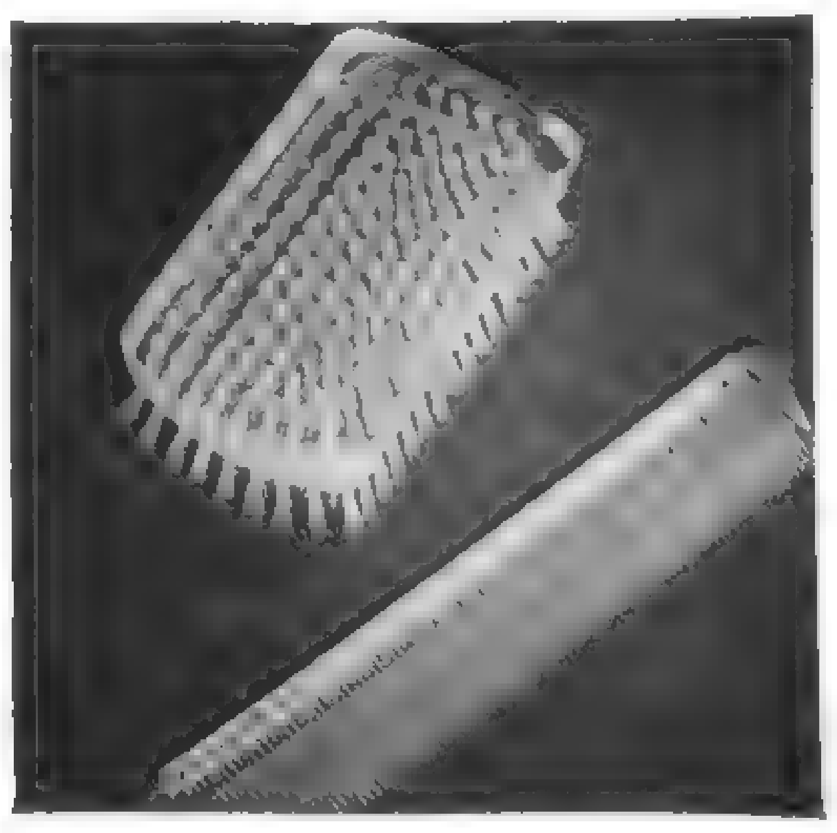


PORTABLE SUN. We heard someplace that between September and March the ultra-violet component of sunlight in the northern states is negligible. Taking this as an ominous foreboding for our physical future, we searched around for a sun lamp to make up the deficiency. Pictured at the left is one we thought worthy of mention. It has a hard glass mercury vapor tube which, we are told, gives off all those valuable ultra-violet and infra-red rays. The novelty note is its portability. It weighs less than seven pounds and comes in a very attractive carrying case. You carry your sunshine around with you, and when it's packed away, who knows—it might be a portable typewriter . . . In the foreground we have a dial-faced instrument on which you can see two hands in the position of the *duellum.* It is known as a health meter. Basically, it is a combination thermometer and humidity meter. When the two hands cross within the green spot at the center of the dial, the correct conditions of humidity and temperature for good health prevail. Thanks to our little health meter, our secretary has been able to surrender her sweater around the office.

PRESTO—A BALLROOM. A couple of years ago Veloz and Yolanda approached our leading manufacturer of tap dancing mats (you know, those things that tap dancers put over the stage boards to make the taps sound louder) with what sounded like a mountainous job. They didn't like the idea of dancing on what they claimed was a very rough stage at the Palace Theatre, and they wanted him to lay a hardwood mat of ballroom proportions. He did, and thereupon found himself in another business. He has since made portable dance floors for many of our better hotels the country over. They have been laid down in cocktail lounges, on ship decks; and on cement floors, ice rinks, tennis courts—but why go on—you can put them down any place you wish, provided it's somewhere near level. The floor is made of hard maple slats backed up with heavy duck and bound by waterproof glue. It rolls up like a rug and can be tucked away when not in use. The manufacturer tells us that lately people have taken to renting or buying them for use at private parties in their homes. If you'd like to see what one looks like, you might step into Jack Dempsey's Broadway Bar, to mention one of the very many places where the roller floor is in use. It should be just the thing for that lawn party you were planning for next summer—or that penthouse party if a terrace is your backyard.



CLEAR-CUT. No matter where we turn these days, we find new applications of this newfangled crystal-clear plastic stuff. Here we show you one of the neatest military brushes we've seen in these many years. Surprise note about the thing —not only the back, but the bristles as well are fashioned from this very attractive, sanitary, and durable material . . . The comb, another plastic product, is, according to its maker, a completely revolutionary idea in the field. The teeth on one side run all the way through the backbone and are rounded off. On the reverse side, the comb is perfectly flat. These new design features are for the purpose of making it a "self-cleaning" comb. Beyond this, the manufacturers say it will encourage any wavy tendencies your hair may have. The gals in the family might like to know that it actually holds quite a bit more wave lotion than the conventional comb.

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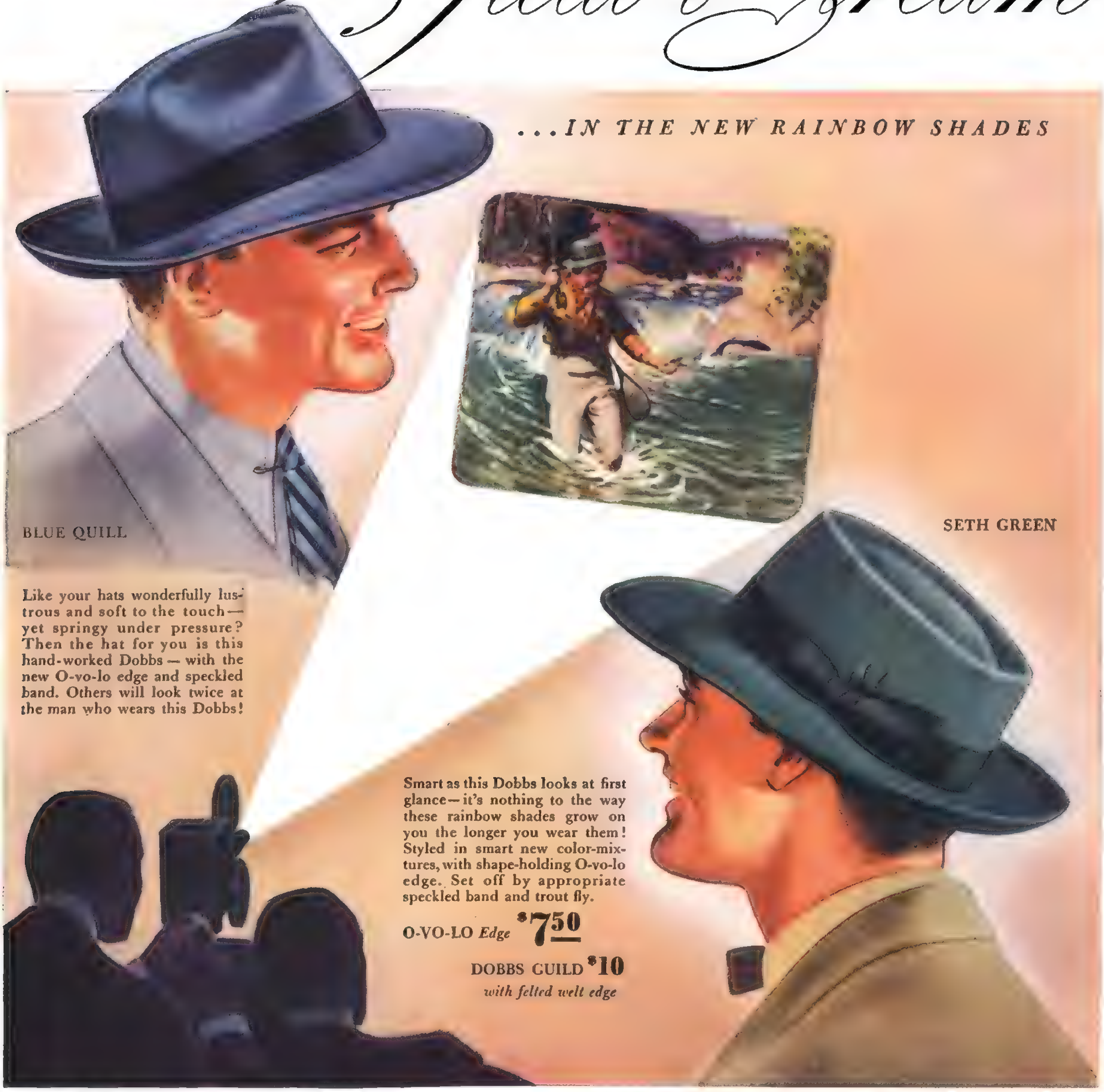

Like your hats wonderfully lustrous and soft to the touch—yet springy under pressure? Then the hat for you is this hand-worked Dobbs—with the new O-vo-lo edge and speckled band. Others will look twice at the man who wears this Dobbs!

Smart as this Dobbs looks at first glance—it's nothing to the way these rainbow shades grow on you the longer you wear them! Styled in smart new color-mixtures, with shape-holding O-vo-lo edge. Set off by appropriate speckled band and trout fly.

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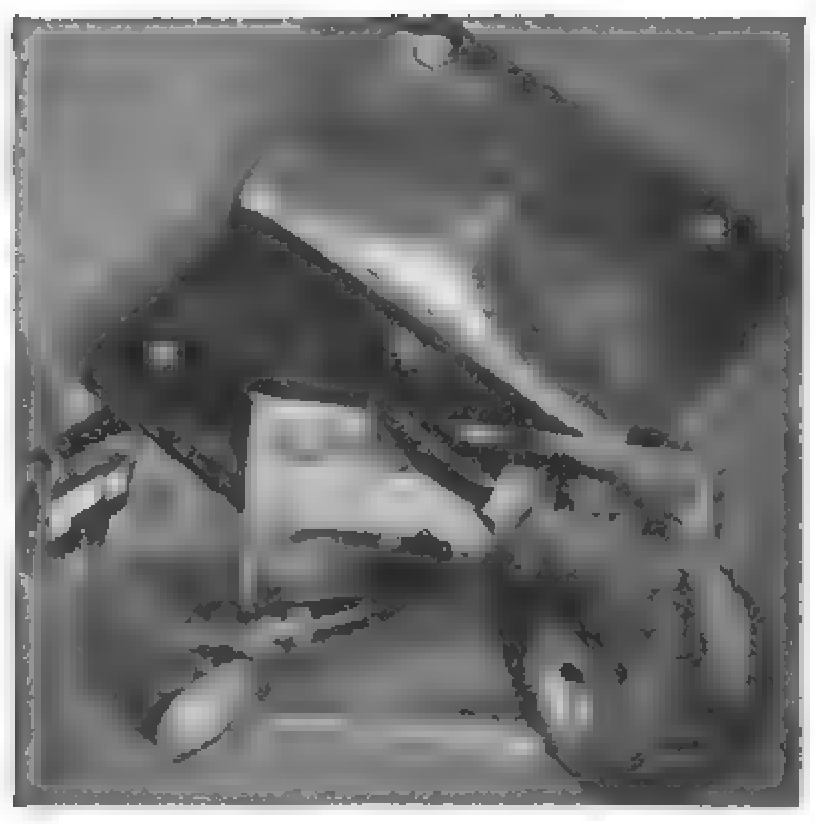
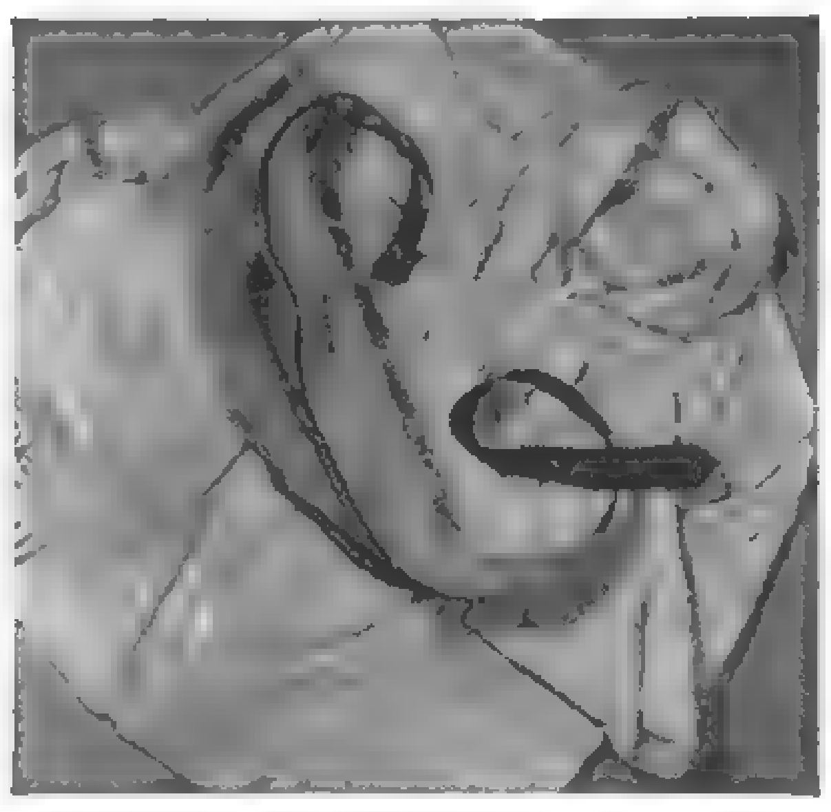


WHERE THERE'S SMOKE. Back some time last Autumn we told you about a pipe called the "Cherry Scoop", which was made in Switzerland from the wood of the Marabel Cherry, famous for its sweet smoking qualities. What we didn't know at the time was that there was a whole family of the durn things. The one we showed the last time might be called the father of the family. Pictured here are the son and grandpappy of the line. Particularly interesting is the patriarch. It is a veritable giant and should give you as long a smoke as you please . . . The tobacco pouch is from England. It has a button-in replaceable oilskin lining—comes with a spare . . . The lighter should be especially interesting to pipesmokers. It lights, even in the highest wind, when you squeeze its sides, and, by removing the torch, you can light your pipe quite as nicely as you ever did with a kitchen match—neat trick, we calls it.

WINGS. Being quite interested in the Civil Aeronautics Authority flight training program, we got to wondering what the fledglings would do for wings after they learned to fly. So—we got in touch with a few of our special intelligence officers and found out that you can buy one of these new light planes for around $1,000. (You're being quite ultra if you pay as much as $2,000 for one). The average light ship burns about 3.5 gallons of gasoline an hour. Figuring on an average cruising speed in the neighborhood of 70 m.p.h., that's mighty economical performance. And the light plane has come a long way since the time when it was considered little more than a toy. They are all equipped with the essential flight instruments—such as Tachometer, Air Speed Indicator, Oil Pressure and Temperature Gauges, and Altimeter. Safety seems to be the main thought in the design of these ships. They have an extremely high glide ratio, which means that, in the event of engine failure, you have a long glide in any direction to find an emergency field. The landing speeds are low, between 30 and 40 m.p.h., so you can get in and out of small fields with ease, and even if something does go wrong in landing, the possibility of serious injury is fairly remote. Note of cheer: If you don't happen to be one of the lucky college men endowed by Uncle Sam with a nice CAA flying course, the companies making these light planes will teach you to fly free of charge when you buy a ship.



ATTENTION, STOUT MEN! In the background of this little conversation piece we have a lightweight jacket for the outdoor man of large proportions (no longer the forgotten man). This jacket is windproof, waterproof, and warm, they tell us, and is available in those hard-to-get out sizes (even up to size sixty-two, if need be). It is ideal in weight and tailoring for skiing, skating, skeet shooting or what have you . . . The pouch-like contrivance is a ski belt, made to hold those raisins and chocolate—or maybe you carry sandwiches when you ski. For convenience in extracting the contents of this belt, the fasteners open from the middle to each end. And talking about fasteners, both the jacket and the belt are fitted with Talons.

Ranger

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THE CHRISTY CO., Dept. B, Fremont, O.

The de luxe performers of stage, screen, and radio who do their stuff nightly at the Versailles (151 East 50th) are just so much parsley to chef Alfred Lagrange as he presides over his subterranean kingdom where the simmer of casseroles and the sizzle of steaks is to him the most exquisite music in the world. And he's right—the Versailles wouldn't be the fixture it is in the town's night life if food were run-of-the-mill. As it is, patrons come back and back so regularly for Lagrange fare (including Crêpes Suzette which he now puts up in jars to take out), the management has to keep varying the entertainment for its steady eaters. Alfredo, suave scoutmaster of the waiters, sees to it that every dish is served hot and with éclat.

South Sea exoticism of a Hollywoody sort arrived among us with the opening of the Beachcomber, atmosphered with originality, ingenuity and charm, thought up by idea-man Monte Proser. Décor is positively the coconuts and you can acclimate yourself by flanging your lip over a Zombie, a Missionary's Downfall, a Shark's Tooth or any other of the rum oddities on the drink list, ranging in strength from monsoon to typhoon proportions. Fortunately the sage Mr. Ching, cruising consultant, doesn't allow his clientele to take on more than can be handled while remaining upright, for this is a polite place. And for shanghaing you into your dance, there's the Chavez Conga-rumba crew, while sensational Matty Malneck and his men concertize to cries of "More! More!" All in all, we wonder how one building can stand the strain of this popularity, plus "Hellzapoppin", located downstairs.

Well-groomed graciousness has been the ruling passion at Larue (45 East 58th) with white ties more and more in the ascendent each season, till what used to be a nice little restaurant is now a smartery of the smartest ever, with waiters comporting themselves as though they had buttled to dukes and earls, and host Peter smiling with the satisfaction of one who has helped raise half the daughters of Park Avenue. Violining maestros Joseph Smith and Eddie Davis, and men, continue cheerily on the job apparently forever.

The many-storied, many-glittered Savoy-Plaza might be just a flock of architectural elegance if it weren't for the all-pervading personal influence of resident manager George Suter, keen knower of his house guests. Now he has installed society magician Russell Swann (but amazing!) in the Café Lounge. Which makes virtually two magicians on the premises . . . That velvety swinger Glenn Miller is toying with his educated trombone to the joy of multitudes in the Café Rouge of ye hostelry Pennsylvania—a must for anybody's hopping list . . . Tweeded host Ivan of 134 East 61st has redone his place as The Clichy with click results . . . The 9 O'Clock Club (125 East 54th) is keeping a lot of good-looking Social Reg babies from their cribs and drawing heavily on nearby campuses . . . That tasty beer from South of the Border is foaming up in numerous spas nowanights . . . The Onyx (62 West 52nd) for boogie-woogie at its zizziest . . . Hotel Lexington's Cape Cod Room for food of the sea . . . Hugo Mariani is marinating the rhumbas at Benito Collada's El Chico, down Village way . . . Giddies of Old New York recreated with much gusto at Al Felshin's Brown Derby (55 West 52nd) with Ziegfeld's John Steele as chief thrush, good as ever and looking not a whit different . . . Celebrated Joe Pani's battery chicken lured us back to his restaurant (26 East 63rd), but that was only a detail of the truly marvelous meal we savoured. What know-how . . . For a smallish, ultra-genteel eating and dancing spot, Mon Paris (124 East 53rd) remains consistently appealing, with rotund Joe Fernandez radiating his contagious good cheer among the bluebloods.

AMAZING
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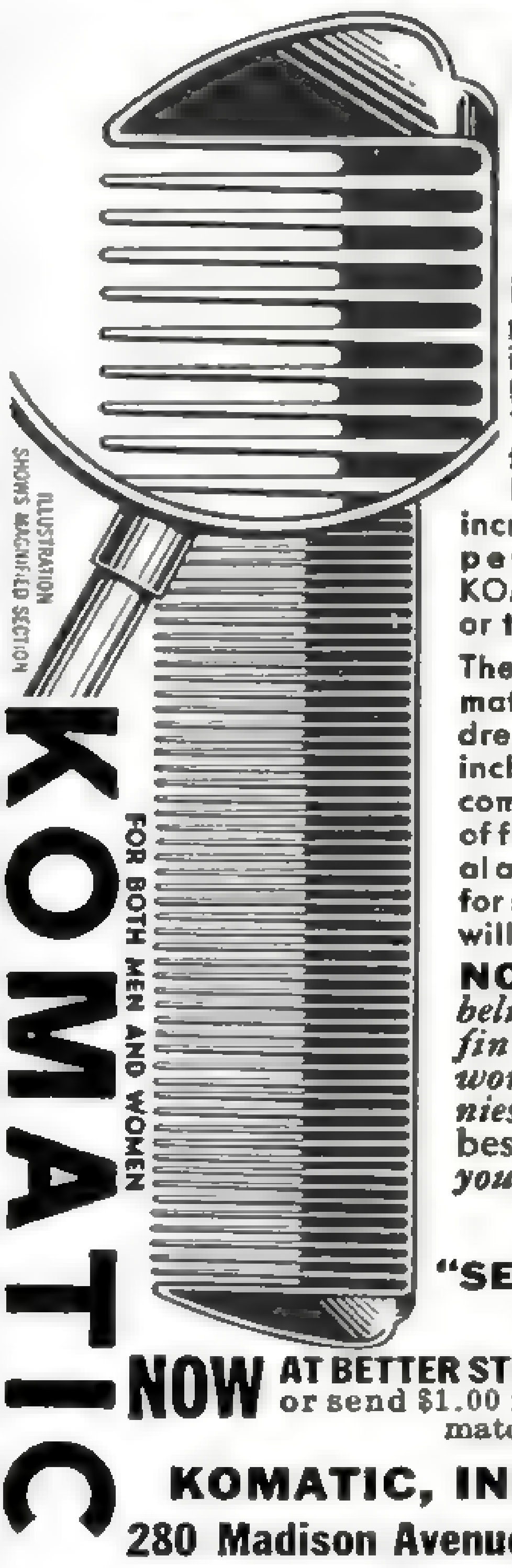
COMB



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Illustrated: Studebaker Commander Cruising Sedan, $965 delivered at factory

It flatters your pride and stretches your dollars

ONE look at the smooth, flowing streamlines of this new 1940 Studebaker Commander and you know why all the leading commentators are outspokenly praising its clean-cut symmetry and flawless good taste.

Here's a car whose smart styling, inside as well as outside, is a high-spot achievement of Raymond Loewy, ace designer of two continents, yet this roomy, impressive Commander costs you only a little more a month to purchase than a Studebaker Champion on which prices begin at $660 delivered at the factory, South Bend. You get the same smooth, brilliant-performing Commander power plant that recently defeated all cars of all sizes to win the Gilmore-Yosemite Sweepstakes trophy for gas economy. You get enduring Studebaker craftsmanship that saves you many upkeep dollars.

See your local Studebaker dealer and go for a drive in this smart, safe, comfortable, dollar-saving, new 1940 Commander. Learn how easily you can become a proud Studebaker Commander owner, simply by using your present car as part, possibly all, the down payment on liberal C.I.T. budget plan terms.

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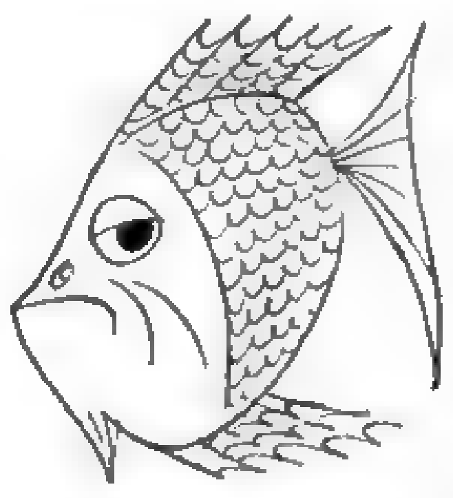
Our Florida gadabout, Ralph Pierson, reports that there are so many new hostelries down there that he falls over them, even without a drink. Miami Beach has had the greatest hotel building boom in its history—over fifty new palacios rushed to completion during the past Summer and Fall to take care of the influxers arriving daily on Silver Meteors, Orange Blossom Specials and what not.

And while on the aforesaid spot the Surfside Hotel under Richard Fredey offers, aside from the Cypress panelled lounge and the main eatery overlooking the ocean—a photomuraled cocktail lounge where in the evening Lazy Bill Huggins sings and Earl Howard and his boys play.

The Roney Plaza, one of the old standbys not readily topped, is very much itself with many notables sojourning there. From the Beach walk you ascend the broad staircase to expansive and colorful cabana terraces surrounding the aquacade department. Still excelsioring, you arrive at the solarium des suntans. Meanwhile, the crinkly blue waves nuzzle at the breakwaters up and down Miami Beach, zephyrs tickle the palms, and the sky is perhaps the best-looking you've seen.



Similarly towered, but a few minutes south of Miami at Coral Gables, is the Biltmore, hospice of the élite, with a sportaceous golf course, fine pool, tennis courts, and sumptuous cuisine. Its big sister, the Palm Beach Biltmore, reputed to be Florida's largest hotel, is a happy base for visits to the Key Largo Anglers' Club.

Getting back to Miami Beach, the Marine Terrace Hotel has been redone as to decor and fitments. So, too, have other well-known caravanserais of the pleasure monde such as the Poinciana, the Tides, the Atlantis (famous for its Balkan Room), the Blackstone Cromwell, the St. Moritz, and so on.

West Palm Beach's wonder-palace, the Royal Worth, managing directed by wittily genial Kenneth Arnold (prexy of the Florida State Hotel Association), has a Peacock Alley where you can loll and listen to the sweet pipings of Hammond organist Clark Fiers while watching the queens parade by into the handsomely Hispanic dining room, fronded with fish-tail palms, or, if you choose, you can feast al fresco in the patio facing the lake, amid a setting which is no pikerish picture. Besides a distingué orchestra there are the Romany Singers (seventy of them, mixed) upon whom John Charles Thomas keeps a listening eye.

Palm Beach lives up to its Paradisic pride thanks to The Breakers, The Palm Beach Hotel, and suchlike lordlies. An innovation this season is the just opened Chambord Restaurant with sidewalk café in the Parisian manner. This newcomer is conducted by Alexis Hounie who was one of the guiding spirits of New York's treasured Chambord, so it is no surprise to frequenters of the latter temple of gastronomy, to find that the Palm Beach place likewise has a kitchen visible through plate glass.

The pleasantness of St. Petersburg attains its acme at the begardened Vinoy Park, with numerous other gladsome rooftrees also gracing the scene. At Daytona Beach, the Clarendon does the grand ducal in its large elegant Eden. Delray Beach vaunts its Colony, Fort Lauderdale its Champ Carr and its Lauderdale Beach Hotel, and Hollywood eyefuls them with its Hollywood Beach Hotel.

As though there weren't palms enough in Florida, many are brought along to be read by palmist Marka at the Hotel Deauville in Miami. And really this gal is uncanny in her keenness at unriddling your secrets. She does it with the benefit of a scientific and medical background, to the amazement of doctors and academic authorities.

All in all, our investigator confesses that he is baffled as to why anybody who goes to Florida would ever want to go home.

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and his Orchestra
Return from Trocadero and Clover Club in Hollywood

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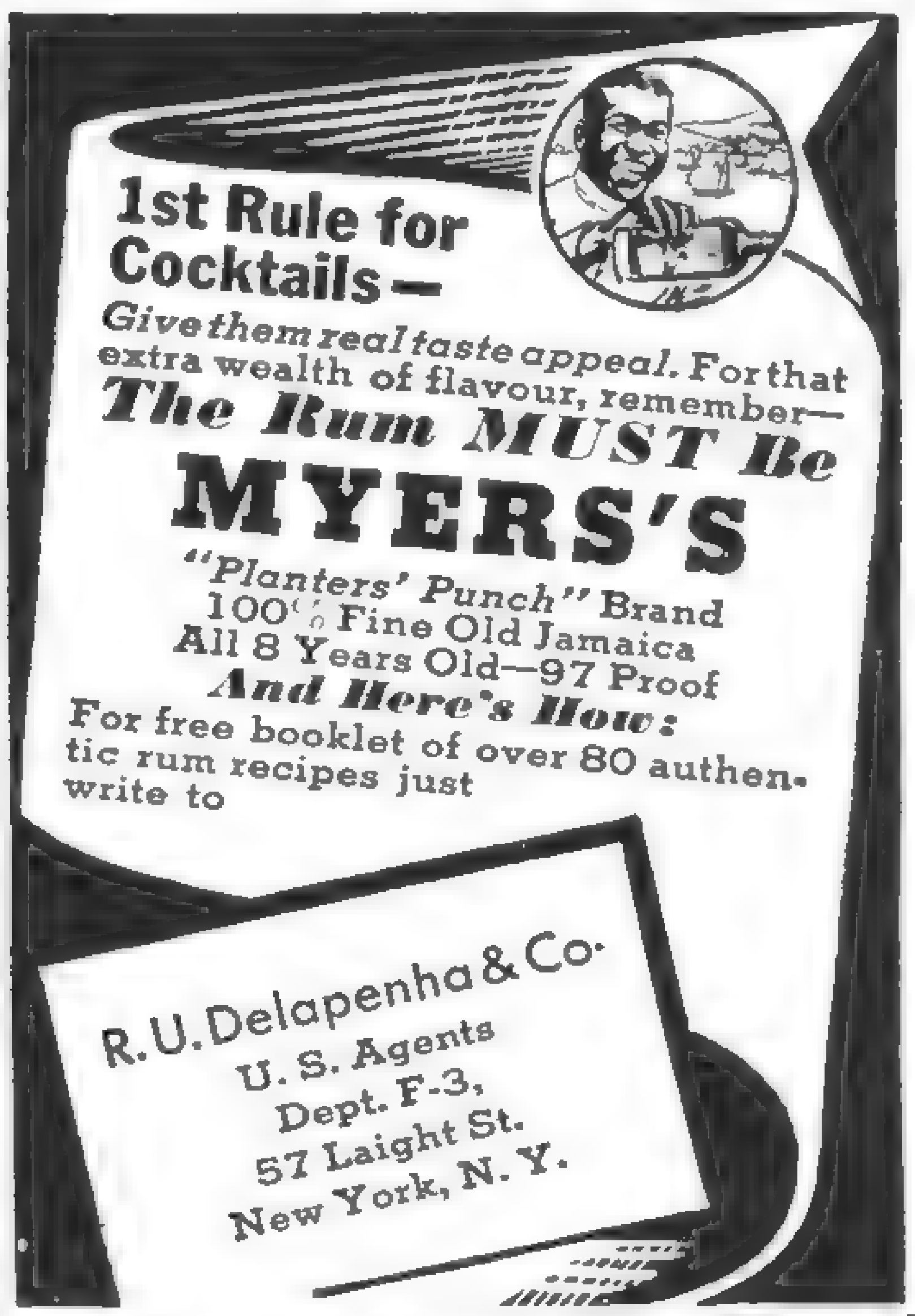
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Christmas comes back with April!

WE STARTED something with our Christmas issue of Esquire. Something we hope we'll never finish.

What we started then was not intended to be permanent. When we loaded up our December issue with extra features and out-size color pages, it was only meant to be a one-time gesture, a seasonal splurge.

We felt at the time that we were going away overboard on that one "special" December number, but we quelled any qualms of our corporate conscience with an attitude of "Oh well, Christmas comes but once a year." So we shot the works.

We thought we were spending an awful lot of money on all those special features for that one special issue. We never dreamed we'd get it all back with interest, literally overnight.

But that's exactly what happened. That issue sold so many thousands of extra copies, beyond our expectations—and sold them so fast—that all our apparent extravagance for its extra features turned out to be the best short-term investment we ever made. And we won't try to pretend that we weren't the least bit surprised. We were goggle-eyed. That experience taught us a basic lesson about our business, that we're now putting into practice for good. More, it brought home to us a fundamental law of the art of entertaining and amusing the public.

The sudden smash sell-out success of our extra special Christmas issue reminded us once again, most forcibly, of that truism of all entertainment enterprise: "Nobody knows what the public wants—except its money's worth!"

So this is the lesson in value-giving that we've just learned all over again. And now we're putting it to work, for us and for you.

Christmas is coming right back again, with the April issue of Esquire—and that's no April Fooling, either. The added features that put extra interest and vitality into the Christmas issue are coming again with April—the extra cartoons, the luxurious "gatefold" extra-size color pages—these things that glorified the Christmas Esquire beyond ordinary issues will enhance the April number to make it a "little Christmas" in its own right.

This is not a purely philanthropic move on our part. Esquire has not suddenly become endowed, like the symphony or the opera. We're still in business to make money, just like you and you and everybody else. But it has suddenly occurred to us (after being hit over the head with our Christmas issue) that the surest, soundest and sanest way to get more is to give more. And we're trying it out, starting with April, in a big way.

Make a mental note now, or tie a string around your finger, to be sure to see a copy of the April issue of Esquire. Pick it up, heft it, look it through. See how much you get—and we'll bet even money that you'll buy it, whether or not you've ever bought a copy of Esquire before.

If we're wrong it's too bad for us. (*You* can't lose.) Because we're betting pretty heavily. When you see the April issue you'll realize how heavily! We're betting with our own money, and lots of it, beginning with the April issue of Esquire. It's a hunch bet. Here's the hunch: "Their money's worth is the only thing you can't give the public too much of."

What do you think of that?

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Tommy Armour

Thomas Donaldson Armour (Tommy to you) took a quick, long jump from university in Edinburgh, Scotland to the World War and came out as one of the youngest majors in the British Army with one of the greatest golf games the world has seen. Gassed in the latter stages of the War, Armour spent his hospital convalescence thinking of the theoretical phases of golf. Before the World War he had won the Scotch and French amateur championships. After the War he came to the U. S., turned professional, and won every major open golf championship, the U. S., British, Canadian and Western competitions. He also won the American Professional Golfers championship and numerous regional competitions. He is a most articulate and acidulous debunker of golf as his story on page 36, *All Is Not Golf That Glitters*, testifies.

•

The author of *Are We Becoming Paranoid?* Lyndon Babcock, is a psychologist at Eloise Hospital, the largest mental hospital in Michigan, at Detroit. He originally graduated in journalism from the University of Michigan (although he majored in swimming) and pursued a varied career in advertising, editing, teaching and free-lance writing. A few years ago he got his Master's in psychology at Wayne University and is now working on a Ph. D. He says: "Most of my adult life I have worked and lived with 'queer' people. These have ranged from so-called 'problem' children and neurotic parents to deteriorated adults suffering from the most hopeless types of insanity. For several years my wife and I conducted a boarding home for retarded children and since I have been at Eloise, I have made it a practice to take into my home paroled patients. Presumably I do this to help these unfortunates adjust to an unfriendly and difficult world, but if I am to be completely honest, I'm afraid it has been as much to study their reactions to life and the causes of their abnormality at first hand. I was born in an insane asylum (we don't have insane asylums any more, but mental hospitals) the son of a psychiatrist." Mr. Babcock is 39, has two children.

Lyndon Babcock

•

Stanley Logan is an actor and a director as well as a writer. He's an Irishman, born in London, educated there at Dulwich College and at the University of Brussels, Belgium. Two of his plays, *De Mortuis* and *The Smith Family*, have been produced in London and *The Padre* in New York. He came to this country seven years ago and starred in such Broadway successes as *Little Miss Bluebeard* and *Her Cardboard Lover*. And he produced some plays, including *Topaz* and *Young Sinners*. He is directing and acting in Hollywood at the moment; his recent pictures, as a director were *First Lady* and *Love Honor and Behave*, while he played in *Counsel for the Defense*, *We Are Not Alone* and *Vigil in the Night*. His most recent story is *The Prodigal Father*, page 47 of this issue.

Stanley Logan

•

H. B. Knoll (*Keep Moving Your Feet*, page 50) claims he's slightly one-sided from using his right arm more than his left, playing squash rackets. He's played all over the Middle West, says he still jitters in the clutch and wouldn't guarantee to beat anybody. For the past ten years he has been teaching English to the Purdue Boilermakers and is currently at work on a text on engineering writing. He is married, has one son. And he expects to have a Ph.D. when he can conquer his enthusiasms for hunting, amateur photography, record collecting and mechanical tinkering.

•

Nelson Algren began writing while hoboing through Mexico in 1932, sold his first stories to *Story Magazine* and, later, *The American Mercury*. In 1935 Vanguard published his novel, *Somebody in Boots*. He has since contributed reviews and verse to *Poetry* and *New Masses* and is at present associated with *New Anvil*, a bi-monthly journal of poetry and prose.

•

For more than twenty years, or until the war drove him out, Carl Crow had an advertising agency in China. Since then he's been living on a farm in Ashley Falls, Massachusetts, except for a recent visit to Chungking. He was born in Missouri in 1883 and at sixteen had his own weekly newspaper, *The Frederickton Republican*. For five years he did newspaper work in Texas and before leaving for the Far East, worked as associate editor of *Hampton's Magazine* in New York. He is the author of *400 Million Customers*, *Master King*, and *He Opened the Door of Japan*. His story of Chinese strategy, page 48, goes back to 482 B. C., *When China Mobilized Sex*.

Carl Crow

•

Robert M. Hyatt says: "There isn't much to tell really. Am 31, English-French descent. Married to a beautiful blonde. Been writing for about six years with fair success; have sold to about a hundred publications and have had material printed in England, Scotland, Ireland, South Africa, and Australia. Have collaborated on two screen scenarios and have one original in the hands of my agent. I love everything but work." His hobby is described in *Guppies Are Great Lovers*, page 60.

Robert Bright

Robert Bright has worked on the editorial staffs of the *Baltimore Sun* and the *Paris Times*, was, until recently, in the advertising business in New York when he began devoting all his time to writing fiction, the current product of which is *Nine Days' Wonder*, on page 55. He is thirty-five years old, was born in Sandwich, Cape Cod, educated in Germany, at Andover, and finally at Princeton.

•

William LaVarre spent his early youth catching polecats on a Virginia mountain farm; learned, at Harvard, how to hunt earth's treasures ranging from chewing gum to diamonds, and conducted many expeditions in Central and South America. He devotes most of his time to studying and writing about Latin America.

•

Bert H. White was born, reared and educated in Buffalo and became Vice-President of the Liberty Bank of Buffalo the hard way, eleven years ago. Besides the Liberty, he now counsels major banking institutions in Chicago, Boston, Cleveland and a dozen other cities on Industrial Research. He is a frequent contributor to *Banking*, *Barrons*, *Chemical Industries* and the *Post*. He paints a bright picture for tomorrow's young couple in *What Life Will Be Like*.

Bert H. White

E. H. Taylor Jr. & Sons*

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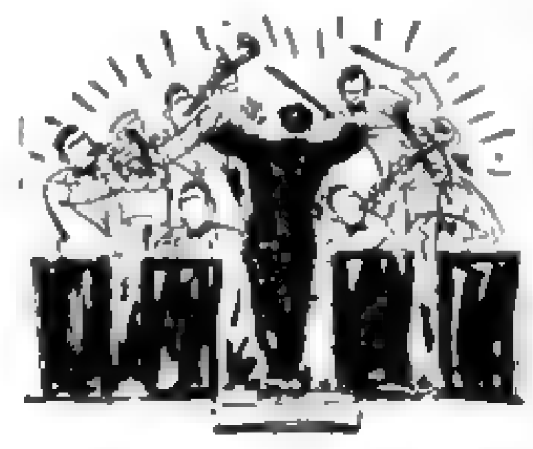
NEW YORK'S SMART FRENCH RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON PRIX FIXE $1.50
PRE-THEATRE DINNER $2.00
15 WEST 49th STREET, IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER

To watch headwaiter Jules of La Belle Meunière (12 East 52nd) carve wafer-thin slices of smoked Nova Scotia salmon is to behold fastidious virtuosity such as this restaurant is a headquarters of. A touch of olive oil, a black flurry from the pepper-mill, and a glass of dry Sherry for companionship, and you and your salmon are atuned. "Not salty, you will notice, sir," he takes the liberty of remarking in response to your nod of commendation. Anything so crude as a desiccating appetizer would be taboo here: partners Pierre and Irene (she flutters around hospitably) are committed to a policy of perfection or perish. Hence the choiceness of their Quail Montmorency (with large black cherries and wine sauce), their suprême of chicken, etc., and their luxuriously luscious desserts. La Belle Meunière means Beautiful Lady of the Mill, but the Bar and cellar have their beauties too, and so have the photo-murals of clouds that enhance your wafty feeling.

The gala Raleigh Room of the Hotel Warwick (65 West 54th) with its famous Dean Cornwell pictorial biography of Sir Walter, is kept lively by the music of Ray Morton and the singing and drollifying of the personable team of Covert and Reed. The latter put on a blindfold act called the Great Salami which is a mighty neat piece of mystification. Sabbaths this room is a rallying place for noon breakfasters and cocktail dansanters.

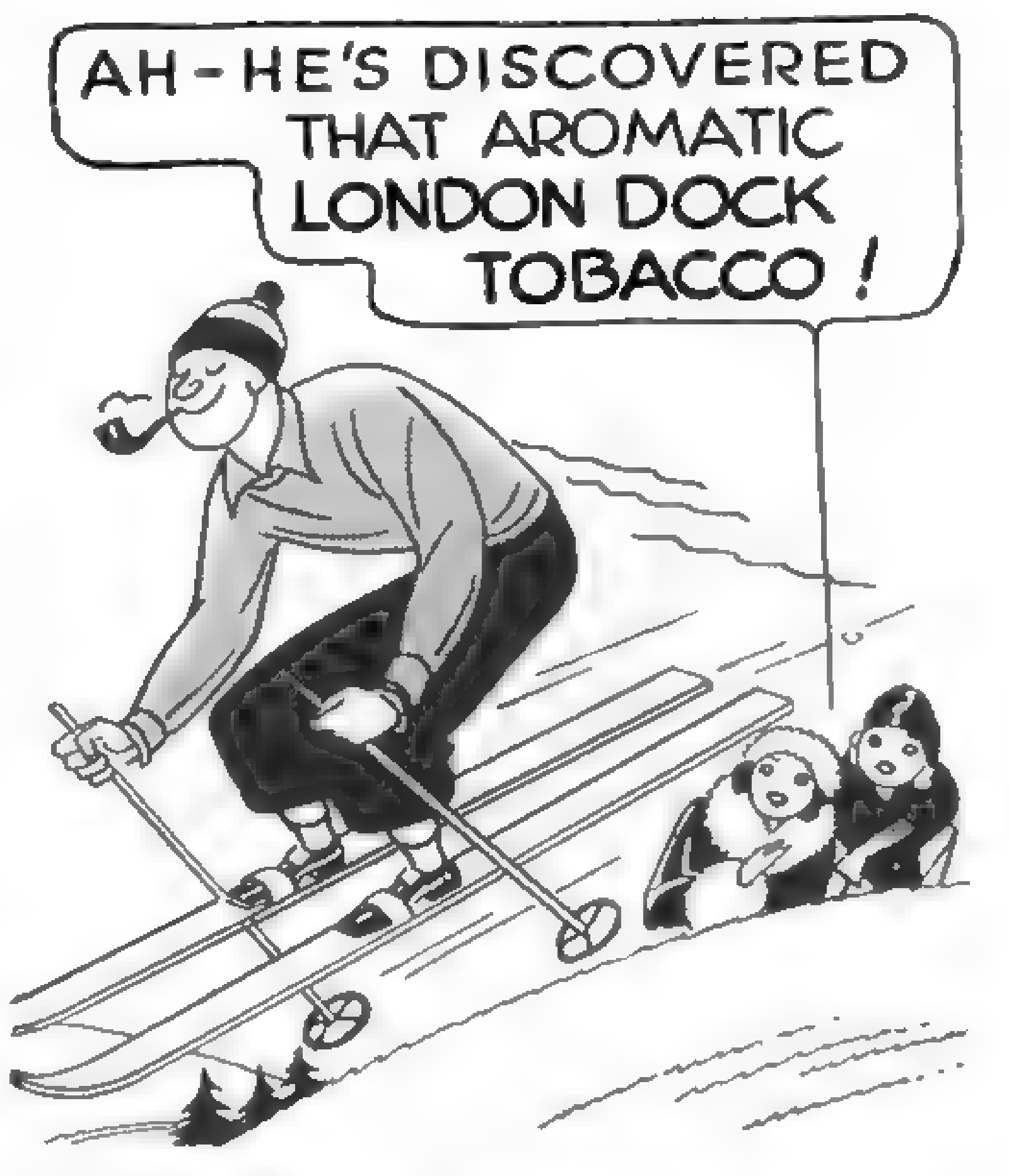


Ralph Hitz's super-colossal, yet ever personal, Hotel New Yorker having scored a terrific coup by launching its winter with Paul Whiteman, has been continuing the excitement with the aid of Bob Crosby and musical army, and a bill of assorted entertainers including Grace and Nikko, comedy dance team, the acrobatic Titon Trio, sensational skater Paul Gerrits, and a pleasant-limbed terpsie named Gloria Day. It's a good thing this terraced room is as commodious as it is handsome; otherwise the out-of-towners and local inhabitants would be warring with each other as to who's going to get in.

They don't have gondolas at Little Venice (126 West 13th) but you can get the equivalent of a ride in one by partaking of a couple of rounds of Rum on a Rock of secret formula, invented by founder Ernest Vannini and triumphantly continued by sons David (bartender) and Henry (roving host). The crowd that cheerfully infests this ground floor establishment seems to be made up of repeaters whose favorite tunes pianist Romeo Guaraldi doesn't need to be asked for. The back room has historic trees in leaf indoors, regardless of season, for this is a place you forget what time it is amid the distractions of nourishment and moisture.

Any taxi-driver whose cab you crawl into knows the way to Jimmy Kelly's as though 181 Sullivan Street were "Home, James" to him. It is like Grant's Tomb and the Aquarium—yet somehow very, very different in mood and style of sightseeing. In fact, zeal for viewing is so avid, patrons hardly notice that they are getting bang-up eats. So it's really silly of Jimmy Kelly to lavish such bounty on people who are unblushingly distrait. But he's that kind of provider and the pilgrims he sends away rejoicing keep coming back for more, from all corners of New York and the U.S.A.

The three-cornered basement by the name of Village Vanguard (178 Seventh Avenue, South), which hatched out the celebrated brood of Revuers, has since been the proud mother of a second batch of original talent entitled The Little Group. This newer clique of travestitians includes: versatile Billie Carr, m.c., Ann Blair, Jane Hoffman, Frances Dworken, Arno Tanny, Leon Rose and Danny Mann—directed by Paul Roberts. Their tuneful numbers "The Lady" and "Whoops, You Give Me Goose-flesh" are good going. And a "Gone With the Wind" burlesque is cyclonic. Authored by Peters, Locke, Hayes.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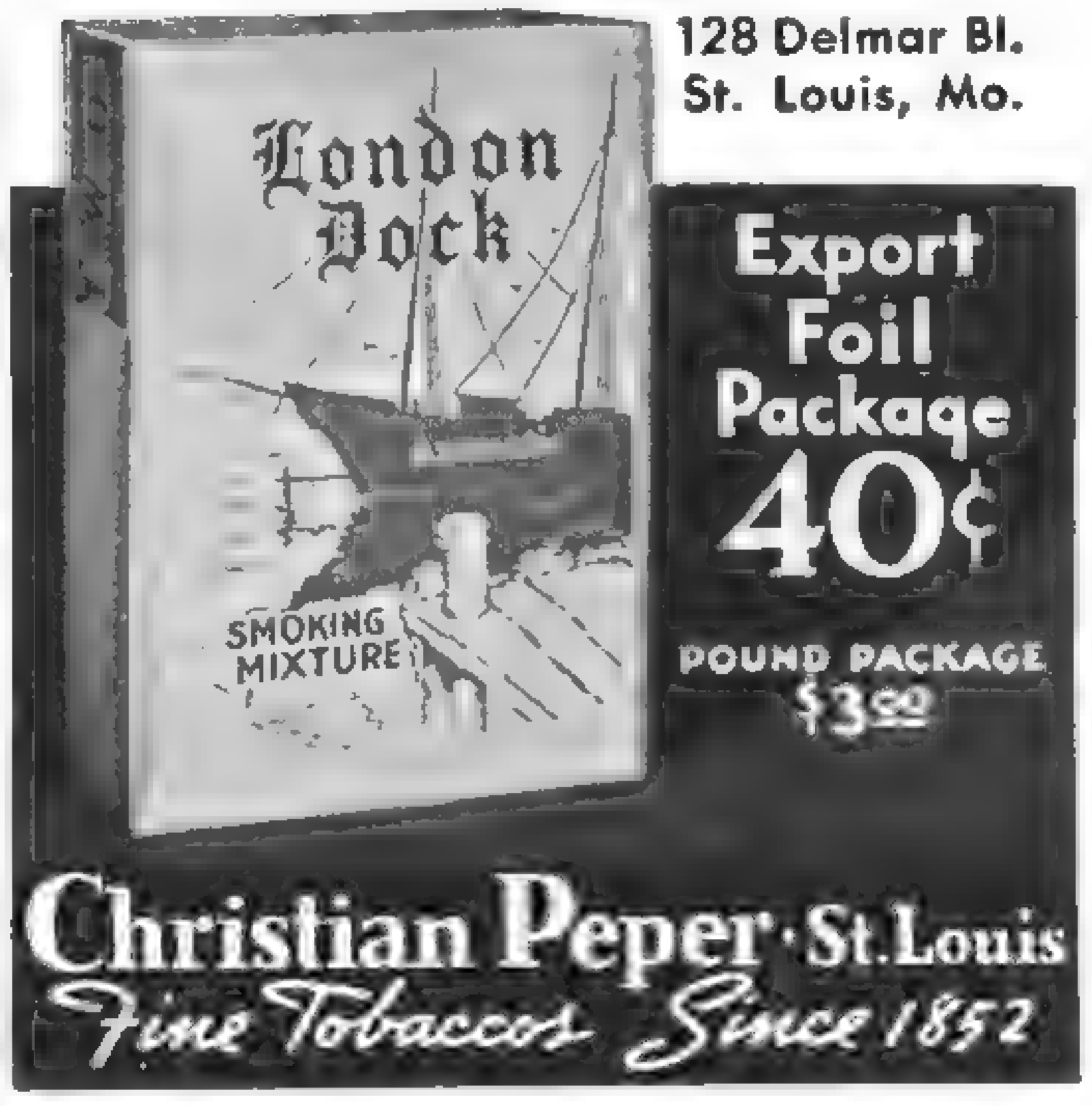

TODAY—GO MEXICAN!

Here's old Mexico's most popular brew—a Pilsener-type beer, smooth and creamy, delicate of flavor and bouquet. It's delicious! Properly aged in vats by one of the world's largest breweries.

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"That famous BEER from old Mexico"
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Prix Fixe Dinner from $1.75
THE SUN VALLEY TRIO
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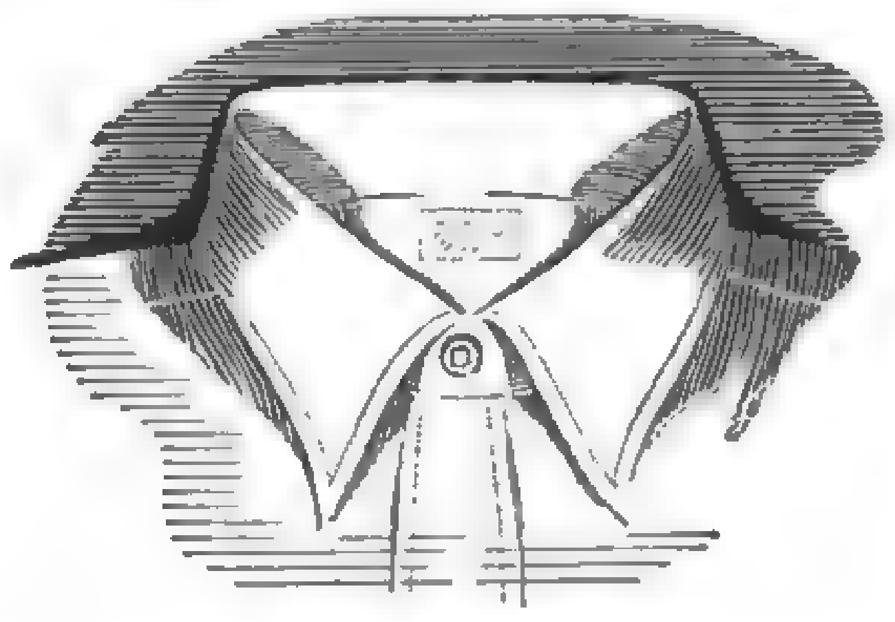
Where the Park begins

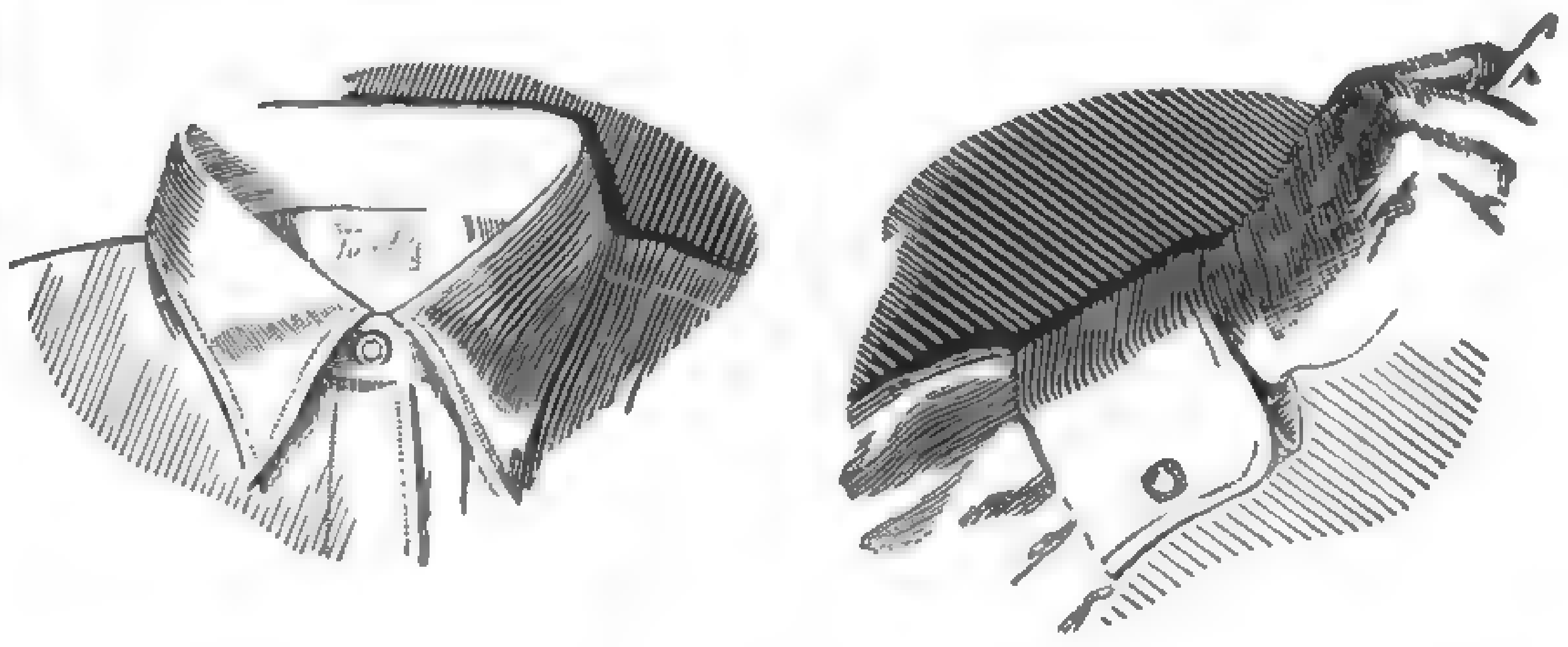
"Mister, you've never seen this shirt before!"

IT'S NEW . . . brand new! The reason: It's closed with GRIPPERS fasteners. They can't rip off—can't break or crush in the laundry. GRIPPERS are neater than buttons . . . and so much more convenient. Ask for shirts with them today. Be sure you get GRIPPERS —they are tested and proved in use for over three years.



Remember how annoying it was to have a button break off at the neck? It ruined the appearance of the shirt and tie. Now, thanks to GRIPPERS fasteners, you can always be sure of a neat, secure closing!

The Arrow "Times" shirt and Manhattan "Cue" shirts feature GRIPPERS *fasteners at the neck.*



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SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY • WATERBURY, CONN.

AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS

**The laundry-proof fasteners that end button bother*

IT'S JUNE-IN-JANUARY with automatic "Weather Eye". Nash Manifold-Sealed engine gives unvarying performance, flash starting, all year 'round; pick-up of 15 to 50 MPH in 12.9 seconds, *high* gear. Service everywhere at over 1800 Nash dealers. Call up—take a ride today!

RIDE IN LUXURY! It's the world's only car with amazing "Arrow-Flight" principle of front coil springs, and super shock-absorbers controlling synchronized springs in back. Nash longer life assures you higher resale value.

Today's Your Day!

WILL YOU TRADE four stuffy walls for an amazing adventure—*now?*

Then come with us!

Don't say it's too cold. We will spin a dial and conjure up a warm May day . . . float you away on a cushion of air . . . then show you sights no motorist ever saw before!

You're going to drive that 1940 "Weather Eye" Nash.

Just hold on tight. This Nash just hates the ground it stands on! It has something *new* in power. Three flicks of your finger, and you vanish . . . then a Fourth Speed Forward cuts in—and the scenery goes by in double-quick time!

But wait—1940 has put a new thrill in that throttle! Press a little harder, and the new Nash Automatic Overtake *whisks* you by the car ahead.

You're in the country now, in a maze of frozen ruts. But—before your astonished eyes—that sleek and slender hood out front stays steady as a rock—and you never feel the bounce from the wheels.

Cradled close to the flying road, skimming the powdery snow, you listen to the sweet whisper of that engine and relax in "Weather Eye" Spring.

What matter, if the way gets rougher, and the gale blows stronger? You don't care—for you've found winter can be *fun!*

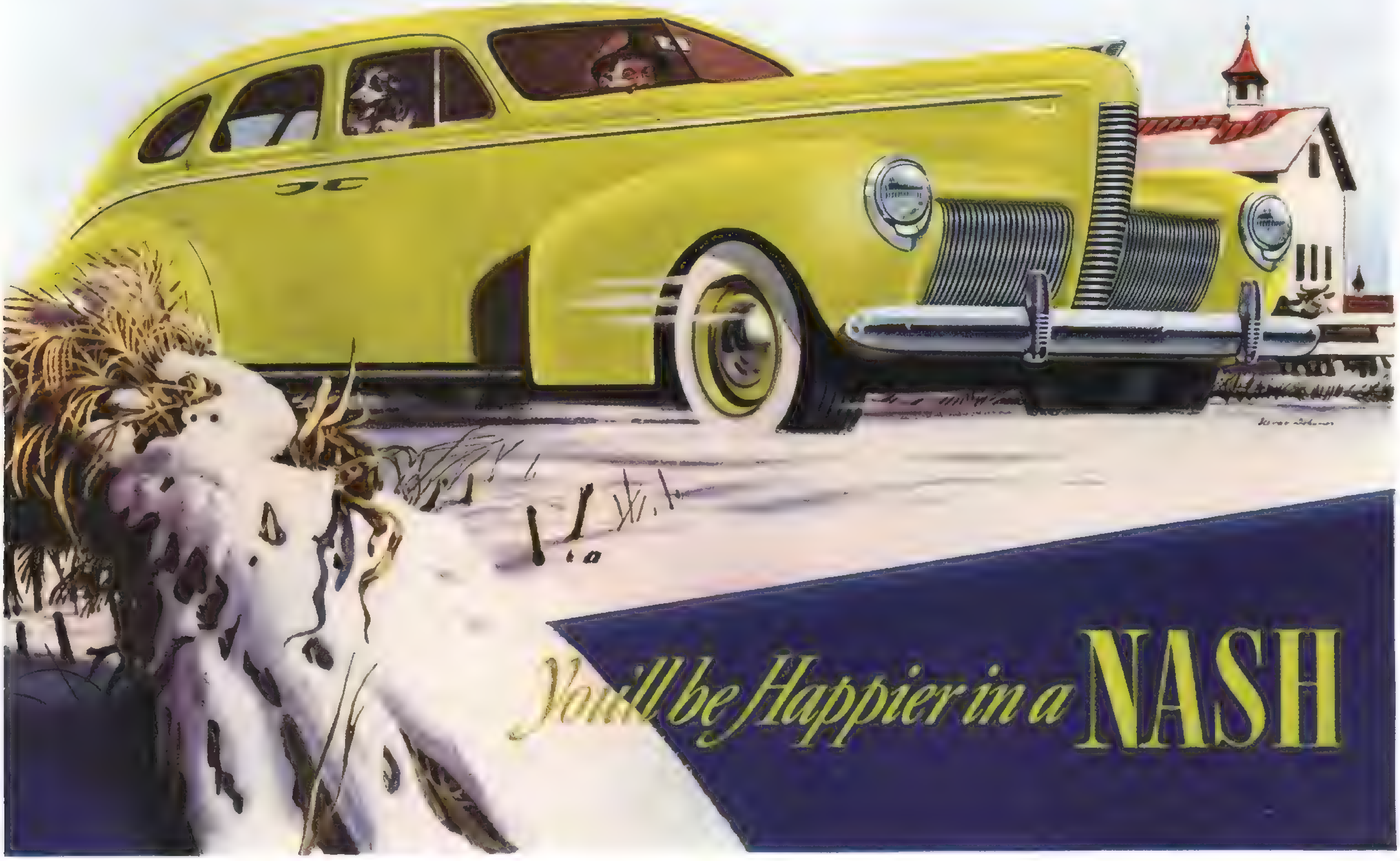
• • •

From Sealed Beam lights to the convertible bed, a Nash is 12 full months a year of driving fun! Why take any car that offers less?

You'll find prices are next to the lowest . . . economy that's won cups in competitions . . . *and a record for long life that we believe is without parallel!*

Today's your day—call up now!

LOWER PRICES: from $795—delivered at Factory! 4-door Sedan (below) $875, includes Standard Equipment, Federal Taxes • White Sidewall Tires, Weather Eye, Rear Wheel-Shields, Fourth Speed, optional extras. **$795**


You'll be Happier in a NASH

Beauty Is a Bore

If the gals started this earnest chasing of glamour for men's sake they've defeated their own goal

by CURT RIESS

• ARTICLE •

SOME time ago a well-known French playwright who had worked in Hollywood for a number of years decided to return to Paris. On the eve of his departure he sent a cable to a friend in Paris which the American cable company sent, in all probability, only because no one on the staff understood the French. The message, translated into English, read:

"Thank God I shall soon be able to sleep with ugly women again."

Aside from his honorable intentions in the City on the Seine, the Frenchman was merely trying to say that there were too many beautiful women in Hollywood. He is not the only one to feel that way. I know of many men who have lately become rather tired of beautiful women. If this feeling becomes general, and I think it will, it means that beauty doesn't pay. Let us examine this problem with all due seriousness.

It was not the Frenchman's cable, but a personal experience which prompted me to make this investigation. I had fallen madly in love with an American beauty. Of course I took her to dinner. It was a lovely dinner as far as I was concerned. I had oysters, onion soup, steak, French fried potatoes, mixed salad, crepes suzettes and coffee. My charming companion had a few leaves of lettuce, some iced beans, a lamb chop which she mooned over for some time and finally took two bites of, and black coffee. I was afraid she was ill, but that was not the case. She was merely guarding her waistline.

I had intended to take her to a dance—at least for an hour or two. But after dinner I began to think the thing to do was to take her to a hospital. Surely she was too weak for any kind of physical exercise. I have not seen her since. The last I heard of her she was still on a hunger strike and more beautiful than ever.

American women are beautiful. There is no doubt about it. But their beauty is not that of the fresh young country girl or the hard-working stenographer we see in Hollywood movies. Perhaps such beauties do grow somewhere on trees. But the American woman does not believe it. She believes that beauty must be laboriously acquired as it is by the actresses who play the parts of the little country girl and the hard-working stenographer. She believes in synthetic beauty.

I won't go into those astronomical statistics breaking down what American women spend each year on lipsticks, eyebrow plucking and the host of face powders and creams. Suffice it to mention that American women spend on clothes an amount on which all Europe could live happily ever after.

But in passing let me mention that in the last year more than $7,000,000 were spent on the so-called Charm schools, which were attended by some 500,000 women who evidently didn't think they were charming enough. There are no figures available on the amounts spent on face-lifting; and one can only guess what women pay out to doctors to be told how to starve themselves scientifically.

Why? Why? Does Beauty pay? It certainly pays to those who make others beautiful; to them it is Big Business. But does it pay to the women of America who invest heavily in that business?

Let us consider professional women for a moment. There are, of course, a great many women engaged in professions in which their success depends upon manual skill or initiative and intelligence alone. In professions such as accountancy, agriculture, architecture, banking, dietetics, literature, medicine, science, and last but not least, librarianship, appearance is hardly a factor in advancement.

In some professions good looks are a hindrance. The manager of an agency for domestic employment admits ruefully that not more than 2 per cent of the girls and women available for household jobs are attractive. An employer, he says, is not eager to get a young, nice-looking girl as a chambermaid or general house-worker in her home. She suspects such a girl of not being hard-working enough, of wanting to go out three or four nights a week, and of not thinking enough about her work—so she says, at any rate. The manager of the agency claims that he does not know of any beautiful girl being refused a job just because a mother was worried about her son's peace of mind. Perhaps there are such cases, he says, but they are only one in a hundred. However that may be, beauty is far from an asset in housework.

But there are other professions in which appearance counts a greal deal. According to another New York agency, a nurse or governess should be attractive because the children will probably like her better. The agency manager boasts that about 50 per cent of his nurses and governesses are attractive. I rather think he exaggerated a little. Of the girls I saw waiting for jobs, perhaps 30 per cent to 40 per cent might have been called pretty—if you were generous.

An executive of a nationwide chain of restaurants informed me that beauty was quite important for waitresses. Their tips are better. I asked him whether beautiful waitresses brought more patrons to his restaurants. He smiled and said, "We are famous for our food."

The personnel director of a great department store which employs more than five thousand women explained that all he required of a girl was that she be clean, neat, fresh, and able to pass a not-too-severe intelligence test. However he confessed that practically everything depended upon a brief first interview and that good-looking women, if they had the other requirements,

Continued in center of page 112

"I think his lawyer writes his letters—the word 'love' is never mentioned"

Are We Becoming Paranoid?

In this enlightened era we know our neighbors more intimately than ever before and yet intolerance increases

by LYNDON BABCOCK, M. A.

• ARTICLE •

℞

One of the most interesting types of mental disorder is paranoia, or the "reasoning insanity," usually characterized by delusions of persecution. There are several forms, but they vary chiefly in degree, from the mild paranoiac, who is so nearly normal that he passes unnoticed, to the paranoid schizophrenic* whose ravings against his imagined persecutors make him one of the most dangerous and hopeless of mental patients.

At one end of the scale there is the lazy employee who was fired because his boss "doesn't like Democrats"; the kindly old inventor who is quite normal except when you get him on the subject of his "stolen" inventions; the merchant whose competitors have "ganged up" against him; the dull student who gets flunked because his professor "does not like athletes"; the criminal who was "framed" and is in prison on a "bum rap"; —these are the milder forms of paranoia, and harm only the individual concerned, because these delusions act as a sop to a wounded ego, and blind him to the true cause of his failure.

In more serious form we see the fading spouse who steams her husband's letters open, and hires a private detective to trail him on his next business trip. Or the chronic litigant who is continually consulting his lawyer about his "rights" or rushing into court to get them. A dangerous type is the nervous old maid who double-locks the doors and windows and sleeps with a gun under her pillow lest that "hard looking" man in the next apartment rape her some evening. Or the sexually impotent husband who believes his young wife is "cheating" on him, and sips his coffee gingerly, lest she poison him to get him out of the way. And finally, the wild-eyed maniac in the violent ward who is so irritable and belligerent that he must be kept in a room by himself lest he attack another patient.

Sometimes such a patient reasons that a man with so many enemies must be an extraordinary person, and so he becomes "Napoleon," or a prophet or Messiah. Delusions of grandeur are substituted for delusions of persecution.

But all are basically the same, from disgruntled employee, who is still pretty much in touch with things, to Napoleon, who has left the realities of life far behind. All are living in a hostile, unfriendly world; all have chips on their shoulders. They have very neatly rationalized their own failures by assuming cupidity or antagonistic intent on the part of others.

There is usually some basis in fact for the delusions of the paranoid. The boss *did* favor the other political party; the wife of the elderly husband *was* flirtatious; the old inventor *was* such a poor business man that he *was* gypped once or twice. But the basis is slight, and the cause all out of proportion to the emotional storm it arouses. The slightest pretext serves as a starting point for building a higher and still higher wall around a sensitive, hurt ego, until nothing can break it down, the delusions become "systematized" and the paranoid comes to believe implicitly in all he alleges.

It's an *immature* reaction. When the child is fairly beaten in a race, he may whine: "No fair! You had a head start!" Or, when the youngster next door brings home a better report card, your own may excuse his lack of effort by saying: "Aw, he's teacher's pet!" From the psychologist's point of view this behavior should not be condoned, because it means to him a failure to face life. It's an escape from reality which if not curbed can lead to serious consequences—even to insanity itself.

The alarming thing is that this pattern of reaction to life's difficulties seems to be increasing, and thanks to the radio, newspaper and national magazine, assuming mass proportions today. Whole nations and races are consumed with unreasoning fears and hatreds toward other nations and races. We seem to take offense more quickly than ever before. We are more tense, more dissatisfied. More people are insecure, and therefore frightened. We are less leisurely, less calm. Also we are more suggestible. In no time at all a howling demagogue can get a following of unthinking people who shortly become the irresponsible mob, particularly if he points out another group which is "trampling on our rights."

Certain straws show how strongly this unhealthy wind is blowing. The world seems to have lost its sense of humor. Even before the present war, the vaudeville comedians of Berlin, Moscow, Rome or Tokio could not make "wisecracks" about their rulers. Instead of tolerant laughter they got the concentration camp for "lack of proper respect." Germany and Italy once had great comic weeklies which amused much of the civilized world with their good-natured banter and cartoons of greats and near-greats. They've all "gone with the wind." So have our own. Even the Sunday "funny-papers" are no longer funny, unless machine guns in the hands of outlaws and gangsters are funny.

Variety reports that the hardest job on a national radio network is now that of the official censor. Scripts which a few months ago would have been unknown to the blue-pencil are now mercilessly cut, for fear of offending touchy groups of people. "An extreme sensitivity, taking on the aspect of a public neurosis," this magazine reports, "has put the NBC network on such an edge that it must bar from variety programs every subject that might prove controversial." Radio listeners are writing angry letters of protest because dialect comedians (as Jews or Italians) are "belittling their race," even though the comedian, in addition to being a sincere artist, is probably a Jew or Italian. The psychiatrist knows that one of the first signs of psychopathy is inability to take a joke—to laugh at one's self.

Newspapers, books and magazines must be most careful to avoid libel suits from hypersensitive readers. Even the campus humorous magazines of our Universities, which in the past have enjoyed freedom in lampooning professors and students alike, have felt the restraining hand of the censor. Many radio plays and movies now begin: "This play is pure fiction. Any reference to people living or dead is entirely coincidental." In other

---

*Literally, the "split mind"; formerly "dementia praecox."

words, "No slight is intended." But why should reader or listener *assume* any slight in what is obviously entertainment?

Lawsuits concerning libel, slander, and infringement of copyright or patent increase. And yet cheap name-calling, once reserved for unmannerly children, has become the prerogative for supposedly mature people. Instead of citing a specific breach of law or etiquette, we take refuge in vague epithets. Particularly is this true in politics. We say, "He's a red," or "He's a fascist" and let it go at that. To the paranoid and his inferiority complex, a critic becomes an "agitator," a liberal is an "anarchist" and a Socialist a "dangerous radical." We use the terms glibly, not knowing what they mean, nor even caring, so long as we can hurt the object of our envy or our fear.

This tendency is more subtly expressed when we refer to "wops," "niggers," "kikes," or "polacks." We pretend only to be using racial labels, but actually we are subconsciously expressing our prejudices, which in turn are based on fears.

Paranoia is not another name for intolerance. The mother of intolerance is ignorance, and comparatively speaking, we're living in an enlightened age. If it were merely a question of *knowing* our neighbors, you would expect intolerance to be on the decrease. The up-to-the-minute foreign news bulletins, the international broadcast, the newsreel at the neighborhood movie, and the pictorial weekly give us intimate and timely glimpses of foreign leaders and their people. And yet we're less neighborly than ever before. It's not a mere lack of understanding of the economic needs of the Negro or the territorial needs of the Jap. Such understanding would help. But more basic is a psychological fault in those of us who fear, and therefore hate these and other groups. It's a disintegration of mental and moral fiber. In modern slang, we just "can't take it."

Our attitude toward the Negro is a good example. Among some whites there is a smouldering hatred for this race, which bursts into riotous flame on very slight provocation; among other whites, there is some degree of tolerance. All whites feel superior to the Negro. Why? The anthropologist tells us he's our equal biologically; the sociologist assures us he could quickly reach our cultural level, given half a chance; and the psychologist says his I.Q. would be the same if our tests really got at native intelligence. The reason is because less than one hundred years ago he was a slave, and has not yet attained equal rank economically or socially. But if that were the only reason, why don't we give him the same opportunity to better himself that we afford the whites? Why don't we provide his children with good schools, encourage him to vote, serve on juries? Why do we ask him to live in a different part of town? It's not that we think the Negro could never attain our status. It's because *we are afraid he could*, and we would thus lose our sense of superiority. We're afraid that civil equality would lead to social equality and intermarriage. We don't consciously reason this out; it's at a much deeper, more primitive level.

For the same reason we hate the Jap. He's much too courteous, too industrious, too thrifty, too quick to learn. That's why we shut the immigration door in his face, and make him resentful that he is classed as an inferior. And naturally, when we fortify an island naval base, or hold maneuvers in the Pacific, he gets a bad case of the jitters, and builds another battleship or two. Then we do the same.

Hitler's hatred of the Jews has a similar basis. In the dark years following 1918, the German people developed a national inferiority complex. When a silver-tongued fanatic appeared on the scene to explain that it was not their own inadequacy that brought defeat, but the lecherous Jew who stabbed their noble race in the back, he made an instant appeal, and the hapless Jew, whether brave general or able teacher, became the scapegoat. Hitler, utterly sincere, would be hospitalized as a paranoiac if he were living in America, or even in pre-Versailles Germany. He is able to unite his people in his amazing program of aggrandizement by restoring belief in themselves through a paranoid mechanism—by giving them an "out."

The psychological blindness of England and France (caused by their own feelings of insecurity in a changing Europe) gave Hitler the "basis in fact" which every paranoid builds on. He has been able to convince his people, consequently, that if they are to attain their rightful "place in the sun," they must fight tooth and nail for it against a hostile world. The democracies are attempting to "starve them into submission"; they are being "encircled."

The "war psychosis" which writers refer to is nothing but mass paranoia. It is mob psychology at its worst. From being sorry for oneself (or one's country) it develops into distrust of the motives of others, and finally, hate-blinded aggression toward the envied one. That was what happened in Palestine. The Zionist pioneers have created a garden spot in a wilderness, and brought a new civilization to a backward country. But the Arabs claim the Jews are usurpers, who threaten their national existence. England, which has bungled the whole business, blames German and Italian agents for inciting both Jew and Arab. Competition between Jew and Arab, with resultant inferiority feelings, is probably the true cause of trouble.

Ever since 1870 (and with some reason) France has been paranoid toward Germany. Could it be because the German birth rate was higher, and she was making greater progress industrially? This should be reason to admire a people, not to hate them. Clemenceau disguised his paranoia very thinly when he warned a prostrate Germany at Versailles: "This is not the end of the War; this is a continuation!"

Paranoia, Germany is proving today, is as contagious as the measles. Moreover, it is cumulative, feeding on itself, and finally like some Frankenstein monster, destroys its creator.

For the same reason that the paranoid goes to sleep with a loaded gun under his pillow, nations arm to the teeth, and then become touchy about their national "honor" and their "rights." Just as the paranoid takes the doctor aside in the asylum ward to reveal to him the perfidy of his persecutor, and to pre-

Continued on page 126

"Boil Some Water—Lots of It"

Knowing that line would be the making of the script, Pat took the new nurse to lunch and found out what came next

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

▪ FICTION ▪

℞

Pat Hobby sat in his office in the Writer's Building and looked at his morning's work, just come back from the script department. He was on a "polish job," about the only kind he ever got nowadays. He was to repair a messy sequence in a hurry, but the word "hurry" neither frightened nor inspired him for Pat had been in Hollywood since he was thirty—now he was forty-nine. All the work he had done this morning (except a little changing around of lines so he could claim them as his own)—all he had actually invented was a single imperative sentence, spoken by a doctor.

"Boil some water—lots of it."

It was a good line. It had sprung into his mind full grown as soon as he had read the script. In the old silent days Pat would have used it as a spoken title and ended his dialogue worries for a space, but he needed some spoken words for other people in the scene. Nothing came.

"Boil some water," he repeated to himself, "Lots of it."

The word boil brought a quick glad thought of the commissary. A reverent thought too—for an old-timer like Pat, what people you sat with at lunch was more important in getting along than what you dictated in your office. This was no art, as he often said—this was an industry.

"This is no art," he remarked to Max Leam who was leisurely drinking at a corridor water cooler, "This is an industry."

Max had flung him this timely bone of three weeks at three-fifty.

"Say look, Pat! Have you got anything down on paper yet?"

"Say I've got some stuff already that'll make 'em—" He named a familiar biological function with the somewhat startling assurance that it would take place in the theatre.

Max tried to gauge his sincerity.

"Want to read it to me now?" he asked.

"Not yet. But it's got the old guts if you know what I mean."

Max was full of doubts.

"Well, go to it. And if you run into any medical snags check with the doctor over at the First Aid Station. It's got to be right."

The spirit of Pasteur shone firmly in Pat's eyes.

"It will be."

He felt good walking across the lot with Max—so good that he decided to glue himself to the producer and sit down with him at the Big Table. But Max foiled his intention by cooing "See you later" and slipping into the barber shop

Once Pat had been a familiar figure at the Big Table; often in his golden prime he had dined in the private canteens of executives. Being of the older Hollywood he understood their jokes, their vanities, their social system with its swift fluctuations. But there were too many new faces at the Big Table now—faces that looked at him with the universal Hollywood suspicion. And at the little tables where the young writers sat they seemed to take work so serious. As for just sitting down anywhere, even with secretaries or extras—Pat would rather catch a sandwich at the corner.

MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY

"I see there's a new star in that movie director's apartment tonight"

Detouring to the Red Cross Station he asked for the doctor. A girl, a nurse, answered from a wall mirror where she was hastily drawing her lips, "He's out. What is it?"

"Oh. Then I'll come back."

She had finished, and now she turned—vivid and young and with a bright consoling smile.

"Miss Stacey will help you. I'm about to go to lunch."

He was aware of an old, old feeling—left over from the time when he had had wives—a feeling that to invite this little beauty to lunch might cause trouble. But he remembered quickly that he didn't have any wives now—they had both given up asking for alimony.

"I'm working on a medical," he said. "I need some help."

"A medical?"

"Writing it—idea about a doc. Listen—let me buy you lunch. I want to ask you some medical questions."

The nurse hesitated.

"I don't know. It's my first day out here."

"It's all right," he assured her, "Studios are democratic; everybody is just 'Joe' or 'Mary'—from the big shots right down to the prop boys."

He proved it magnificently on their way to lunch by greeting a male star and getting his own name back in return. And in the commissary, where they were placed hard by the Big Table, his producer, Max Leam, looked up, did a little "takem" and winked.

The nurse—her name was Helen Earle—peered about eagerly.

"I don't see anybody," she said. "Except oh, there's Ronald Colman. I didn't know Ronald Colman looked like that."

Pat pointed suddenly to the floor.

"And there's Mickey Mouse!"

She jumped and Pat laughed at his joke—but Helen Earle was already staring starry-eyed at the costume extras who filled the hall with the colors of the First Empire. Pat was piqued to see her interest go out to these nonentities.

"The big shots are at this next table," he said solemnly, wistfully, "Directors and all except the biggest executives. They could have Ronald Colman pressing pants. I usually sit over there but they don't want ladies. At lunch, that is, they don't want ladies."

"Oh," said Helen Earle, polite but unimpressed, "It must be wonderful to be a

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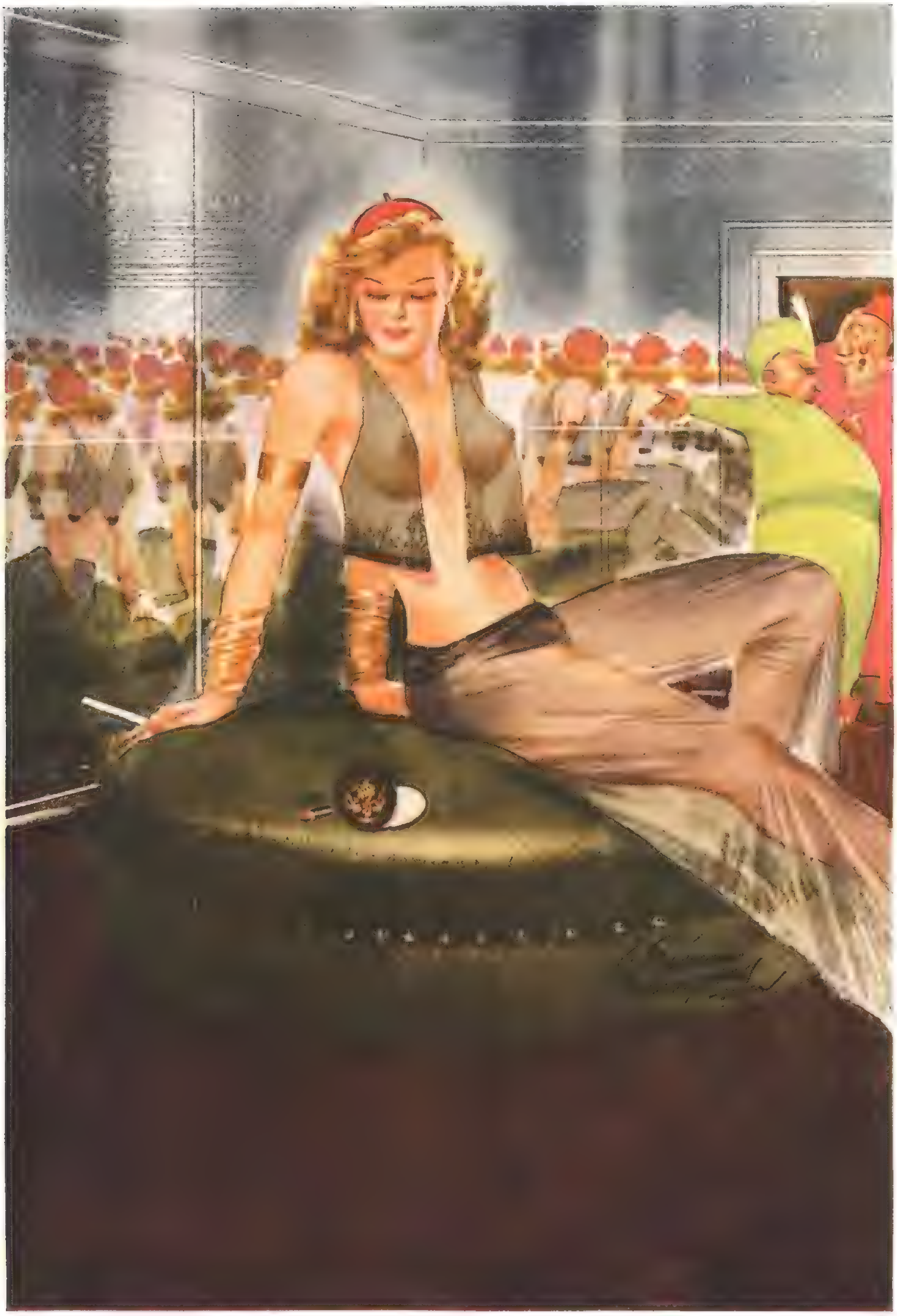
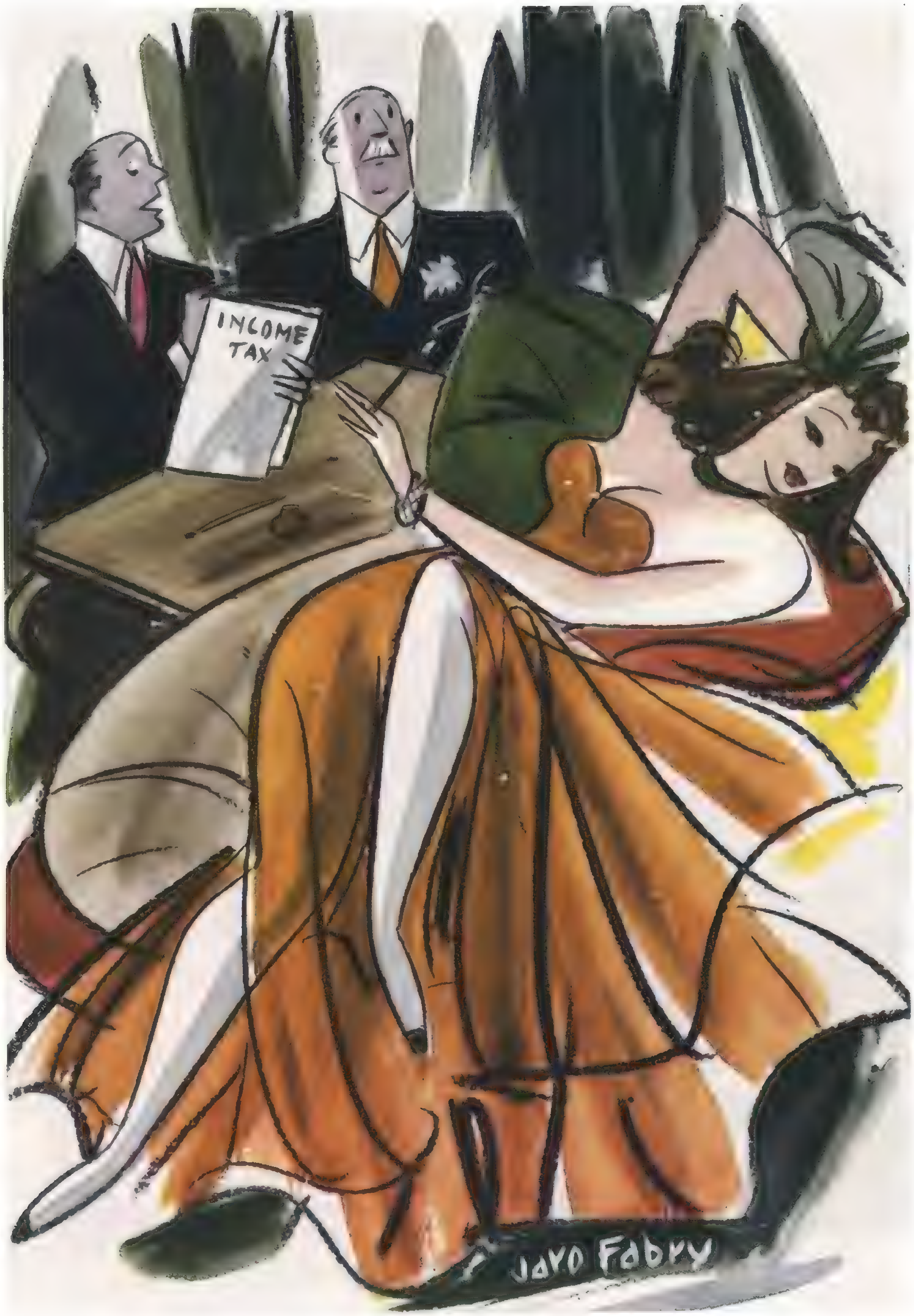


"Naturally I had to retrench. Now I've got the same effect with more privacy—and cheaper!"


INCOME TAX
Jaro Fabry

"No—I'm afraid the Department of Internal Revenue wouldn't consider such a deduction an Act of God"

Bureaucrat's View of Washington

"D. C." is without guts, politically castrated, with one industry and a transient population eager to leave

by DANA DOTEN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

". . . the Capital City's nourishment, unlike that of other cities, would come out of its public buildings rather than out of its trade centers."—Major L'Enfant, 1791.

Columbus Day was the last straw. Not till I realized that the District of Columbia had no intention of observing the holiday of its patron saint did I decide to speak.

I'd been tempted before. For example, the day I first heard about the "Voteless District of Columbia League of Women Voters" (Washington is also the LWV National Headquarters). But I held my tongue, waiting for some hardier soul to tackle Washington as it is.

No one has and therefore I propose to.

Everything you've read about Washington is true, and none of it means a thing. Accurate reporters can describe a howdah without conveying any impression of the elephant beneath. Think of Washington as the hitherto unobserved pachyderm in the picture. We have here, by the way, an elephant that everyone wants to ride but no one wants to wash.

Washington is the typical American village.

Yes, it is more typical than Main Street, because it is primarily a collection, an assortment, an agglomeration of Main Streets—it is that bigger and better Main Street which only the American genius for mass reproduction could create.

"Main Street" means a small town with a public square containing an ornamental fountain. The civic open space is normally fronted by (1) the town hall (Fire-Station Gothic in yellow brick), (2) a row of aimless motley shops, (3) the Carrie F. Lindbuffer Memorial Library (1907), and (4) a cross-section of the local slums. Multiply this setup by 100, and you have Washington, D.C. Multiplication is the historical process responsible for Washington.

Most Americans register "cherry blossoms and the planned city" when Washington is mentioned. But, so far as the "plan" is concerned, the International Congress of Anarchists could hold their convention here and find perfect spiritual peace. Washington is not a planned city; it is a "partly planned" city. And, in describing a "partly planned" city, the literature of similes yields only one analogy—"a pretty good egg." That is one of the strong elements of Washington's typicalness—its partial planning. As a nation we're willing to take a whirl at everything but we won't stick to anything long.

Tourist Washington (the Mall, etc.) is planned. The plan is to stagger the tourist. As a result, that egregious parade of public buildings along the Mall looks like a permanent World's Fair. The ensemble is monstrously impressive. American architecture has almost audibly gritted its teeth and vowed that no man shall gaze on this scene without thinking it cost a lot of dough. If the town fathers of Main Street had been given unlimited funds they would have expanded their local square into the Washington Mall. As a matter of fact, that's precisely what happened.

Interrupting for a moment our tour of the physical city, what is the pervading atmosphere of Washington? What is the composite spirit of the place? What the well-known "keynote"?

Washington has been called a city without a soul. The phrase is romantic and inexact. Rather is Washington a city without guts. New York may be brassy, Boston may be stuck-up, Los Angeles may be incredible; but every American city save Washington has guts. Every other city is somebody's "home town" and he'll fight you about it if you get kidding too loud. Nobody fights over Washington—nobody even bothers to kid very much. A lot of real people live in Washington but they don't make a real community.

The reasons for this tumble over themselves in facile explanation. Washington is politically castrated—nobody here can vote. The population is transient; Washington is just a "post of duty" where nobody expects to be stationed very long. Washington is a one-industry town, and a white-collar industry at that—just the company-town for Uncle Sam's bureaucracy. Who'd have any guts left after a Washington summer? And so on and on goes the argument.

But the facts of Washington are not to be so readily explained away. The cause for Washington lies deep in our national history, deep in our national being. He who would understand the Pennsylvania Avenue traffic at rush hour must go back to the Fathers of the Republic.

They intended to create a seat of power remote from the evil cosmopolitan influences that surrounded the capitals of decadent Europe. They aimed at divorcing government from every other aspect of society by placing it in a geographic vacuum—to which definition the unclaimed and unwanted swamps of the Potomac answered excellently. Nothing could better symbolize that early dream (by Montesquieu out of Locke) where government functioned according to the laws of pure reason, aloof from the sin, error, and uproar of struggling humanity. This idea of government as a cloistered occupation has haunted our whole national development. It is a stubbornly clung-to illusion. And always Washington has remained a monument to the fallacy.

As a result, we have the spectacle of a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" trying to hide its head from the people. The best blood of France and England has traditionally been drawn into Paris and London, whence a certain proportion is attracted into government. The best blood in America has traditionally been

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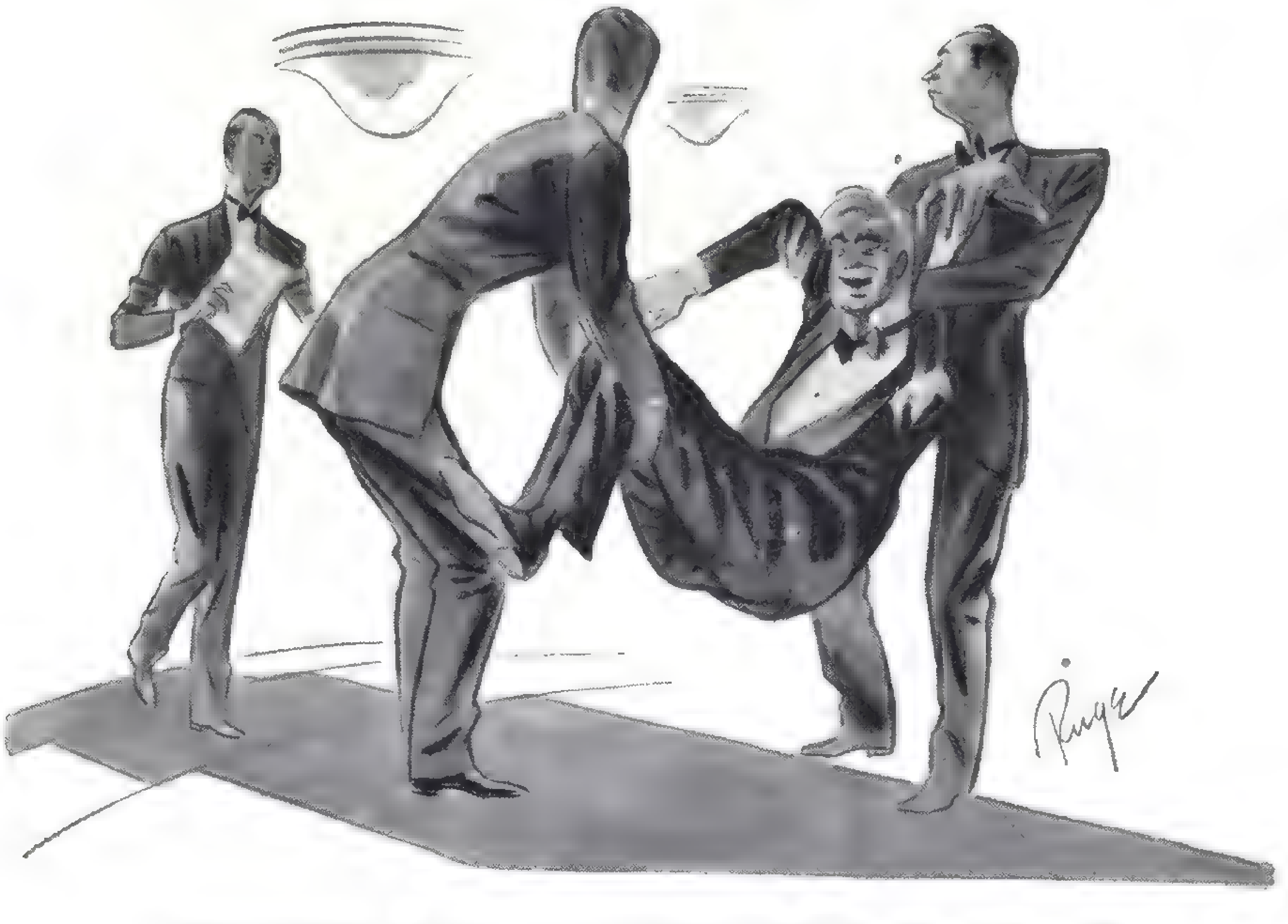


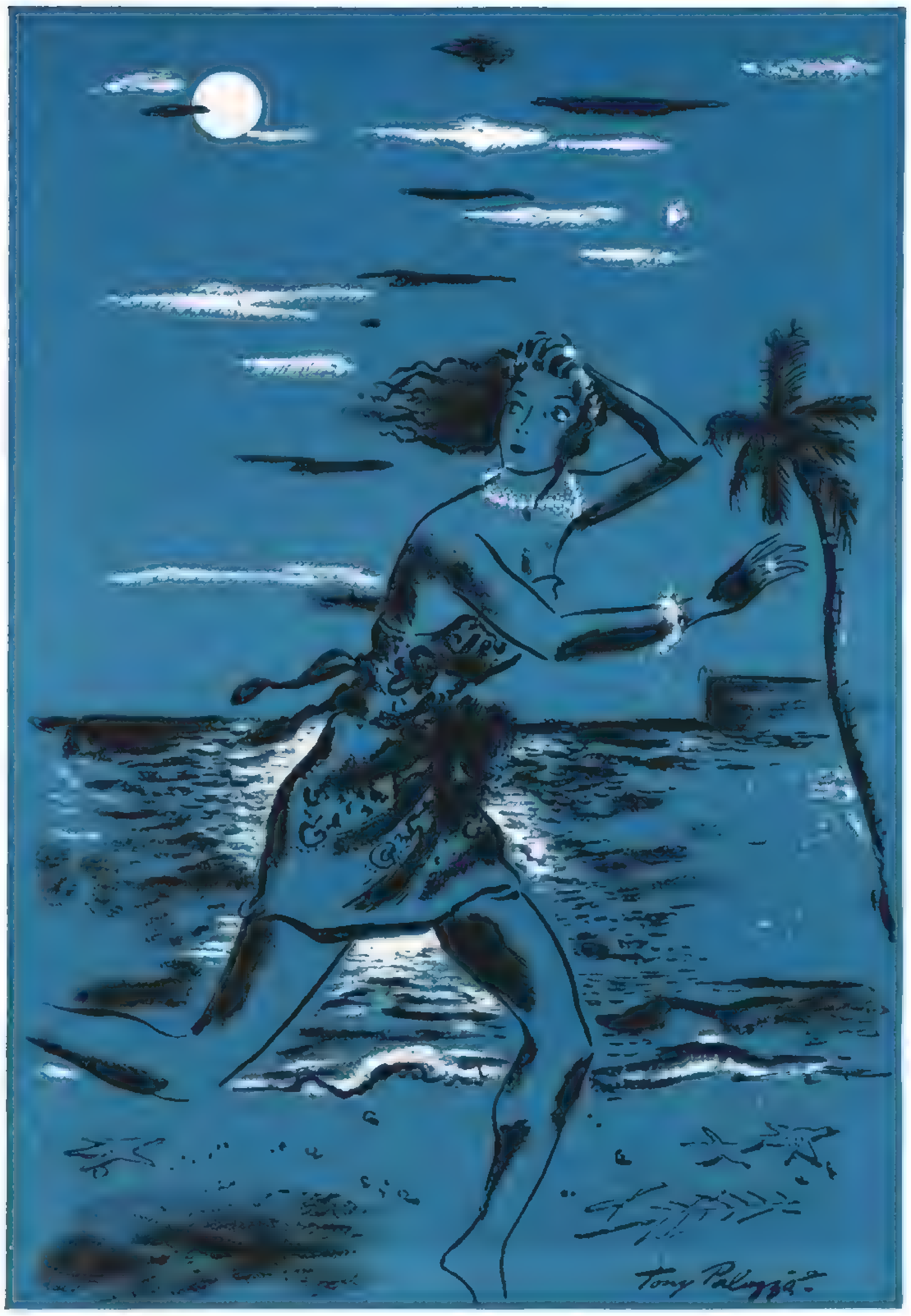
"Here! Here! What are you doing with Senator Coran?"

I'll Be Waiting for You

As Carol walked down the beach, her diamonds throwing moonlight back at the sky, she looked like one exalted

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

▪ MYSTERY ▪



It is unlikely that many can recollect with accuracy the first time they met love; or that they could trace again the lineaments of the beloved on that occasion, the expression in her eyes, the way she walked, the clothes she wore. They may *say* they can, but this is because the memory of events immediately subsequent to that meeting has rendered them maudlin.

Wyatt Black, however, could not possibly forget his first sight of Carol.

His head ached, for the rocking of the cutter was in him still, and he had gone to the beach and sat under a candlenut tree to think about things and be quiet. He had had no reason to suppose that Ahipua would be any different from any other island. He had certainly not expected to find white people there. He had just landed.

The sea swung wave after arrogant wave, but the reef caught them and they bellowed in senseless rage as they smashed, throwing up great shivering white hills which disappeared almost as soon as you saw them, and blowhole spouts, and filmy clouds of spray. The lagoon was lakelike, cat's-paws twittering back and forth across its surface; and though Wyatt Black heard that far-muffled thunder, a few feet from where he sat the wavelets had scarcely strength to nibble at the sand. With a weary shrug of graciousness, as though it thought it was doing the world a great favor, the moon rose.

Carol came walking down the beach, not seeing him. He saw her, however, and he thought her the most beautiful woman in the world. As a matter of fact, though her features were good, Carol had a face prematurely tired, a hardish mouth, hair that unless it were well taken care of tended to be stringy. But she had the possibilities of beauty, and this night they came out. Wyatt Black was not mistaken. She was lovely as she walked that beach.

She wore a faded blue pareu dress, and her legs and feet were bare, sinking into the sand; but she walked as one exalted; she was in ecstasy. Ordinarily she was a woman of no grand speech and of manners not notably gracious, and indeed she was even a little surly: sometimes she actually looked as though she might, though she didn't, chew gum. Yet tonight, head high, her eyes glowing, indisputably she was regal.

At her breast, bunching the calico, was an enormous platinum brooch in which eighteen or twenty diamonds flared. She held her arms away from her sides, and held her hands up a little as though the weight of the diamonds was difficult to bear. For there were diamonds too in the rings on her fingers. There were diamonds large and small, though mostly large, fleering in the moonlight, flinging back to the moon that which had been merely silvery but now was red and green and yellow and orange and violet, glittering and swirling beams that smashed into one another, broke apart, scattered, came spectacularly together again. Platinum bangles, alive with diamonds, clanked on her wrists One enormous diamond was fastened in the lobe of each ear. Around her neck, and it was a good neck and well formed, hung a rope of diamonds, each exactly the same size and the same cut, each colorless and without flaw. For almost a year now her hair had not known hot water or good soap, and the sun had been unkind, soaking luster out of it. Yet when it reflected the brilliance of the tiara she wore, the hair, too, was beautiful. There must have been thirty diamonds in that tiara, some of them massive, none small. Moonlight farding the fronds of the coconut trees was listless and flat, two-dimensional, unexciting, when Carol walked the beach.

She banged, she crashed in splendor. She was magnificent.

Wyatt Black, who knew nothing about such matters, at least knew that here he faced the finest—not rhinestones, not tourmalines, nor was there a gem off-color or imperfectly cut. No wonder she was majestic in bearing! She wore a truly great set of jewels, and many a queen of today and yesterday would have envied her. Yet though he blinked in the glare of the gauds, it was at the woman that Wyatt looked. He watched the way she held her head, the way she moved her arms, and he was breathless before the glow of happiness in her eyes.

When she was within ten feet of where he sat, suddenly she saw him. Her mouth fell open. Joy went out of her eyes, and fear swam in. She gasped with no sound. She turned and ran, tinkling sand behind her, gripping the tiara with one hand so that it would not fly off her head, with the other hand holding the necklace to keep it from swinging. And the moonlight, a shade grimmer, embittered by the experience, and the palms, the timid wavelets, and Wyatt Black, had the beach to themselves.

He learned about the strangers the next morning while organizing a *himene*. They were Monsieur and Madame Leslie. They had come in Tehina Bullett's schooner ten months ago. They lived in a *niau* house Teraitua Teave had built, and were never happy.

Wyatt asked why they were never happy.

"They are afraid of something."

Circuitously, and as though he were not

really interested, he asked whether Madame Leslie wore fine clothes. They shook their heads, Oh, no. She wore *pareus* or dresses made out of *pareus*, just the same as anybody else.

There was no mention of jewels, and surely these would have been mentioned had anybody seen them, for there are no secrets in a place like Ahipua.

The Leslies kept to themselves, and the natives could not understand them. No Polynesian is ever alone if it is possible to be with another person, nor is he ever with only one person if he can find a crowd. People who keep to themselves are clearly mad. *She* now and then made an effort to be sociable, but *he* never spoke to anybody, not even tossing an "*ioarana*" in the morning. What business they had with the Ahipuans, in the matter of buying fish and coconuts—the canned goods they brought with them had long since been used—was conducted by signs. Madame and Monsieur knew not a word of Tuamotuan, nor did they attempt to learn any. There were among the islanders a few who on visits to Papeete as members of the crew of Tehina Bullett's schooner had picked up a little pidgin French; but Madame and Monsieur, most unexpectedly, did not even speak French!

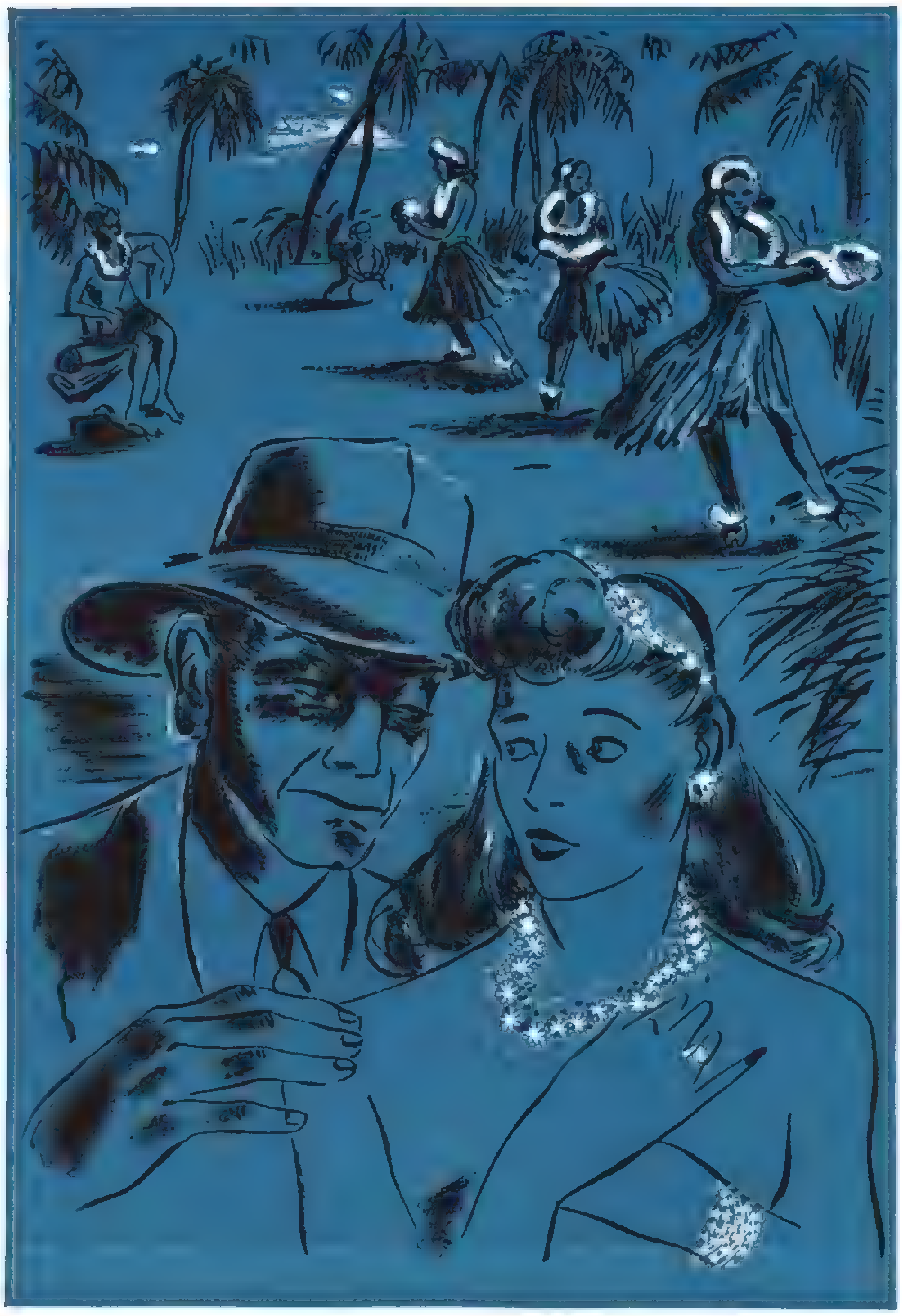
Wyatt knew the childlike indefatigable curiosity of his charges, and knew that he would not need to ask for information about the Leslies but only be receptive. The Ahipuans, not understanding them, had examined them in detail and could tell all about their possessions. Among other things, the Leslies had three large flat leather cases which nobody had ever seen them open; and Wyatt concluded that the diamonds were kept in those.

Wyatt scolded himself for a busybody, and returned to the work of organizing the *himene*. Things spiritual were not in the best of shape at Ahipua. Even the native missionary from Makatea had not visited this island in a year, and the church had insensibly been changed into something not unlike a dance hall. Wyatt saw almost at once that he would have to stay longer than he had planned. It was difficult to keep these out-of-the-way places in line, and the Society did not have the funds it had once had.

He encountered the Leslies that afternoon when he was taking a walk. They sat before their hut of coconut thatch. The girl looked frightened. In sunlight she was not remarkably pretty, but Wyatt, who had seen her draped with diamonds, forgave the somewhat harsh jut of the mouth, the wariness of the eyes. To him she was still beautiful. He did not realize then, though he would come to realize it very soon, that to him she would always be beautiful.

Leslie, small, had very thin straight hair the color of scorched grass, reptilian eyes of dark brown and a mouth that when shut, as it usually was, seemed clamped into position by a steel clamp. He was perhaps forty years old. You would have guessed that his blood was not warm but cold like a serpent's. He looked sideways at things. He held his head erect, never tipping it, and when he moved it he moved it in brief slow jerks; and this added to the snakiness of his appearance. He didn't like Wyatt. He didn't like anybody.

Wyatt saluted them. Leslie made no acknowledgment of this greeting, but the girl smiled, and when she smiled all resentment ran waterlike out of her face.



"Are you coming to the *himene* tonight?"

Leslie's eyes were pools of vinegar, his mouth a metal trap.

"What's a—What's that?"

"Well, they sort of sing. And there are readings."

"We hear too much singing," grumbled Leslie. "If you could call it singing."

"It *is* disconcerting, at first. But you get to like it."

Leslie was looking at him, obliquely.

"Are you a missionary or something?"

Wyatt nodded, smiling. He was really watching the girl all the time, and she was watching him.

"Yes, I'm a missionary."

Leslie looked as though he did not believe this, but surely he was a man who didn't believe much of what he heard anyway, and Wyatt was accustomed to such skepticism. People pictured a missionary as tall, unbendable, fixedly disapproving, the *Rain* type, or else like one of those fuzzy French fathers, little, bouncy of movement, wearing a huge sun helmet, self-satisfied, with faded amiable blue eyes and a beard that was hastate and perhaps not remarkably clean.

"But don't be frightened," Wyatt said, and laughed. "I won't try to convert you. My work's only among the natives."

"Just as well," muttered Leslie.

The girl was looking at Wyatt. He started moving away.

Leslie called, "Hey!"

Wyatt turned.

"Yes?"

"You an American?"

"Why, no. I come from New Zealand."

"Oh," said Leslie, and opened a pearl-handled penknife and started to clean his fingernails, which needed it.

Wyatt waited a moment, but Leslie did not look up, so Wyatt walked on. Soon afterward the girl overtook him

"You—Excuse me, but you come from Tahiti, I suppose?"

"Well, yes. That's our headquarters in these parts. I came in that cutter you see out there. Chartered it."

"You're going back?"

"Not for another month or so. I have a lot of islands to visit yet."

"Oh. Then you won't be back for the fete, the big Fourteenth of July celebration that lasts nine or ten days?

"No. I'd like to. I'd like to see the native dancing and the javelin-throwing contests, and anyway it's always nice to watch people having fun."

"I'd give anything to be there." Her eyes were half-closed in the glare of the sun as she gazed out toward the cutter. "I'd give anything to hear some music again, and dance a little, and maybe have a few drinks."

He said nothing, not knowing what to say.

Then she whispered, fairly whispered: "Please don't tell Harold anything about—last night. I mean, about the way I looked."

"All right."

"Thanks."

She ran back to Teraitua's hut.

Wyatt went to the beach that night and sat under the candlenut tree again, but she did not come.

Harold Leslie he saw from time to time, not because the man sought company but because he needed linguistic aid. Wyatt could talk the native language, though he had not been in the South Seas as long as Leslie, and there were petty matters that Leslie for a long time had wanted cleared up but for the negotiation of which his hands and forearms were not sufficient. Wyatt obliged; and after each occasion Leslie, looking away, would mumble thanks. The girl remained in the hut.

He saw her the fourth night, and this was

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All Is Not Golf That Glitters

Exposing the fairy tale about Alex "The Malignant" Morrison, proclaimed the man who taught a million golfers

by TOMMY ARMOUR

• SPORTS •

A DEBUNKER of golf, although his motives are of the noblest nature, is a low-number Public Enemy. The golfer's heart is the home of hope eternal. At the sound of an alleged tip for reducing a score the golfer's ears twitch like a mule's. There is no limit to the credulity of the golfer; no fantasy that he won't take to his bosom and nurse lovingly. We golfers have to have story-book stuff. We take a childlike delight in having the facts of life told to us in allegories substituting the Easter Bunny for ovum.

Rumored miracles of the once-mysterious Montague were accepted without question by golfers who will argue to the ultimate drop of Scotch or bourbon that the world isn't round. I myself felt as though I'd just learned there was no Santa Claus when my own eyes saw that the proclaimed magic of Montague actually was simply the performance of another strong man named John. Recalling my keen distress at witnessing the explosion of the Montague myth, I probably should hesitate to appraise any similar legend in the light of plain facts.

However, there is a point beyond which I believe it unsporting to play on the gullibility of the muscle-bound middle-aged who dream of becoming in verity what Montague was in fiction.

With Montague back in the category of ordinary humans who three-putt, golfers needed another exaggerated character to beguile them. Scorecards too often are unromantic. They don't appeal to our imaginations or our hopes. The law of compensation must provide all us golfers with escape from these wretched realities of sixes, sevens and eights.

To relieve this crisis that befell them when the Mysterious Montague took mortal form, the golfing innocents are supplied with the wondrous tale of "the man who has taught a million golfers."

Oh, goody, goody. The fable beats *Snow White* and *Pinocchio* as nursery lore for locker rooms. I can just see the little ones sitting on the benches and in the grill rooms, listening, open-mouthed. If I am going to sit around open-mouthed I want something palatable and genuine poured in, not the story of "the man who has taught a million golfers." I am fair at fiction myself, but not that good. Teaching a million golfers is too much for me.

A million golfers is quite a flock. By the reckoning of competent authorities it's about half the golfers in the United States; men, women and children, white, Negro and Oriental.

Having a nature devoid of distrust—generally—I might concede that the man has taught one out of every two golfers in the United States. Maybe I just happen to know the other half, golf's underworld—so naturally have missed meeting many of this alleged vast army of the miracle-man's pupils.

The next thing is; the proficiency of these million pupils. Researchers who have checked the handicap lists of many golf associations' members and tournament cards at an untold number of private and public courses, have learned that more than half the country's golfers cannot break 100 consistently.

Thus we get to the question, "What has the man taught a million golfers?" I would like to duck answering that one myself, if I were the man, although I seldom am at loss for a few million explanatory words, to put my vocabulary on the same conservative mathematical basis as that used in calling the rolls of pupils of that reputed Svengali of the links, Alex ("The Malignant") Morrison. Labeling Alex "The Malignant" is no job of my own. The tag is put on by a story, authored by Grantland Rice. As an ardent admirer of Mr. Rice's works I was shocked to read of his referring to his hero with a hard word. Malignant, the dictionary says, means "outrageously malevolent." Malevolent is defined as "wishing ill to others."

Now I don't suppose that in a game that rates good manners so highly its rules of etiquette are a part of its technical regulations, "outrageously wishing ill to others" would be considered a contribution to the pleasure of the sport. Nor can I, who have taught quite a few excellent golfers, imagine that any enjoyment is added to the game by the tutor's indulgence in ill-mannered abuse of the pupils. As a matter of fact, so one of the country's leading educators tells me, a sadistic attitude of the pedagogue is recognized by competent instructors and psychiatrists as evidence of an inferiority complex.

Of course an inferiority complex couldn't possibly be harbored by such a genius as Mr. Malignant, who, as Mr. Rice tells us, "is a teacher's teacher, an improver of experts." So we will have to excuse recommendation of bad manners as another one of the mysteries that are being provided as window trimming for the fellow. This mystery we can classify as just as impenetrable as the mystery of where, outside of book ads, are his million pupils.

As a "teacher's teacher," let his pupils be considered. I can call to mind two, Henry Picard, the present champion of the Professional Golfers' Association, and Horton Smith. Throughout Rice's eulogy of the Malignant Morrison to succeed Mysterious Montague in golf's fairy tales, only Picard is mentioned by name as a product of the Morrison magic touch.

According to the record books Picard was thirty-two years old last November 28th. When he was eighteen he won the Carolina Open championship from a field tough enough

INTERNATIONAL SKI MEET
H. Roesler

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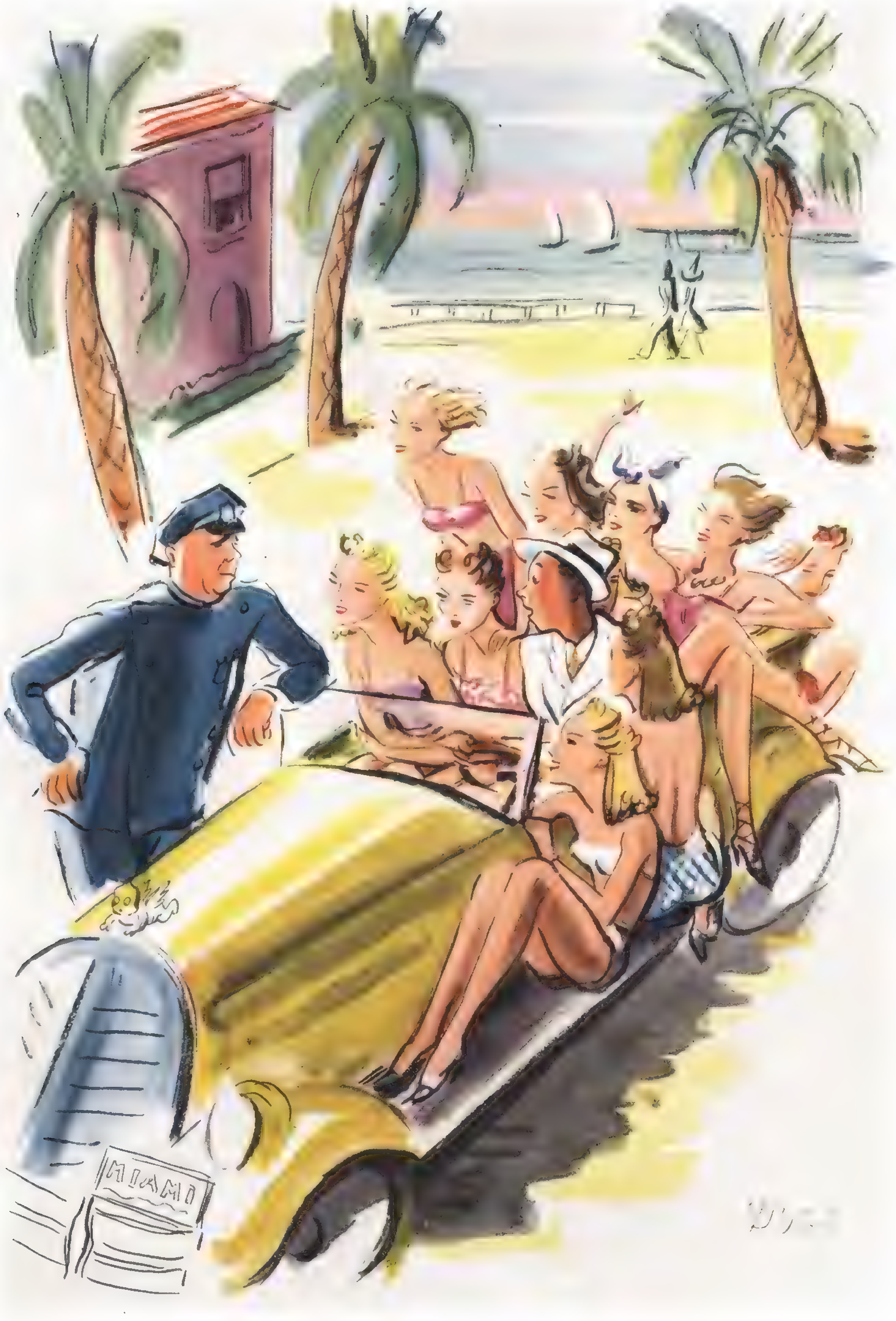


"I don't know what to do, officer—it's been this way ever since my radiator developed a whistle"

Good heavens don't undress—the contractor put in transparent instead of translucent glass

Let him eat it—it's made of milk you know

John! You didn't turn off the air-conditioning unit last night

What Life Will Be Like

Foretelling the sanitary, dustless, convenient, inexpensive paradise awaiting tomorrow's young couple

by BERT H. WHITE

• ARTICLE •

I'VE been taking a lively interest in a nice young married couple I've never met. I don't even know their names, where they live or what they look like. Perhaps they haven't even met each other yet. But some day, not too distant, they will have met, married, and settled down in a house. At that point they become vitally intriguing. For, when they do set up housekeeping, comes a revolution. A sweeping revolution in all departments of life, from the bristles on their toothbrushes to the air they breathe.

Here are Mr. and Mrs. Mañana in their new home. I'm not quite sure what the place will look like outside. But I can guarantee that the house will be handsome, simple, economical to build—and definitely something new under the sun. "By 1950," said Charles F. Kettering, the imaginative percussion-cap of the General Motors organization, "people will no more be willing to live in a 1937 house than they are willing today to drive a 1928 car. America is going to be rebuilt."

When it is, few of the materials used will bear much resemblance to the old reliables that used to dominate building. Concrete may well be used more widely than ever. But in startling new forms—such as a new concrete-mix which mysteriously persuades atmospheric pressure to help squeeze out excess water, so the forms can be removed within an hour of pouring. Speedy though that is, the result is some 50 per cent stronger than old-fashioned methods could attain. New-fangled quick drying paints will then take on and one working-day will see the whole unit through from pouring to finished picture. Pre-fabrication applied to the whole structure, which has been so enthusiastically publicized of late, is not yet sure of its markets. People who prefer traditional brick are likely to find its use weirdly streamlined by the new development of mortarless bricklaying. Even wood is blossoming out in brilliant new adaptations to pre-fabricated units of the plywood principle in combination with synthetic resins.

It goes farther, if you like. If the Mañanas are on the prosperous side, much of their place may be built of glass brick. Not the fragile, shattery stuff that gave rise to menacing proverbs about glass houses. These brick are massive hunks of a very special glass, looking like oversized combs of honey, so grimly smooth and tough that any stone-thrower would be wasting his time. Since glass is a first-class insulator, glass-brick walls cut down heat-loss from inside as much as 40 per cent and, during the summer, absorb the heat of sunlight from outside without passing it on inside.

For window use, however, glass is likely to lose its traditional job. Ordinary window glass is sadly easy to break and has the additional disadvantage of cutting out some of the healthiest elements in sunshine. You already know a forerunner of the windowpane of the future in the safety glass on your car, which consists of a transparent, synthetic resin sandwiched between thin sheets of plate glass. New improvements in such resins are about to put the glass clear out of the picture—leaving only the sheet of resin, so trickily concocted that the ultra-violet rays come right on through into both car and house. Your windowpanes may even be rubber, for transparent rubber is now very much in existence.

Whatever their material, those windows will be completely sealed, because the Mañanas long ago began to demand air conditioning—a word and an idea that have been prematurely abused. Air conditioning should and will mean a lot more than the mere cooling and cleaning of the air in railroad cars, offices and movie theatres. As the Mañanas know it, it will call for sealing off a room or building from all direct contact with outside atmosphere and then doing a complete job of reformation on the air that is allowed to enter from outside—cooling it in summer, heating it in winter—with the same power plant very likely operating on both assignments—eliminating most of the dust and bacteria, adjusting the humidity content, even restoring to the doctored air those mysterious vivifying elements of fresh air which, engineers suspect, are now damaged by the dust-eliminating process. With dust eliminated, Mrs. Mañana's vacuum cleaner will have little to do and spring cleaning will be as extinct a festival as the Roman Saturnalia.

Lighting, of course, will be extremely new and slick. Not only because utility companies are crusading against the national sin of eyestrain with more scientifically located and more powerful incandescent bulbs these days. There are also vapor-lamps—bulbs or tubes containing chemical substances that glow of their own accord, lightning-bug style, under the influence of electric currents. Vapor light is "cold"; wasting little juice on the production of useless heat as the incandescent bulb does, it gets a maximum of illumination out of a minimum of electrical energy. In some forms it is the best equivalent for daylight yet attained.

Heating, always coupled with lighting in the real-estate prospectus, will be just one more angle of air conditioning. Mañana will need to worry about only the fuel bills and the accuracy and sensitiveness of the thermostat system. The fuel may be automatically-fed oil—or coal automatically fed by an electrical self-stoker. Or perhaps gas or even electricity. At any rate, the heating plant will be intimately tied in with the refrigerating plant—after all, refrigeration needs heat for power as much as a radiator needs it for radiation—and cooling and heating will switch off and on without human interference to keep the inside temperature, protected by modern insulation, at 70° F. or wherever Mañana wants it. The radiator will probably stage a comeback.

With quick-freezing of fruits, vegetables, fish and meats already making its way into

Music from the radiators, sandwiches from the radio, and hot air from the refrigerator—call a service man!

M-m shocked while changing a bulb—a bad case of frostbite

You know these glasses taste better than the Old Fashions

the commercial picture, both you and the corner market will presently be going in for refrigeration in a big way. Your present automatic refrigerator is likely to spread itself into a big-time double refrigerating-compartment that would hardly look out of place in a small hotel. One of the Mañanas' compartments—duly equipped with a bactericidal lamp—serves for temporary storage of short-range provisions, just as your refrigerator does now, at perhaps 45° F. The other and larger compartment will be much colder—down below zero somewhere—as permanent storage for long-range supplies of extremely luxurious grub. In the raspberry season, for instance, the quick-freezing company's refrigerated truck will deliver you a case or so of quick-frozen berries to stow. All year round from then on, whenever you feel the raspberry urge coming on, a quart of prime fruit can be got out, left to thaw just the right time and there they are, right off the bush in February, at a height-of-the-season price. The same goes for broccoli, pompano, filet mignon and any other pet craving of yours, trimmed or otherwise prepared to eliminate kitchen trouble and waste on a mass-scale and by way of mass-distribution that will soon mean lower prices for luxury items.

Even the interior of the high-temperature compartment will look queer to you because practically everything in it is or has been packaged. Buying food in bulk has dwindled a lot since the days of the village store's cracker barrel—in the Mañanas' day it will hardly exist at all. The package of the future will keep edibles in better shape, even without quick freezing, for longer periods and, by intelligent attention paid to weight, size, shape and strength, drastically cut down distribution costs. New linings in tin cans are adapting them to more and more products, not only beer but fruit juices and such, with little damage to fresh flavor. Brilliant new containers, made of wood-pulp specially processed to resist dampness and odors, are elbowing both glass and tin out of other parts of the picture, particularly where metal or glass was always absurdly strong and expensive for the assignment.

The clink of the milk bottle on the front steps of a morning will be missing because the Mañanas' milk comes in a vastly improved pulp container, very possibly with dry ice tucked in somewhere to keep it chilled way down while it waits. That means the end of the return problem and the company's huge bills for broken bottle replacement. Such perishables as chops or broiling chickens, even when not quick frozen, arrive at the Mañanas' in airtight rubber overcoats that stay on till the moment of cooking. After the broiler has been put in its rubber bag, the air inside is pumped out to discourage spoiling. Other wrappings are made out of the casein of milk, already being turned into a tough, cheap and flexible film.

That miraculous ultra-violet lamp will also play an important role in the diet because it puts a new efficiency into the "tenderizing" of meat. In the crude present, even the fanciest cut of a steer has to be "hung" a long time in a refrigerator before it is eligible as a steak for broiling. The laboratory dodges that by turning loose on the meat this bactericidal lamp, which sterilizes it thoroughly—that is, kills off the bacteria. Then the meat can be "hung" at far higher temperatures, with spoiling nipped in the bud. That means the prime cuts will be cheaper, because far less expensive to process, and that less aristocratic parts of the cow or sheep, previously relegated to stews and soups, will be practically as toothsome as any tenderloin steak you ever paid three dollars for.

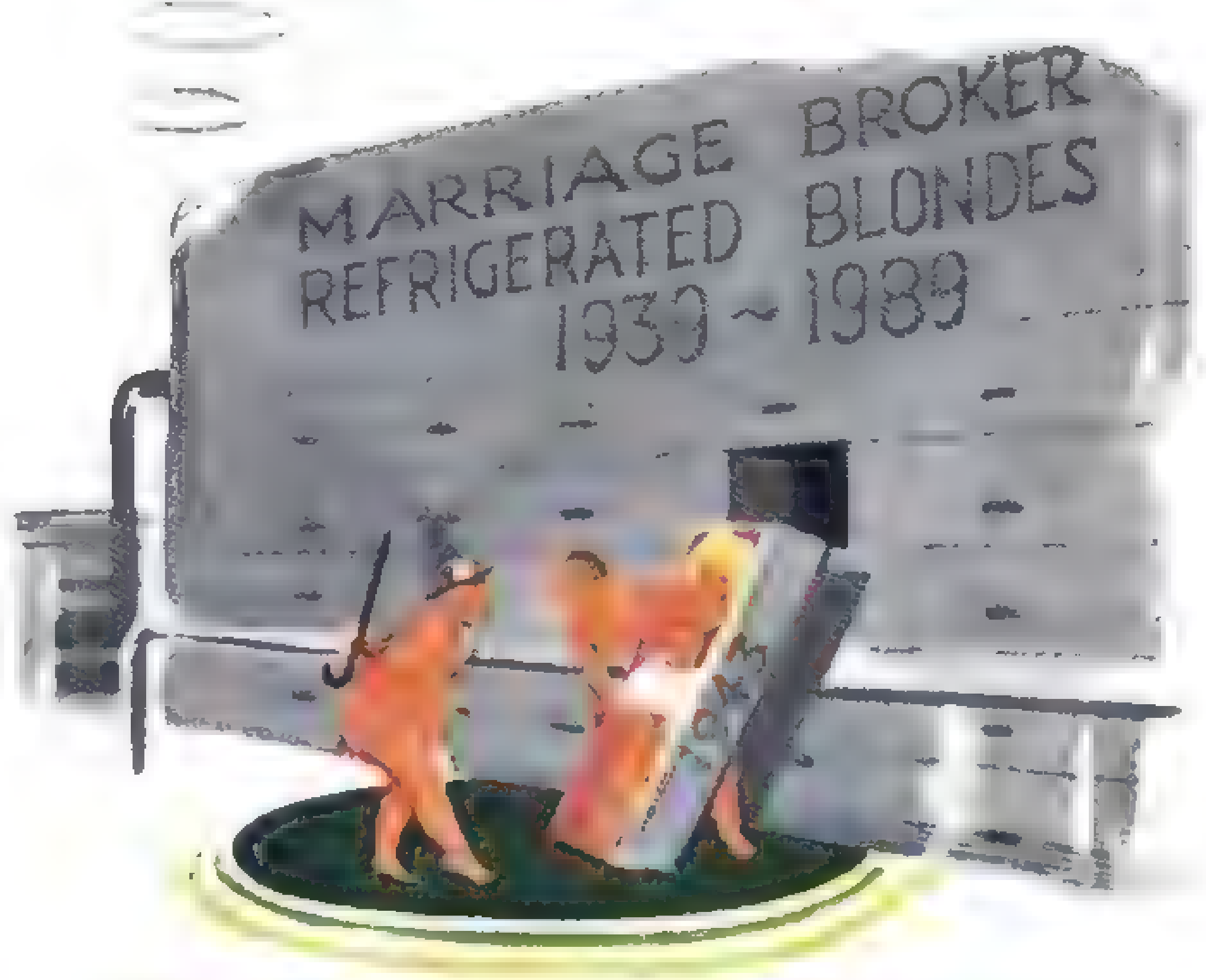
Romantic pictures of the future usually make much out of synthetic foods. But the idea of polishing off a couple of concentrated tablets for Thanksgiving dinner has so far met with little enthusiasm from human feeders. So far as I can make out from bothering research men, there is little danger that anybody but Arctic explorers will ever have to take such schemes seriously. The Mañanas will eat the same food you do—only in greater variety and better condition. Milk, for instance, will be thoroughly homogenized—the globules of butterfat broken up into such tiny bits that the cream can't rise—so it will no longer be necessary to stand the milk bottle on its head to put the cream back where it belongs. Incidentally, such milk will be much easier to digest. Bread will take far, far longer to go stale because queer anti-staling processes will have been applied to its ingredients in the bakery. Similarly subtle processes for keeping fats and oils from going rancid will prevent other spoilage hazards. Various fats now generally—and justifiably—considered unfit for human consumption will be taken over the jumps in the laboratory to come out as sweet and wholesome as fresh butter.

The fact that his house is fundamentally fireproof should also prove a lot on his fire insurance. To help along, practically everything in it could, and probably will, be as fireproof as its steel and concrete walls. What with noiseless composition floors and one-way-vision windows, rugs and curtains will pretty well have lost their functions. The

Continued in center of page 115

UNITED STATES
OF
EUROPE

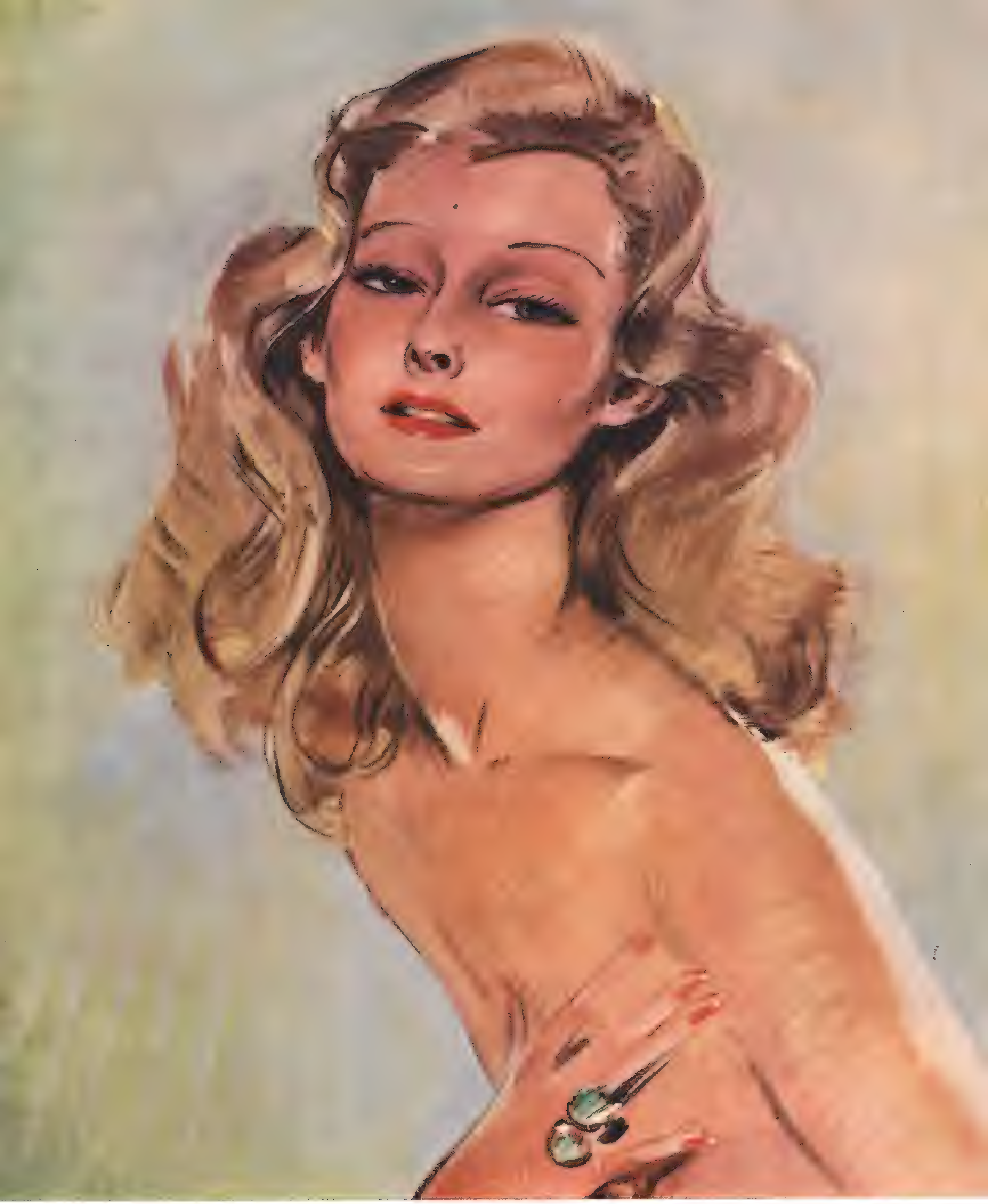
Your Highness—pigknuckles barbecue & spareribs—a la tenderized



Just take her home and thaw her out

Hot foot for mothers-in-law —heating unit under the floor

Just put in a half gallon— I'm only going to Florida



FEMININE FACE-CARDS – *LILIAN HARVEY* – PAINTED BY JEAN-GABRIEL DOMERGUE

LILIAN HARVEY was born in England, educated in Germany, lived in France. All of which makes her a disputed possession in the present international grab-bag. She continues to make movies in Germany, continues to hold top popularity in the Teutonic tintypes. But these days they don't give her much chance to display her trilingual gifts. Time was when she was the only movie star in the world who could talk, sing, and dance for the German, French, and English markets. Hollywood lured her here in 1933 by quadrupling her European salary. She arrived with a white Mercedes, a chauffeur, a maid, her own dress designer, and eighteen trunks. She took them all home a year later, a sadder star, but wiser in the knowledge that Americans will take cuteness in big doses only from their child stars. She has a villa at Cap D'Antibes, which makes her a neighbor of Jean-Gabriel Domergue, whose own villa is in Cannes. She is five-feet-two, can walk a tight rope, weighs eighty-five pounds.

Tomorrow! Tomorrow!

At four o'clock he was still waiting to be released from the prison camp —and it was then that the fun began

by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

MANY were in camp when he first arrived but of these very few now remained. Others had come, new faces, frightened; all strangers and all in one pitiful brotherhood. But of these also, many were now dead, a few had been released—powerful friends, influence, money—and the rest . . . Here they still are. Though at any moment . . . Tomorrow! Tomorrow! may be the day.

With this one sustaining hope he held on. He was young and he was strong and he could endure everything. Some collapsed on the very first day of their arrival to the prison camp and others survived only a few weeks of the unspeakable cruelties and horrors. But Otto had lasted out a full fourteen months.

It was summer when he arrived and the heat beat down from the sun without mercy. Then it was winter and Hochwald, where the camp is situated, is high and chilly. And now the summer was again past and autumn leaves are caught in swift mountain gushes. And through all this time his heart whispered secretly, sadly and yet joyfully—Tomorrow! Tomorrow! And now at last!

"You. You over there."

"Yes, sir." Otto removed his cap, straightened up and stood at attention.

"Your name?"

"Otto Belerman."

"Report to the office."

"Thank you. At once?"

"Yes. At once."

He waited for the guard to pass and then went through the yard toward the office. His brain worked quickly. In the short minute it took him to walk across the yard he reviewed every moment of the last two days to make sure that he had not committed some infringement of the many camp regulations. His long fourteen months had taught him how to avoid trouble and get through the day without bringing attention to himself. He had done nothing and walking across the yard he could think of only one thing. His time had come to be released and perhaps . . . Tomorrow! Tomorrow!

"Halt!"

He quickly removed his hat and stood at attention.

"You are crossing the yard!" spoke a guard.

"Yes, sir. I have been ordered to present myself at the office."

"Very well. On your way! Use the side door."

Once through the door Otto again stood at attention, glancing neither to the right nor left. He held his cap at his breast and waited to be spoken to before he opened his mouth.

The officer in charge, a young fellow named Schwartz, no older than about twenty-two, was sitting at a table smoking a cigarette. He pretended to be reading some papers on the desk before him, but his eyes moved slowly from one side to another. He glanced at Otto standing at attention and was reminded of a fellow who had been in the reform school with him. But this fellow, he had now forgotten his name, had a heavy scar from a sabre cut across his cheek. However there was some quiet similarity between the two.

After about ten minutes he glanced up and without parting his lips said: "Come over here."

Otto came forward.

"Your name?"

"Otto Belerman."

"Belerman, Belerman," he muttered, running his finger down a page. "Yes. Well, your people paid at last. At first they thought the price was high. You might have gone home weeks ago. Well now they paid up and you can get ready. Tomorrow . . ."

His heart pounded with a lively beat . . . Tomorrow! Tomorrow!

"They will call for you in an auto but you must be examined first by the doctor."

"Yes, sir."

"Report to the clinic."

"Yes, sir."

He bowed respectfully from the waist and went through the long hall to the clinic. Here again he stood at attention and waited until the doctor, or orderly, or someone should speak to him. The blood coursed through his veins and brought a tinge to his fingers and toes. And the quick little beats of his heart cried out inwardly, faintly and joyfully . . . Tomorrow! Tomorrow!

"Well, why are you standing there like a dummy!" a voice called.

"Yes, sir."

"What do you want?"

"Tomorrow, sir, I am going . . . Released. I have been sent here to be examined."

"Take your clothes off."

"Yes. At once."

He removed his boots and taking off his trousers and prison jacket stood naked before the doctor. He had no underwear.

The doctor straddled a chair and ordered him to turn around.

"Eh, eh. There is an old scar on your back."

"Oh, sir. It's all healed. Pardon me doctor but I don't feel it at all. Not for weeks, truly."

"Yes. You don't feel it but it is there and you know the rules."

"Yes, doctor."

"How old is the wound?"

"Over six weeks, sir. It would be all gone only it is just where the belt cuts. But in a day or two there will be no trace of anything."

"How did you get this wound?" asked the doctor boldly as though he did not know.

Otto was silent.

The doctor repeated the words very slowly.

At length Otto replied. "It was just an

Continued in center of page 162

"Well—only one more week and I'll be eating my wife's home cooking again!"

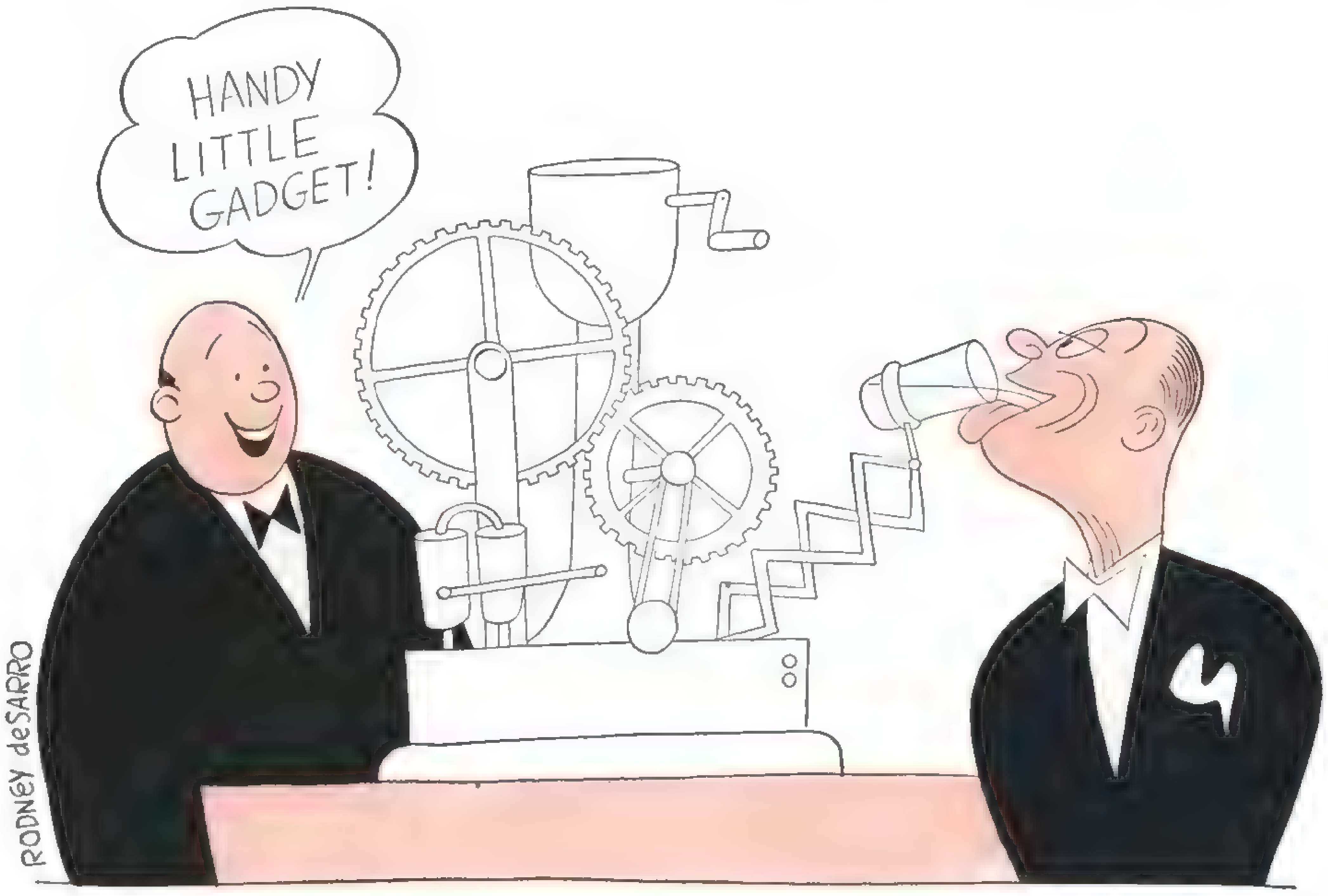
Our Friends the Bankleys

Blaming the machine for the economic ills of the world, Joe took Mae and the kids out to struggle with nature

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

We've known the Bankleys for years. Joe's a great fellow, while Mae is one of those hearty, buxom women easy to get along with. Mae thinks it's a great joke when, in a bridge game, Joe miscounts trumps or redoubles on a bum hunch. Their two kids, Edward and Millicent (Joe calls them Butch and Spider respectively) are, I suppose, all right in their way. If you like nice big healthy children with strong lungs and muscles powerful enough to pull a leg off a grand piano, why then the Bankley young ones would suit you to a T. If they seem to lack what the timid might characterize as discipline, that's natural enough. "They've got to have their fun," Mae murmurs, and Joe agrees with a sage nod of the head.



The Bankleys had been exposed to all the cultural niceties so dear to the hearts of nice families: Mae had had her dancing and singing lessons, Joe had practiced the violin for nine years and could play *Humoresque* straight through without faltering, and they both had acquired the requisite education. Joe, after college, had taken the first job that came along, in a big insurance company, and by diligence and loyalty had achieved security as a claims adjuster, marrying and having two children along the way. The Bankleys bought each new mechanical invention as it was issued. They'd sailed around in a tin lizzie, bought a Victrola with a wooden horn; their first radio was a crystal set. They had one of the first electric refrigerators, one of the first washing machines, vacuum cleaners, orange-juice squeezers. "Machine age," Joe was fond of asserting. "Why kill yourself when you can get the little man in the electric wire to do your work for you? Progress. The day'll come when we'll be flying to work in flivver airplanes. Yes, siree." The children, for toys, had electric trains and miniature steam engines—that is, from Christmas to New Year's. From New Year's to Christmas they just had the different parts.

The depression had come along with inevitable readjustment of incomes and spending, and the various heroic attempts of government to remedy the ills of unemployment. Vast mountains of literature began issuing from the presses: articles, pamphlets, books by every theorist of the science of economics who had pencil, paper, and time on his hands. Everybody but those who had to deal with the problems of the day could tell you exactly what was wrong and how to cure it. Radio commentators, newspaper editorial writers, professors—they all had a panacea up their sleeves. Even the man who collected the garbage had a theory. For the average man, busy with his own personal problems, it was all pretty confusing. Not so to Joe Bankley. Although Joe's own affairs were not especially affected by the violent upheaval, nonetheless he had begun to show a profound interest in all this literature of political and social speculation. Supply and demand became catchwords with Joe. At dinner table he would spring some new and complicated idea on us, some theory or other he'd read somewhere.

I thought it would wear off. Joe and Mae had been just as hipped on the superheterodyne radio when it first made its appearance. After all, if you know nice people, you have to let them bore you a bit with their enthusiasms. I thought it would wear off, but it didn't. Mae had it as bad as Joe, and even the kids began to spout economics. One evening Butch and Spider were wrestling for possession of my mandolin. Butch finally gets it, and Spider begins yowling. "Look," says Butch solemnly. "Didn't you hear Pop explain how the powerful interests, by exploiting the means of production, spread distribution over the widest area? Well, I'm the powerful interests, see. And this here mandolin is the means of production. So go away and let me spread some distribution around."

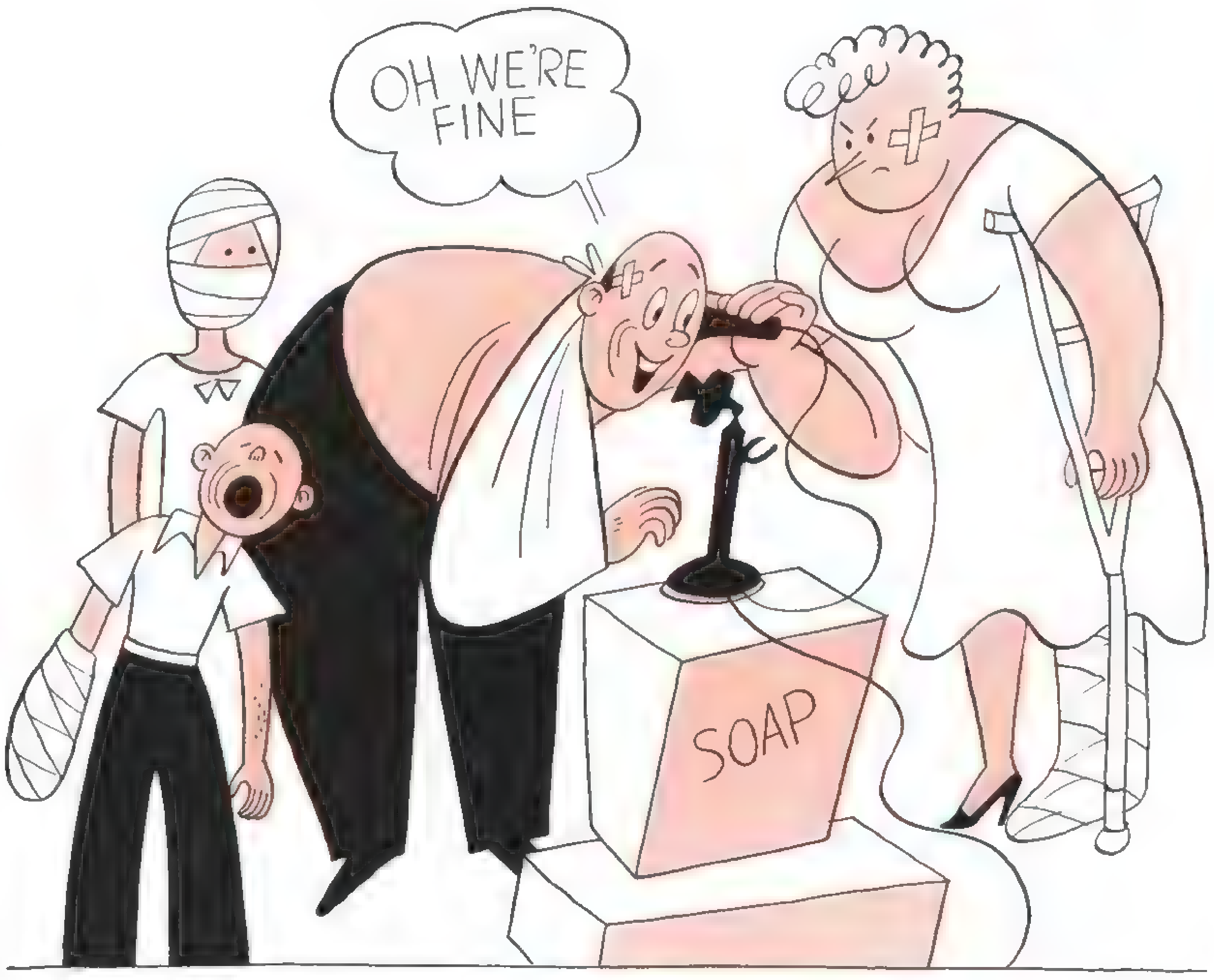
The fact is, the actual seriousness of the situation did not dawn on me until the night Joe blamed the machine for the economic plight of the world. "Yes, sir," he said. "Why, do you realize—" and he launched into a two-hour discussion of the awful consequences of mechanical contrivances. He not only excoriated the mechanization of industry, but attributed the very household machine with fomenting a social revolution. "The thing that's wrong with the world today," he announced dogmatically, "is that we've forgotten the use of our two good hands. We've become slaves to our comfort. We press a button, and our work's done for us. But when the button no longer works, we're helpless. So, then. You ask me for constructive criticism." (I hadn't asked him for anything.) "You ask me to lay down a solution for this impossible situation."

We were going to get it anyway, so I asked him. To save space I'll give you the gist of his next hour's remarks. He, with Mae chiming in during his pauses for breath, declared that it was high time we began thinking of going back to the soil. Machinery had brought about an over-complication of the economic order. When one wheel broke the whole machine stopped. It was time to return to the simple pastoral ways of the past. Did our ancestors have sausage machines which could turn out a thousand sausages an hour? When they wanted sausages they put up their own. Thus they simplified the entire economic procedure. The million and one services we had come to depend upon constituted an unbearable financial burden. Our grandparents had eaten out of a cracker barrel and lived three score and ten. We, however, had to have crackers in packages. We had to have hothouse tomatoes, dial telephones, electric razors, dry ice, taxicabs, television. "What, in the final analysis," he demanded, "do such things get you?"

As he didn't mean me in particular he continued by answering his own question. "A sociological headache, that's what. How long, then, do we intend to continue with such madness?" I hadn't read all those articles and brochures about supply and demand, so I couldn't tell him. I thought we'd manage to work it out somehow or other. But not the Bankleys. They'd begun to read books about life back in the old days. They studied books on horticulture, husbandry, farming, carpentry, medicine, and how to smoke a hog. As I say, as soon as Bankley began running down the gadget I realized the seriousness of the situation. But never did I realize that sound, safe, honest old Joe would ever come to the stage of putting his new-found theories into practice. That, however, is what Joe and his missus proceeded to do.

"But—" I was flabbergasted the night we went over to their apartment and they told us about it. "Good heavens, man!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to sit there and tell me you've actually gone and quit your job?"

"That's right. We're going back to the soil. Remember, the finest Americans ever produced were the pioneers—the sturdy silent men and brave mothers who settled the unknown wilderness."



"Sure. I know all about the pioneers. But you've never had a hoe in your hands, Joe. You—"

He pointed to a stack of books and literature from the Department of Agriculture. "But that's not quite the point," he said. "Can't you understand that life can no longer be lived on the basis of physical comfort? The machine has broken down. Well, here's one American family which intends to demonstrate that satisfaction in these troubled times can be achieved by returning to the ways of our fathers, by the primitive struggle with nature for existence. It is the answer to some deep-seated call in us, some primitive instinct to prove our superiority over this modern cult of helplessness. The machine age has been tried and found wanting. We're going back to the soil, Bill. There's a tremendous principle involved, don't you see? The call is imperative. I've resigned my position at the office, put all that fruitless complexity behind me."

I didn't doubt his sincerity but it was impossible for me not to think that the prospect of a vacation as well as his so-called principles had strongly influenced his decision. Anyway, being Americans, we still maintained some measure of freedom over our destinies. If Joe and Mae wanted to give up a comfortable existence in the city for the boon of outdoor life that was their affair. If Bankley wanted to become one of nature's noblemen there was no stopping him. They'd bought a little piece of land upstate, it seemed. I was struggling to maintain myself in these difficult times and in my preoccupation I had little time to think of the Bankleys and their bucolic ambitions. They'd left for the country all right. Then, a month or so later, I had a letter from Joe.

"Dear Folks," he wrote. "Why it never occurred to us to go out on our own sooner I'll never know. I don't remember whether or not I told you we intended to get back competely to fundamentals up here, but such is the case. No phones, ice boxes, no electricity or running water. To you I presume this would sound like seeking unnecessary hardship, but the principles involved in our experiment make such sacrifices necessary. As a matter of fact, once one has accustomed himself to the new way there's a peculiar, an indescribable satisfaction in this primitive means of existence. A beautiful limpid mountain stream runs gurgling over its rocky bed about a quarter-mile from our place. Nothing so invigorates one of a morning as to go and fetch a couple of buckets of water for household use.

"Not that we've got a house. We're living, momentarily, in a tent. You see, I'm determined to build a place for us with my own hands. We cook all our meals over a wood fire. The pungency, the good flavor, the aroma of food cooked in this fashion is not to be mentioned in the same breath with meals prepared upon a gas range in a city apartment. There's no use talking—this is the life. I wouldn't exchange one of our starlit evenings for all the refinements that civilization has to offer. We're convinced we're on the right track. We're pretty average Americans, and if there's enough vitality left in people like us to put the so-called comforts behind and re-establish ourselves and retain our independence intact, why then America isn't done yet.

"In my spare time I intend to write a book which will describe our adventures in self-sufficiency. I think it will be an inspiration to many thousands who would like to take the final step but fear the consequences. I had to take Butch over to the doctor's and have him treated for ivy rashes—he's covered from head to foot. I disliked employing a medico, as we're determined to cure our own ills eventually. But in the rush and bustle I've had no time to study the book of home remedies which we brought along for that purpose. Mae's just fine. She's brown as a berry. She burned her arm on one of the frying pans, but, as I tell her, these little accidents won't happen once we're accustomed to the new way of doing things. Spider has a little cold from splashing in the stream, and she ran a nail into her foot hopping around on the old lumber from which I intend to construct our house as soon as I master a little more practical carpentry. Otherwise we're in magnificent shape. We've been buying our groceries pro tem until we can get our truck garden growing. However, in six months I expect we shall have become practically self-sufficient.

"Our best regards to yourself and Fran,
Joe & Family."

When things had eased up a bit for me we thought we'd take the car and ride up and see how our friends the Bankleys were getting on. It was only a few hours on the back roads and I thought I could do with a little holiday out in the country. When we arrived (we had something of a time finding the place—they were off the highway and the only road leading to it was some wagon ruts across the meadows of a farmer who wasn't especially good-humored about it)—as I say, when we arrived, old Joe was there alone sitting on a tomato crate staring off into space. His right arm was in a sling. He was more than delighted to see us.

"Gosh, it's good to see you folks!" he exclaimed, losing his vacant stare. He observed our glances. "Oh, this. I sort of chopped a couple of fingers half off yesterday. Doc says I'll be laid up for a few weeks. Rotten luck. Well, after all," he smiled brightly, "you can't live a useless life for a quarter of a century and then suddenly expect to go out and subdue nature without an accident or two. It's nothing, really." While he was explaining about his hand we'd noticed that the half-burned remains of a tent, water-soaked, lay on the ground. "Oh, the tent," Joe shrugged. "Butch accidentally knocked over the oil lamp last night. Mae's gone into town to buy a new one."

He took us around the place. He'd actually got quite a bit of work done. There were wire chicken coops erected, in which some hens scratched about; a plot of earth had been cleared, leveled and spaded; the foundation of the house was beginning to make its appearance. He had even acquired a couple of pigs. They rooted half-heartedly about in their pen. A line of clothing stretched from one tree to another.

"You don't bring order out of chaos in a moment," he was saying. "But things are coming along." We rested at last on a couple of camp chairs and Joe apologetically offered us each a can of tomatoes. "Mae and the kids

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The Lady from Paris

She travelled alone to Roumania, for even the best-bred lady's maid might hamper a mistress on adventure bent

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

• FICTION •

MME. DU DEFFAND's age could have been determined only by means of complex mathematical computations. At night when she came home, undressed, and removed her makeup, she was like a mummy which in addition to having been dead for five thousand years, was terribly tired. In the morning when she woke up, her face covered with night cream and her ankles bound with rubber straps, she wasn't much more than fifty. From this point on she became constantly younger. After her bath she was massaged. A tender shade of pink was applied to her skin, as to Chinese porcelain in a fine shop. In the afternoon at the races, under the shade of her immense hat, she passed for an enchanting mature woman. In the evening she became much, much younger. And at home in her boudoir, the complicated opaque lighting effects of which were constructed with infinite care to bring out the best in her face, she was transformed into an orchid.

One must admit that Mme. Du Deffand had a few fixed points which belonged to her body.

These, like firm pillars, bore the weight of the beauty built upon them. She could move gorgeously. Nobody could enter an opera box more beautifully than she. The color of her eyes was like the noble amethyst. And in some peculiar manner her teeth all remained healthy. She could laugh easily and apparently carelessly with an open mouth. Her teeth, her throat, her tongue were as young as those of a girl.

Thus, one can understand that in Paris, where culture is more important than raw materials, she had shocking success in society and with men. She was present everywhere, her gowns were imitated, and her pictures appeared in all the newspapers. A fashionable young poet almost committed suicide because of her; duels were fought for her. A maharajah, an actor, a politician, and a jockey were making love to her at the same time. And: her own husband was in love with her.

But one is jaded by too much of anything. At the end of the season Mme. Du Deffand was so replete with her successes and men that she felt the need of a rest and a new milieu.

She was a character, and consequently she didn't go west like everybody else, but east. That is a world more unknown. So unknown that it is almost elegant to visit it.

The lady had distant relatives in Bucharest. Rich boyars. She decided to go and visit them. From the distance she liked the country very much. Roumania! What a romantic name! Where does it end? At the Black Sea. Interesting! What is the Black Sea anyway?

She was lazy and rich, and yet she took no personal maid along. Even the best bred lady's maid can become embarrassing to a mistress who has secret thoughts about being able to commit a few excesses in strange places without witnesses.

Her court went to the station to see her off. It was a touching farewell scene. After Strasbourg she retired to her sleeping compartment; she went to bed early. She didn't even need to take a sleeping powder; the rhythmic motion of the train rocked her easily to sleep.

She slept long. All the way across Germany she didn't raise the blind of her window. Suddenly it became very warm. She dressed fastidiously and went out into the corridor to look at the view.

This was Hungary already. A fiery sun was gleaming in the cloudless sky. On both sides along the tracks, limitless ripening wheat fields stretched. Like some golden ocean which waves gently under the summer wind.

Mme. Du Deffand yawned. What a stupid countryside. Rich but monotonous. Whatever could one do with all this wheat?

Suddenly the train jerked and came to an abrupt stop. They were standing on the open tracks on the top of a steep embankment in front of a forbidding semaphore. The train stood for five minutes, ten minutes, and longer—without any reason—inexplicably; around it no sign of human habitation. All the way to the horizon the unending wheat fields. What had happened was that far away in the distance a little interurban train had been derailed, and its wagons closed the way. This, however, was unknown to the elegant international train. It stood on the embankment with haughty impatience. From its gigantic locomotive, water was flowing as if it were sweating with nervousness.

A few of the passengers got off the train to walk a little on the edge of the embankment. Mme. Du Deffand followed their example. She had slept enough and her blood was demanding some activity.

The side of the embankment was grassy and steep, but the lady found a narrow little path which led down all the way to the wheat fields. She followed it all the way down because she had noticed that there were poppies blooming among the wheat. Thousands of large burning red flowers. Among her many other talents, Mme. Du Deffand was quite an expert with flowers. She wanted to pick a few poppies to decorate her compartment. Red was very becoming to her.

She picked a flower and then the fragrant, colorful wheat field began to draw her always deeper. She could not withstand the charm.

She was leaning down among the flowers, humming like a shepherd girl, almost forgetting about the world when she heard a sharp angry whistle behind her back. Terrified, she turned around, waved her arms, shouted, and began to run. All in vain. Nobody noticed

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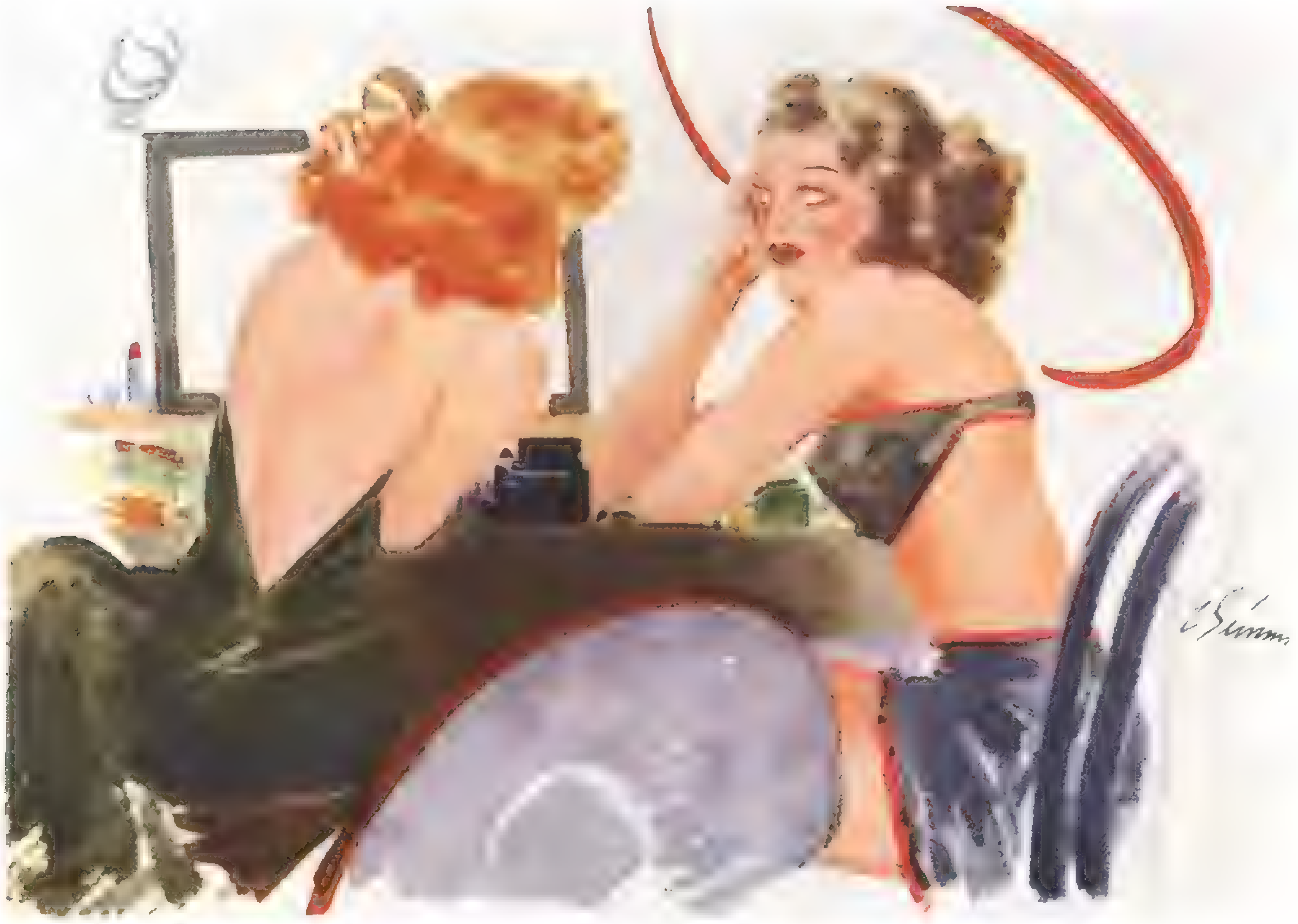
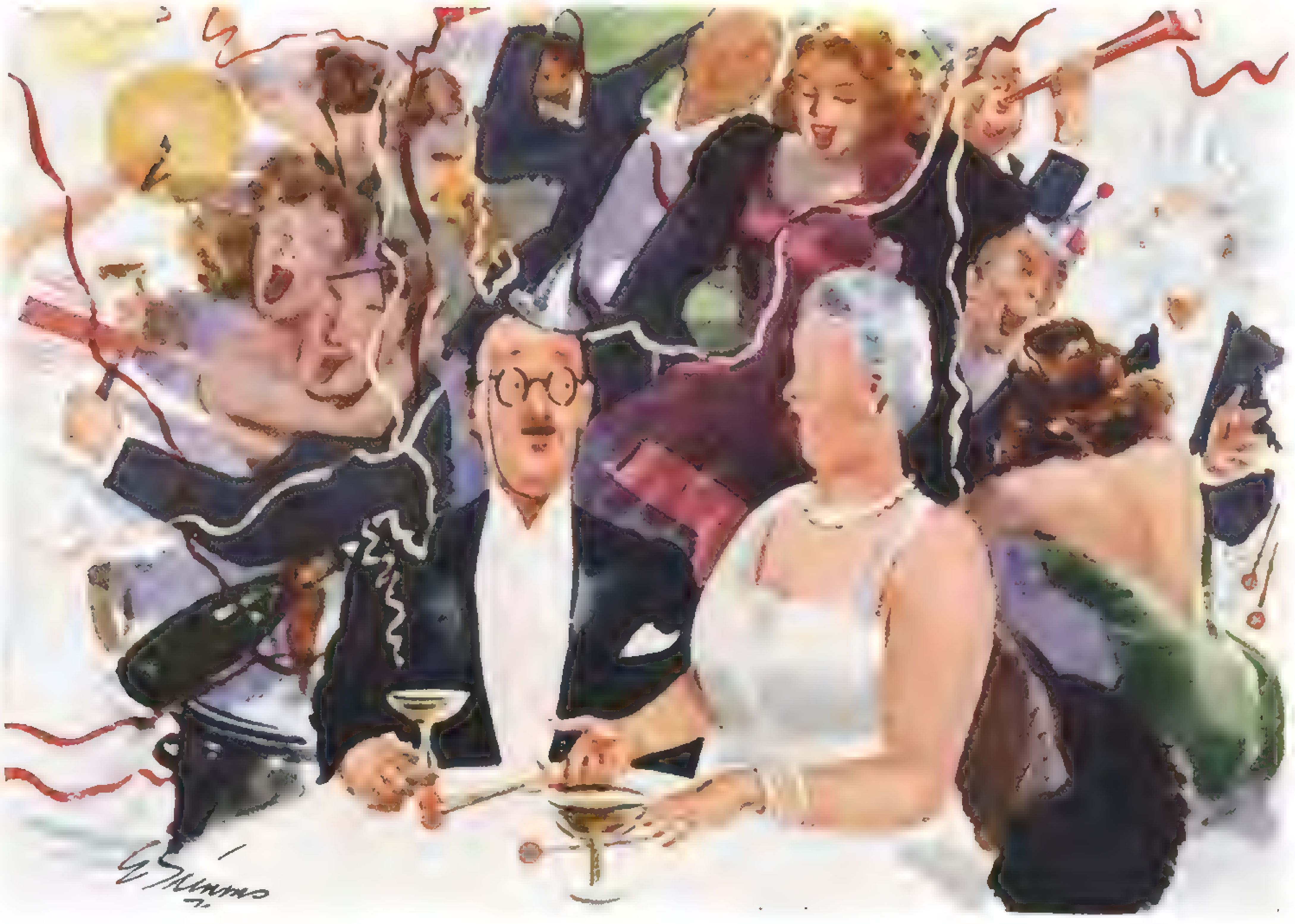
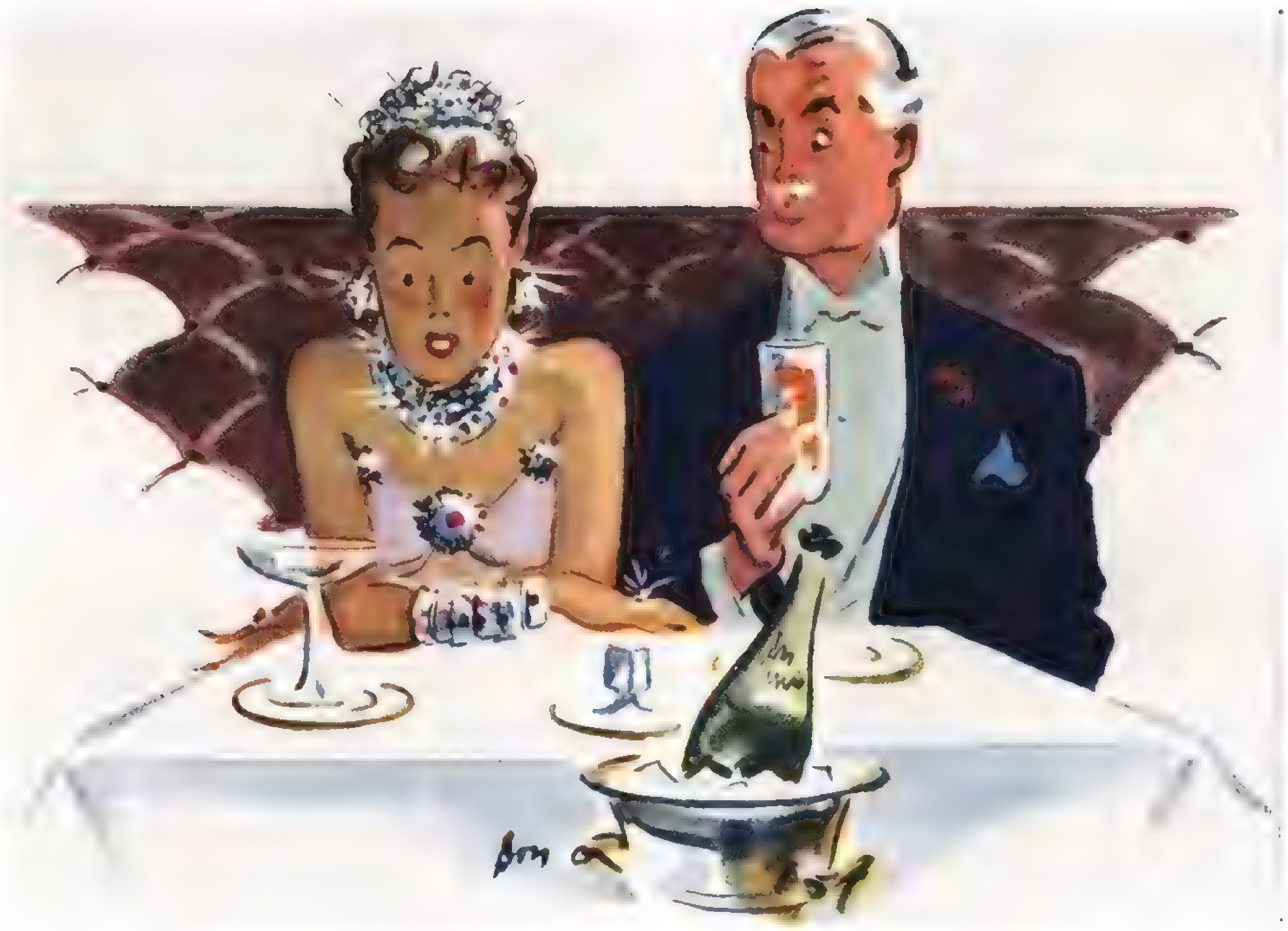
"You win! It's too muddy"



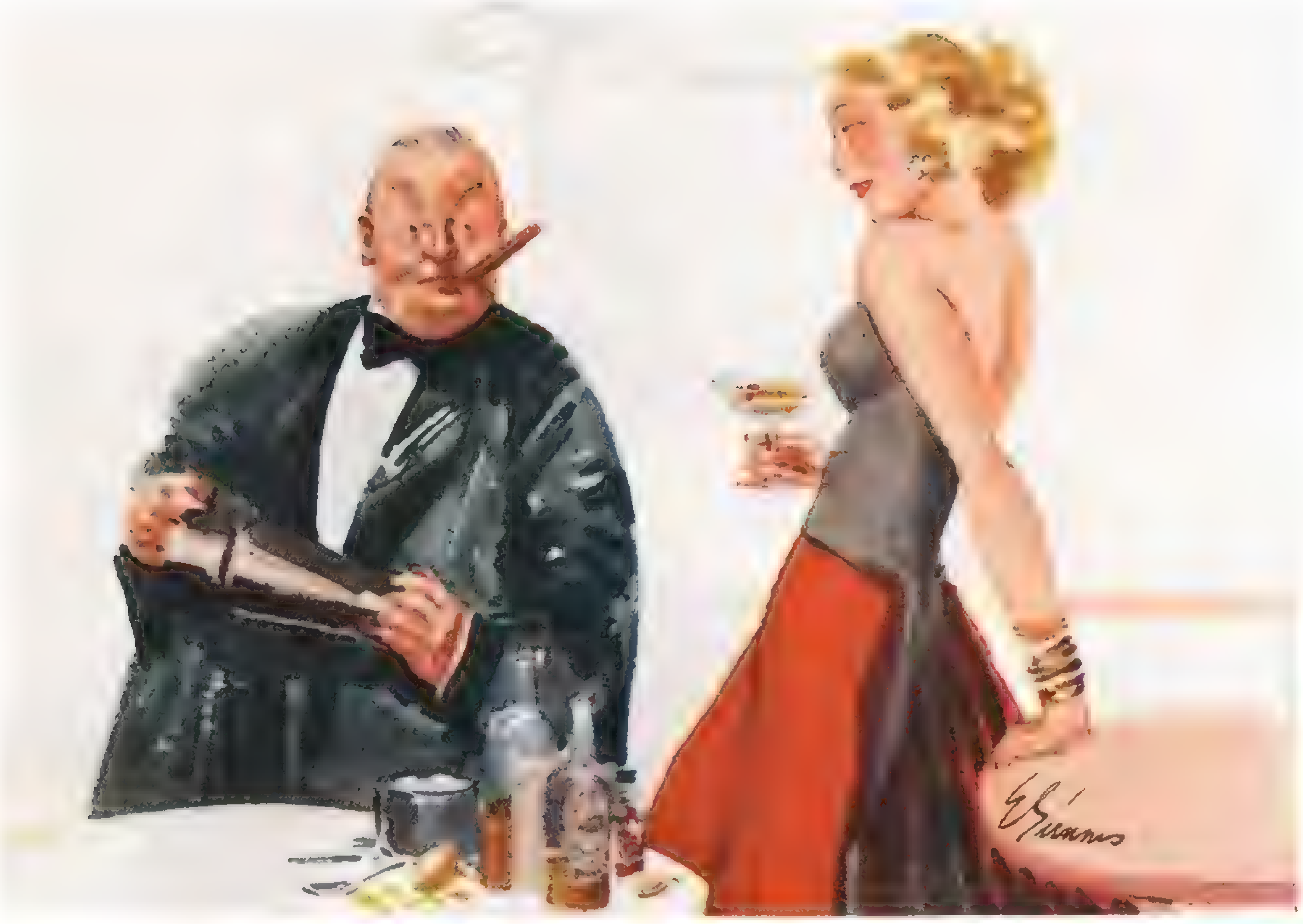
"So I didn't propose marriage to him—you know how unstable *that* is"



"Didn't I tell you it was dull?"



"Sometimes I think I've thrown my life away!"



"Play postoffice? Bah! I'll have nothing to do with the government!"

The Prodigal Father

Though a member of the Senior Ragoon may give ear to privy matters, telling isn't British

by STANLEY LOGAN

SATIRE

BOND STREET in June. The last echoes of "The Trouble in South Africa" had died away to the strain of "The Absent-Minded Beggar" and the British Lion had returned home licking his wounds a little apologetically perhaps and was once again strolling majestically along Bond Street in June.

Not new Bond Street, mark you, but old Bond Street in that bottleneck where all properly constituted British Lions and their cubs are shirted in silk and linen by the Messrs. Harborow on the East pavement and cigarette-cased in gold and platinum by the Messrs. Asprey on the West where the pavement is so exclusively narrow that it is often the cause of that unusual spectacle in London—dancing in the streets.

At 12:45 precisely of this lovely June morning, a stately fandango was being performed by a Lion and a cub at this point.

Two steps to the left ("I beg your pardon, sir").

Two steps to the right ("My fault entirely, sir").

Two steps to the left again.

"Damme, sir, will you stand still, sir," an agonized roar from the Lion.

"Sorry, sir," an appeasing bleat from the cub.

And then, as they become stationary, mutual recognition; with all that outburst of emotion so characteristic of the unexpected meeting of an English father and son.

"Governor? Well, well, well!"

"Michael? Why the devil don't you look where you're going?"

"Sorry, sir."

"So you dashed well ought to be."

The cub stood aside to allow his sire to pass. But the Lion stood his ground.

"No wonder I didn't recognize you at first," he growled. "You're grown out of all knowledge—long time since we last met."

"Four years—sir."

"Where the devil you been all this time?"

"Oxford, sir."

"Oxford, of course. Do well?"

"Pretty well, sir."

"Umph—more than I did—How's your mother?"

"First rate, sir."

"Glad to hear it. Dashed fine woman, your mother; never could stick me at any price of course—"

He was eyeing his offspring with grudging approval.

"Y'know—you've quite a look of your mother, Michael."

Then suddenly.

"You lunchin' anywhere?"

"No, sir."

"Lunch with me at the Club?"

"Thank you, sir."

The two turned south and proceeded along the Elysian Fields. Up the rest of Bond Street, across Piccadilly, down St. James Street to Pall Mall. The unusual sunshine glistened from their silk hats and shone approvingly on their immaculate morning-coats. They did not walk—they strolled—(that lost art!) and they carried their walking sticks with a slight swagger: and it did not seem at all unusual in those far-off days for the Lion to tap a whistling messenger boy smartly on the shoulder with his malacca—telling him "To go and make that infernal noise somewhere else."

All was well in a Man's Town. Only the "Right Thing" was "done," and even the sun had been compelled to refrain from gilding the lily by never setting on the Crimson Empire. Leaving the glittering pageant of Pall Mall the two entered the august portals of the Senior Ragoon; The Lion hospitably welcoming the cub to his lair with the remark, "Don't forget, me boy, one's own son can easily be a feller one black-balls for one's own club."

Certainly that other obedient Sun had been black-balled by the Committee of the Senior Ragoon.

Not even one vestige of his brilliance was allowed to penetrate that traditional gloom.

Silk covered lamps discreetly illuminated the various shades of pink—red—and mahogany which formed the predominant color scheme of the members' complexions.

Here Man was Lord and Master of all he surveyed.

It was, indeed, rumored that upon the tardy adoption of the telephone system by the Club that Cocking, the Hall Porter, reluctantly answering a female voice which had inquired "Whether her husband was in the club," had tensely replied, "Nobody's husband was ever in the Senior Ragoon madam," and had rung off.

"Stoutfeller Cocking!"

Builders of the Empire returning to the Club after many years of exile thrilled in anticipation of Cocking's welcome.

"Good morning, Colonel—no letters for you this morning, Colonel."

Just that—nothing more.

Welcomed thus, the Wanderer felt he had not labored in vain.

Something attempted, something done—had earned him his rightful repose at the Senior Ragoon.

The Lion and his cub were seated now in a corner of the vast shadowy dining room down the center of which ran a "Cold" table with everything on it desirable for a light luncheon from a Boar's Head to a Baron of Beef.

The wine steward ("Sound feller, Weeks, very sound") had reverently placed a decanter of sherry on the table and they were

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"I liked him better in 'To Forgive Is Divine'"

When China Mobilized Sex

No actress was ever better groomed for her part than the lovely Si Shih, who led a war of passive resistance

by CARL CROW

▪ ARTICLE ▪

℞

During the spring of the year 493 B. C., which was 2433 years ago, one of the strangest military boards in the history of the world was set up in the state of Yueh, one of the little feudal kingdoms in the area which later came to be known to the world as China. The board was composed of a number of the grey-bearded dignitaries of the government and their duty was to select the most beautiful girls in the kingdom. Yueh was preparing for war and all of the resources of the country were being mobilized.

The members of this board did not sit in comfort while beautiful girls paraded before them, in the manner of modern beauty contests. There were in fact no candidates. Those who were selected were not promised prizes and honors but were to be assigned to patriotic duties which might be both dangerous and unpleasant. The greybeards had to send scouts all over the country and then travel to distant parts and more or less covertly inspect the girls their deputies had selected. It was serious business, for the girls had important duties to perform. They were to be sent to the neighboring kingdom of Wu to become the secondary wives or concubines of the princes and officials of that country and by playing the part of secret agents, aid their fathers and brothers in a desperate struggle to regain the independence of their native state.

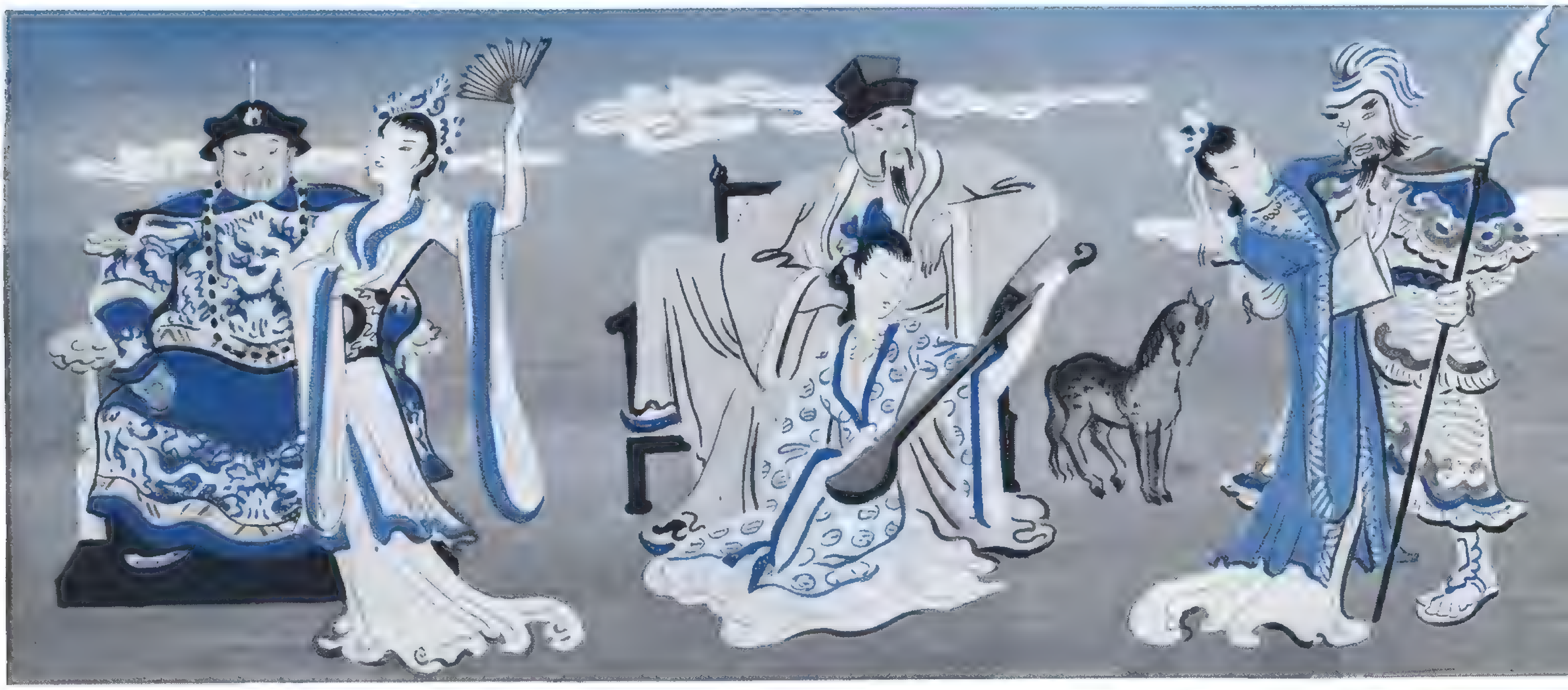
Just a year before their quest for beauty was inaugurated, the kingdom of Yueh had been vanquished by methods strikingly similar to those which have recently been used in Europe. The two countries of Wu and Yueh had lived as peaceful neighbors for almost a thousand years and it was not until an ambitious and unscrupulous ruler ascended the throne of the former country that enmity was stirred up. The only real offense the people of Yueh had committed against their neighbors lay in the fact that they had developed superior rice fields. This situation irked the ruler of Wu who aspired to be first in everything and he made secret preparations for war. Then he picked a quarrel about a minor border incident and vanquished Yueh by a whirlwind attack.

Having won the war the King demanded a heavy price for peace. The conquering army left only after they had gathered up most of the transportable wealth of the country and they agreed to stay away only so long as Yueh would send an annual tribute of rice. The quantity demanded was so great that it left the Yueh people barely enough for their own uses and none for sale. The statesmen of Wu calculated that the burden of paying this tribute would be so heavy that Yueh would be crushed for generations and that Wu would grow wealthy at her expense. This was the sad condition of the country when the greybeards set out on their curious search.

Yueh might have been crushed and remained a vassal state had it not been for the courage and resourcefulness of the king's principal adviser, Premier Van. Soon after the invading troops had crossed the border he presented his plan for rebuilding the fortunes of the country and wiping out the stain of a disgraceful defeat. The plan was an ambitious one and covered a program extending over a period of no less than twenty years. The first ten years were to be devoted to the building up of the country both in wealth and man power and the second ten years to military training.

The broad outlines of this plan were implemented with great attention to detail. The first task was to add to the area of rice under cultivation and improve the yield so that there would be a surplus left even after the exactions of Wu had been met. This was to be stored so that there would be an ample supply even if a long war should keep the men from the rice fields during the growing seasons. A food restriction system was put into effect so that the people who were used to luxurious living had to content themselves with the cheaper foods. Such delicacies as pork and fish and bamboo shoots were sold to Wu. Cloth was woven and leather tanned to be used in the making of soldiers' uniforms. The armorers attached to the now vanquished army turned out the regular quantity of bows and arrows and spears and war clubs, but as none were used these rapidly accumulated.

While Premier Van worked out very com-



plete plans for the strengthening of his own country he paid equal attention to the matter of weakening the enemy. As the rice yields of Yueh increased he not only paid the tribute demanded but sent even more which the other state greedily accepted. As the years went by this quantity was increased so that the tithe collectors of Wu became negligent and the farmers having no tithes to pay did not work so hard in their fields. In fact as the production of rice in one state increased that of the other decreased in about the same proportion.

As a result of the food restrictions the good cooks in Yueh found no scope for their talents. In order to avoid an unemployment problem they were encouraged to migrate to Wu where they introduced many new and expensive dishes. It was quite natural that the ingredients for these dishes should come from Yueh thus adding to their export trade. During this period of conservation of resources there was also little employment for the architects of Yueh and they also were encouraged to go to Wu where they laid before the princes and officials the most alluring plans for the building of palaces and country villas. In this way they diverted a great deal of money that might have been used in constructing fortifications and other defense works.

All of these things helped in the preparation for war, but Premier Van's master stroke was his mobilization of the sex appeal of the country and he worked out the detail of this scheme as carefully as that of all his other projects. Before the girls who had been selected were sent to Wu they were encouraged in the use of luxuries and taught how to tease successfully for pearls and fur coats and perfumes. This was probably the only time in history that a woman could pout for an expensive present and feel that she was performing a patriotic duty. Premier Van overlooked nothing and they were taught effective methods of contraception so that they would not inadvertently add to the man power of the enemy.

It was tough on the bachelors of Yueh for the prettiest girls had been sent away and they had to be content with the homely ones who had been passed over by the greybearded judges, or the equally unattractive girls of Wu who hadn't been able to meet this new competition. But Premier Van compensated them in many ways. He relaxed the marriage laws so that marriage was both easy and cheap. In fact marriage was made so very easy that some of the Puritans of the period were scandalized. The burden of supporting the children was assumed by the state. And of course, owing to the austere conditions under which the people of Yueh lived, the wives never plagued their husbands about pearls and furs and perfumes. They were happy to get an occasional piece of salt fish or a bit of pork with their bowl of rice.

The most beautiful girl of all in Yueh was intended to work her charms on the king of Wu himself. She was found by the side of a stream where she was washing flax preparatory to making a coat for her father who was a woodcutter by trade. The girl bore the then undistinguished name of Si Shih, which is now one of the best known names in Chinese history. Her gown was coarse, her hair untidy and her hands were grimy with their work. But the old greybeards saw possibilities in her and she was unanimously selected for the important task of fascinating the king of Wu and diverting his attention from affairs of state.

After being taken to the capital she was dressed in silks and beauty parlored and taught elocution and how to sing and dance. No Hollywood aspirant was ever given a more thorough or intensive training. Premier Van considered this so important that he personally superintended the work, and with tragic results, for the two fell in love with each other. It was not the first time a man had to choose between love and duty nor the last. Premier Van stood the test. While all of his countrymen were making sacrifices to carry out the plan which he had devised he could not allow romance to interfere with patriotism. It would have been easier for him to send her away at once or to have delegated the training to someone else but he did neither. He was as severe with himself as he had been with others and continued the training though he knew that it would only add to the anguish of parting. With each new grace he taught her he fell more deeply in love and his duty became harder. But it was not until he thought her charm had been perfected that he sent her to the King of Wu, the most bewitching present one man could give to another. Then he turned to his many other duties.

Si Shih played her part with great success. She did not remain long in the inner courts of the palace with the other secondary wives, but became the favorite almost at once and was provided with a residence of her own. Built on the top of a hill, the king could see this "honeymoon pavilion" from the windows of his official palace several miles distant. Four or five years ago I hunted out this little known spot near Soochow and, with the aid of local scholars, was able to trace the foundations of the building. The ornately carved cornerstones of the luxurious bath house which adjoined the pavilion were still in place, greyed by many centuries of sun and frost.

A little brook which flows near by is still known as "Perfume Creek" for, according to the local people, the water is still fragrant from the rich stores of scents and cosmetics with which the infatuated king stocked the boudoir of his favorite. On the other side of the hill there is another waterway which provides a more lasting monument of the infatuation in which the peasant maid held one of the greatest kings of the period. This is the Arrow Canal, so called because it is built as straight as the flight of an arrow from the palace to the pavilion so that, when his official business was concluded, the king could hurry to his loved one with the least possible delay.

On a rocky eminence overlooking the end of the canal are the remains of the belvedere where Si Shih would await the coming of the king. According to Chinese histories it was here that on summer days she would play the lute as soon as runners announced the approach of the royal barge so that the king

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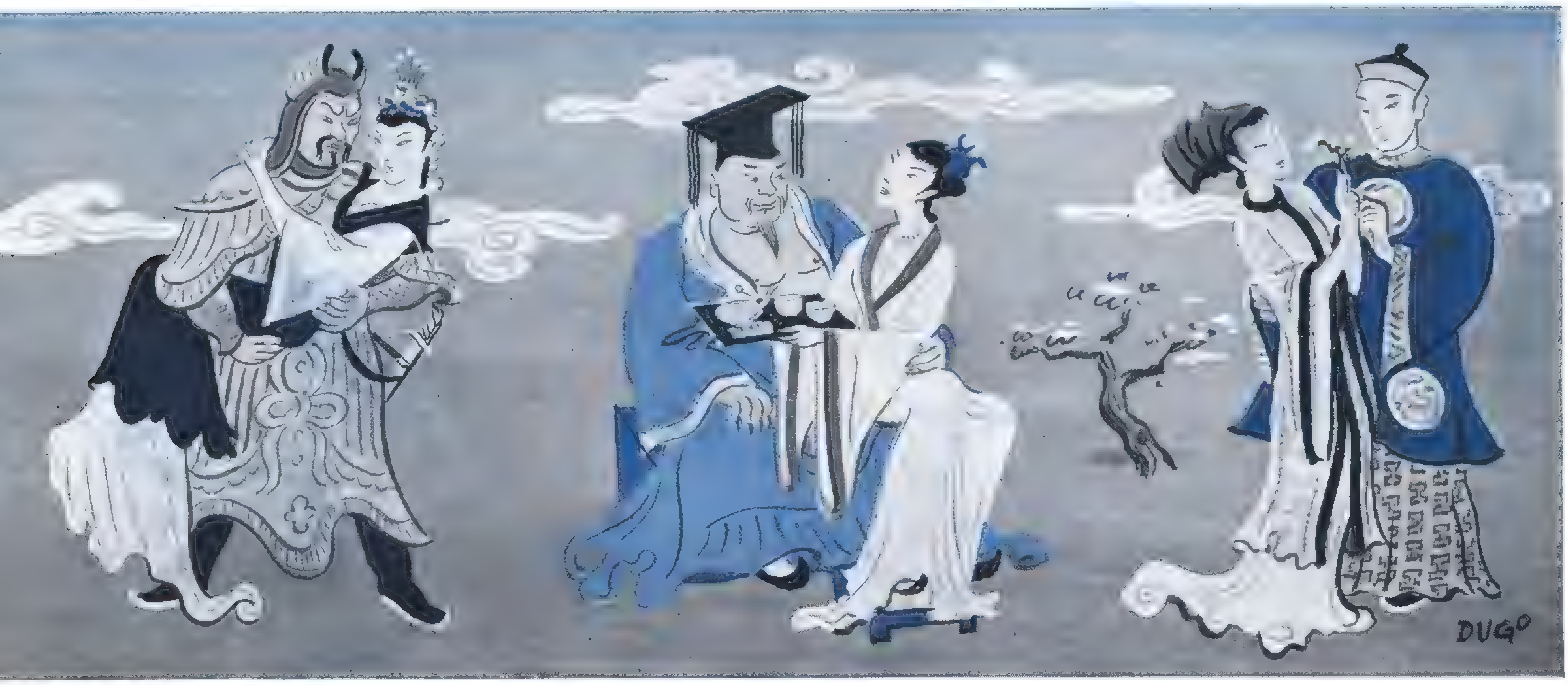

Keep Moving Your Feet

When the squash rackets ball rebounds, and you're ready for a shot you have a sense of freedom felt in no other game

by H. B. KNOLL

• SPORTS •

SQUASH rackets is a game that many players would die for, and that they will die for if they play it long enough. It is a whirling, exhausting, bitter game that can be played for fun but that more often is played in the spirit of root hog or die. Two contestants with no fear of heart failure isolate themselves in a windowless, high-ceilinged room and then proceed to go mad. The play is forcing and, in a way, dirty, for it is calculated to make the opposition run, leap, twist, and at last come close to collapse. The tempo rises as the game progresses. The rackets speak with a sharper tone, and the ball as it hits the front wall snaps like the breaking of timber. The strategy of attack and defense becomes intricate and must be executed with split-second precision. Power, speed, endurance, and craftiness must be available in large measure, and they must be synchronized so that on point after point the wearing destructiveness of the pace can be maintained. Between points the players may lean against the walls for support, their faces empty of color and sweat dribbling onto the floor; but when the ball is served again, so fanatical is the bugginess that the game breeds, they are after it tirelessly, relentlessly—all they know or feel is that they must meet the competition and, if possible, overpower it.

Squash rackets flourishes because it is a fighting game. It is the pat answer for the man who dislikes the airy gracefulness of badminton, the galloping boredom of volley ball, the twitching of ping-pong, and the inconsequentialities of such indoor activities as deck tennis, box ball, and tiddlywinks. In squash rackets you can get hold of the meat. You can use your physical and mental capacities right up to the limit. You never have the frustrated feeling of not being able to let yourself go. When the ball rebounds off the front wall and you move into position for the shot, you have an awareness of freedom that no other game can give. You can make a soft shot, loop the ball high into the air, send the ball through any crazy angles that you choose—or you can lay into it as if you wanted to knock the walls down. Laying one away, smacking the ball so hard that it becomes a squirting black streak—that is the kind of catastrophic, complete satisfaction that is somewhere on the other side of Paradise. And the competition is no remote, cobwebby thing: it is right beside you, alive, tangible, fighting. You don't need a telescope to see that you are concerned with a battle.

In the United States squash rackets has boomed within the last fifteen years. Starting with the Ivy League and the clubs around Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, it has moved westward until it is now pretty much national in scope. Graduates of Eastern colleges, moving out to the hinterland in order to make a living, brought the game with them and, when they could not find courts everywhere, established courts in athletic clubs, old barns, old dance halls, and Y.M.C.A.'s. In the Middle West there are courts in most cities of any account and in many of the universities. There are also courts at Wright Field, Ohio, for the aviators, who consider squash rackets the pleasantest way of keeping in condition, and at Camp Knox, Kentucky, for the officers guarding the gold hoard. So far no Mid-Western school has attempted to match in number the myriad courts of Yale and Harvard, but last winter on its annual Eastern trip the Purdue team performed the astounding feat of coming within a point of breaking even in matches won and lost. It is also possible nowadays to win a national ranking without living east of the Appalachians.

Technically pictured, squash rackets is indoor tennis with the two contestants playing on the same side of the net, the ball being returned by rebound off the front wall of the four-walled court. The net is a metal "telltale" which rings with a deafening clamor when struck by a low ball. It is nearly flush with the front wall, and its top edge is parallel to and not quite knee-high above the floor. The racket resembles a round-headed fly swatter in shape, and would lead anyone who had never seen the game to believe that it was a sissies' pastime. The ball is hollow and is made of black rubber; it is about the size of a golf ball and weighs thirty grams; in theory at least it makes a squashy sound when dropped. The standard American court is about the size of an upper middle class living room, the length being thirty-two feet and the width eighteen feet six inches, but the height must be at least sixteen feet. Painted lines define the court boundaries, which for practical purposes are limitless since even a beginner rarely double-faults, and it is a crazy wild man indeed who cannot play his shots above the telltale and below the sixteen-foot mark on the front wall. Entrance to the court is made through a small door in the back wall, fitted so that the joints are even. Illumination comes from overhead or from high on the court walls.

This court layout means that the players face the front wall as in handball, swinging rackets around each other's ears and keeping out of each other's way. Since the ball is light and smooth-surfaced, it is probable that the hard-hit squash ball travels faster than the 125 miles an hour ascribed to some tennis services. The swing of the racket is an even whiplash from the wrist which has the effect of an explosive; the weight of the shoulder is behind it, and the body moves forward slightly to give the shot full authority. The ball is served as in tennis. Then play continues until a racket is broken, someone falls

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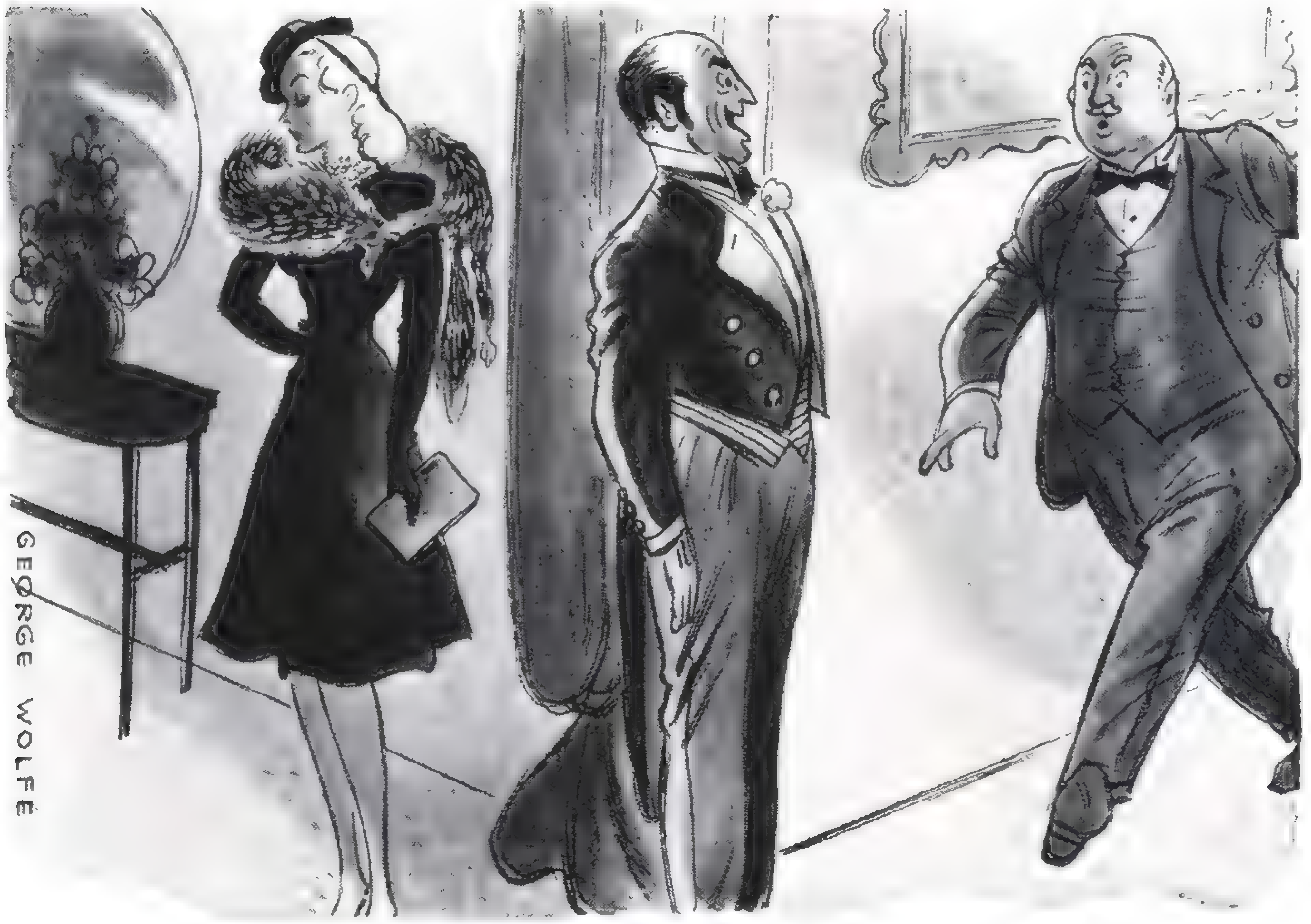
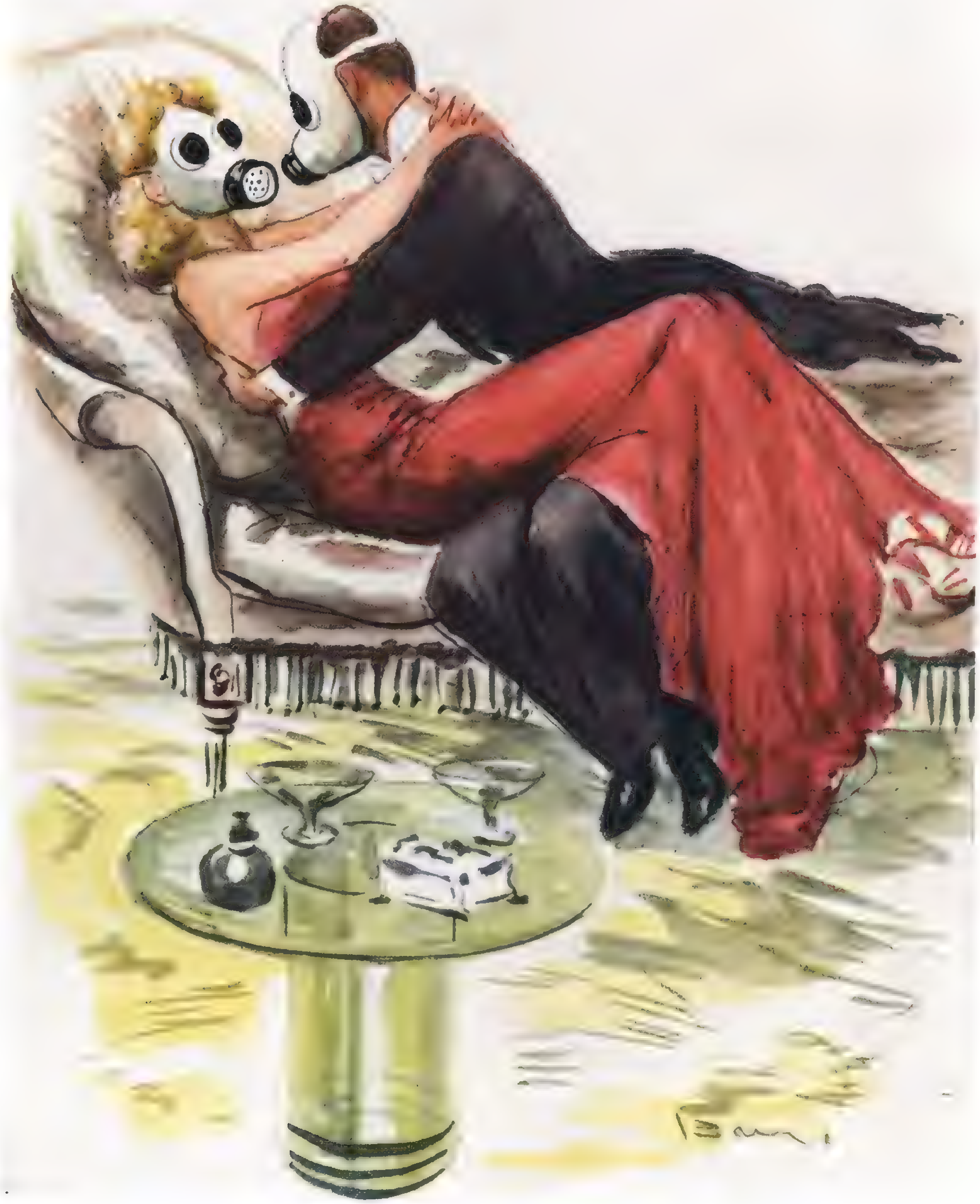
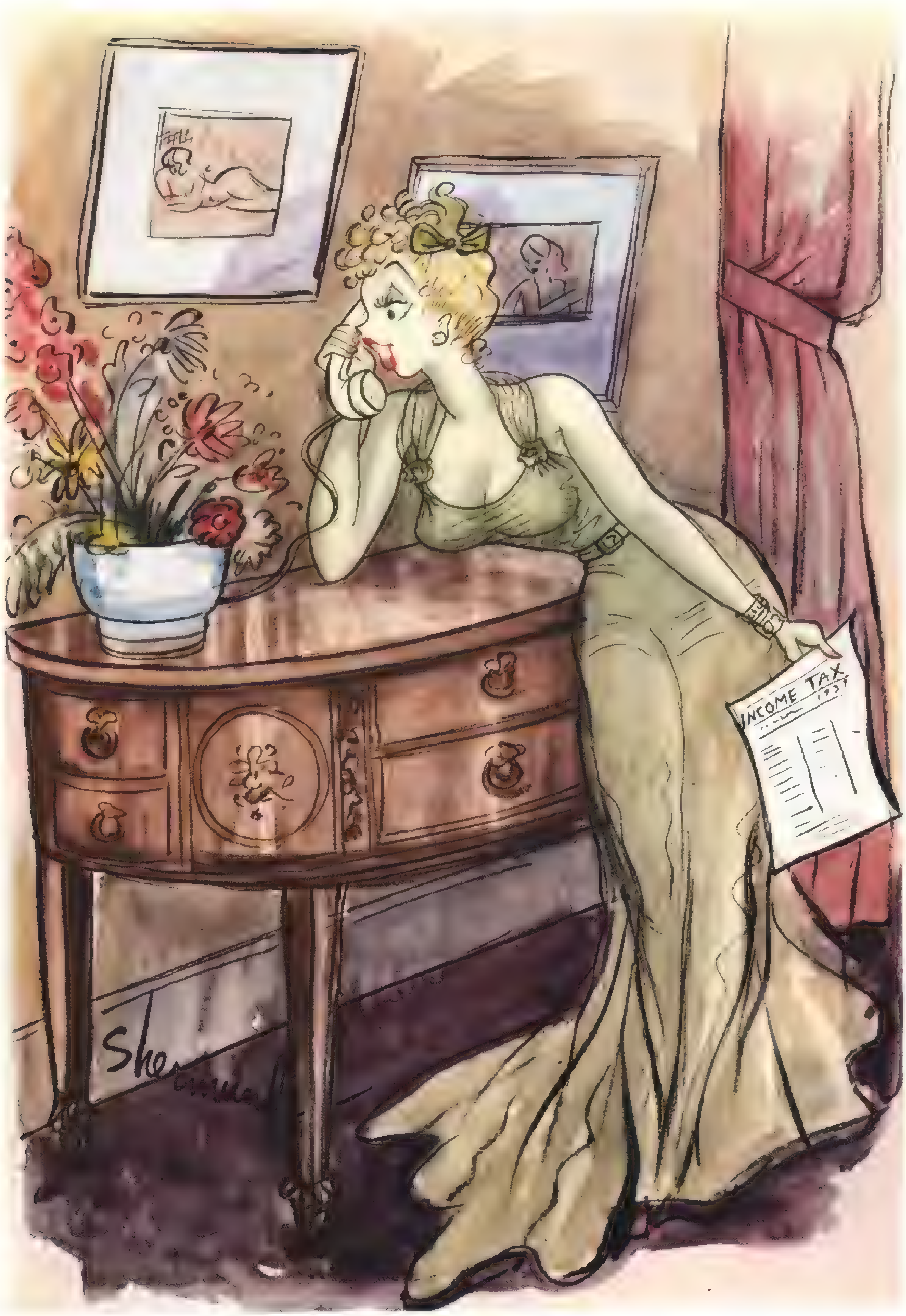


"A Miss Irene to see you, sir—you lucky stiff!"



"Darling, your eyes are like limpid pools"


INCOME TAX
1939

"But wouldn't five thousand of that be exempt?—It's from government bonds—my boy friend Mr. Weaver's bond"

Poll On Lasting Questions

Confusing answers gleaned by the Institute for Getting the Lowdown on What People Think

by PARKE CUMMINGS

▪ SATIRE ▪

OUR only quarrel with the numerous polls on public opinion is that they are almost exclusively concerned with questions of a transitory nature. It is all right to know how people feel about the third term, neutrality, and double features, but ten years in the future these all may be dead issues. Nobody will care what people thought today. Accordingly we have decided to find out how people feel about the universal, about questions that have come down through the ages and will continue to be propounded in the future. For this purpose we have organized the Institute for Getting the Lowdown on What People Think, a body which has taken great pains to get accurate tabulations on popular opinion. Here are some of the results we have obtained:

Question: "Oh wind, if winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

Conclusion: The American people are distinctly skeptical about this matter. Although Shelley's question was apparently framed in the belief that spring was just around the corner, the verdict of popular opinion seems to be that winter will be rough, tough, long and ugly as usual. (In fact a sizable percentage of people objected to the manner in which the question was phrased, claiming that it was a leading one.) Although California voters were found to be optimistic, the Northern section of the country took a dismal view of things. Expressed in percentages, here is the way the country feels about it:

Yes: 69 per cent.

No: 25 per cent.

No opinion: 5 per cent.

Depends on the weather: 1 per cent.

Question: "Woof, woof, who ate my porridge?"

Conclusion: This question seems to be baffling our people just as much as ever, and it is virtually impossible to draw any valid conclusion, so varied are the answers even among people in the same economic or sectional strata. All we can do is tabulate the most common ones:

Goldilocks: 21 per cent.

What can you expect with this administration?: 14 per cent.

What's the idea of woof-woofing at me?: 9 per cent.

Prefer dry cereal: 5 per cent.

I bet it was Winston Churchill: 1 per cent.

Go away and don't bother me: 50 per cent.

Question: "To be or not to be?"

Conclusion: In spite of troubled times, this country's answer to the suicide problem is unequivocal. We overwhelmingly prefer to bear the slings and arrows and bombs of outrageous fortune to taking a chance on ending it all. Questioning an enormous number of people throughout the land as well as taking into account a famous answer from the past, we have the following percentage results.

To be: 98.8534 per cent.

Not to be: 01.1460 per cent.

Undecided: Hamlet.

Question: "What'll you have?"

Conclusion: Here again the American people are all but unanimous in their reply to a query that has rung down through the ages —a great tribute to their resourcefulness and adaptability. This persistent refusal of our people to fall a prey to set patterns is one of the things that has made them great. The answers to this question illustrate the point I am making:

What have you got?: 98 per cent

Scotch: 1 per cent.

Rye: 1 per cent.

Question: "Who is Sylvia?"

Conclusion: Practically nobody can answer the Bard of Avon's immortal query, but almost everybody is willing to find out, which seems to be the next best thing:

Sylvia who?: 24 per cent.

What station does she sing on?: 24 per cent.

What's her phone number?: 24 per cent (All of them males).

Who wants to know?: 24 per cent.

Come around Monday: 4 per cent.

Question: "Which way to the postoffice, buddy?"

Conclusion: On no question put to our populace is public opinion so evenly divided. In fact the results were startling in their sharp division of sentiment. Here is the way Mr. and Mrs. America feel about it:

Sorry, buddy, but I'm a stranger here myself: 50 per cent.

You're a stranger around here, ain't you, buddy?: 49.998 per cent.

You're standing right in front of it, stupid: 00.002 per cent.

(This guy got a good sock in the eye).

Question: "What is so rare as a day in June?"

Conclusion: The American people are a lot smarter than some people give them credit for, and have here displayed great aptitude for original thinking. Practically to a man (and woman) they have come up with what is undisputably the right answer:

A day in April, September and November, all of which have thirty days like June: 84 per cent.

February days are even rarer: 12 per cent.

The steaks at Charley's Chop House: 2 per cent.

Question: "Where is my wandering boy tonight?"

Conclusion: Americans seem to be far more indifferent about this today than when this famous question was readily propounded. It may mean that they have become increasingly callous with the years or merely that

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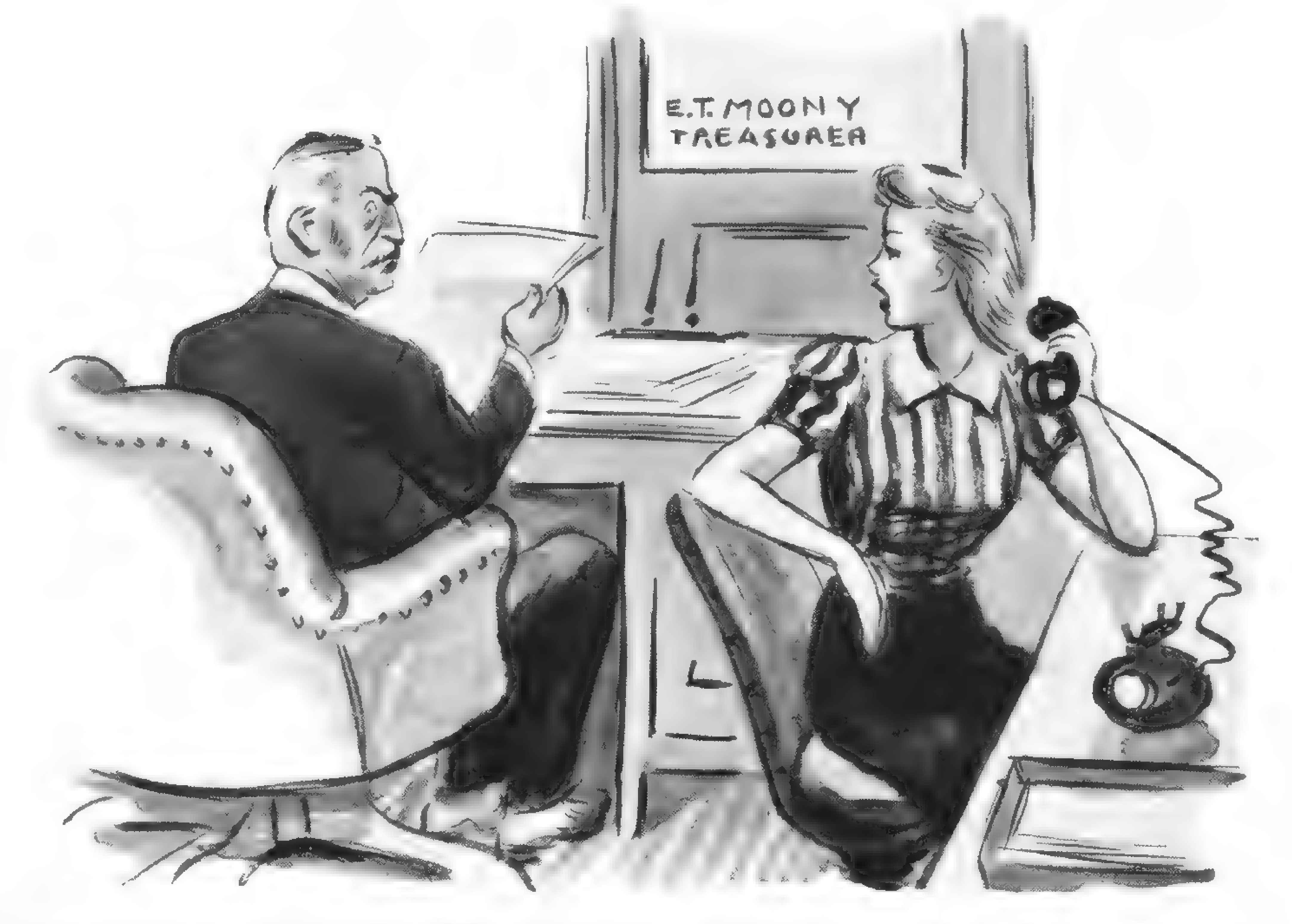
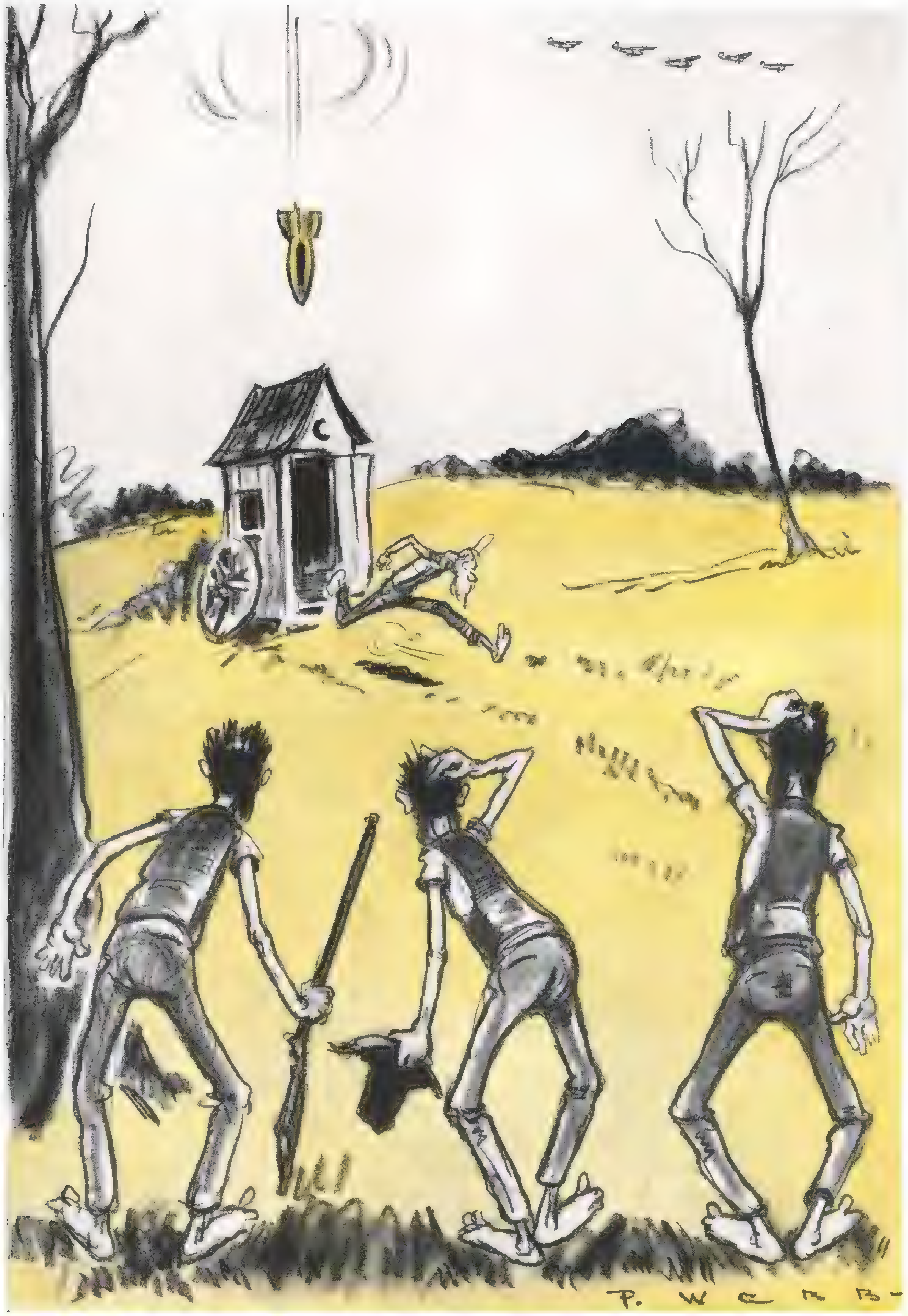


"She says she won't be down today and if you want to know why, ask the president"


P. WEBB

Nine Days' Wonder

Everyone read about the murder of papa's little girl and offered him more free drinks than papa needed

by ROBERT BRIGHT

• FICTION •

AND so it happens! Papa Kaldi goes to bed. Mamma Kaldi goes to bed. But Marie Kaldi washes herself all over and says she is going out with some gentlemen.

Next morning she is found dead. Murdered! In the Park! Behind a bush!

First the police come and get papa.

"Is this your daughter?" they ask.

Papa nods his head, puts his hand over his eyes and wails.

Then the police ask hundreds of questions.

Later, the newspaper reporters and photographers come and sit down in papa's parlor on Sunnyside Avenue.

"Now Mr. Kaldi," they say, "about last night."

"I was so happy!" papa Kaldi cries.

"Happy!"

"Yes! I come home whistling like a bird. Inside my house I was smelling goulash. My heart was singing. Mamma says from the kitchen, 'You sound happy, papa. Did you get a job?' 'No, mamma,' I say, 'but I feel happy just the same because I'm hungry.' And she says, 'That's nice.' "

"But about your daughter, Mr. Kaldi . . ."

"She was in the bathroom," papa says. "I can hear her because she is making a noise. So I open the door and I look, and there is my little angel washing herself all over."

"She was taking a bath?" a reporter prompts.

"She was sitting in the big tub," papa explains.

The reporters lean forward.

"'Hello, papa,' she says and splashes water on me and laughs like a little child. She was so happy because she was going out to a party with gentlemen."

"What gentlemen?" the reporters inquire.

Papa looks surprised and wrings his hands. "Very fine gentlemen!" he protests. But he has to admit that he has never seen them nor does he know their names.

The reporters exchange significant glances.

Mamma Kaldi, who is sitting beside her husband on the sofa, suddenly begins to cry.

The photographers immediately explode their flash bulbs and take pictures.

Papa blinks and puts his arms around mamma to protect her.

The photographers take more pictures.

Papa looks at them horrified.

"Hold that!" they shout, and quickly they take a picture of papa registering horror.

"Now Mr. Kaldi, will you tell us something more," the reporters say.

"No, no more!" mamma sobs.

But papa has jumped to his feet, his eyes flashing. "My daughter was a good girl!" he cries. "She was an American girl! She was educated! She went to school!"

"What school did she attend?"

Papa gives the name of his daughter's school and goes in search of a piece of paper that will prove that his daughter has been educated.

"Never mind that," the reporters say. "What we want is a picture of her."

Reluctantly papa brings out an album. He turns to one of the front pages and points to a snapshot of Marie sitting in a wash basin. "That is when she is two," he explains.

But the reporters are not interested. They begin turning over the pages themselves.

"There she is at confirmation," says papa; but they are still unimpressed.

Ultimately, they come to a group of photographs showing Marie Kaldi in a bathing suit.

"That is Marie on the beach," explains papa hastily.

But the reporters ignore him. What holds their attention is the girl. She is extremely mature, with large breasts, exciting hips and a full, provocative mouth. The photographs have been taken with a keen appreciation of the subject. One of the reporters emits a long, low whistle.

Before papa knows what is happening, the reporters have removed this page from the album. They also remove other pages. Eventually they take the whole album.

Papa tries to protest, but they jolly him along, promising to return all the pictures intact. But mamma has begun to weep again and, suddenly, papa Kaldi holds out his arms in a supplicating gesture and bursts into tears.

At once the flash bulbs explode in papa's face and the cameras click again.

Later, only a few hours later, it is all in the papers. It is incredible! Big headlines all about the mysterious murder of the beautiful girl. Everywhere papa looks, he sees headlines—so big, he can read them all the way across the street. And pictures! Every paper has pictures: pictures of Marie Kaldi alive in a bathing suit; pictures of Marie dead behind the bush; pictures of mamma crying, of papa holding out his arms, of papa looking horrified. Underneath it says: "*The anguished parents were prostrated with grief and horror.*"

Papa can hardly believe his eyes. He gasps and trembles all over. "Dirty, lying reporters!" he mutters and stomps angrily into Eisinger's Drug Store.

"Ah, Mr. Kaldi!" says Mr. Eisinger, stepping nimbly from behind a very special display of douche bags. His face is properly sad, but his eyes sparkle with consuming curiosity. But papa pays no attention to him. He takes up one of each kind of newspaper, even the intellectual kind with small headlines, and walks out of the store without paying for them.

Mr. Eisinger frowns, aware that papa Kaldi is unemployed and very poor and has walked out with five newspapers worth fifteen cents. But papa is boiling! At once he has

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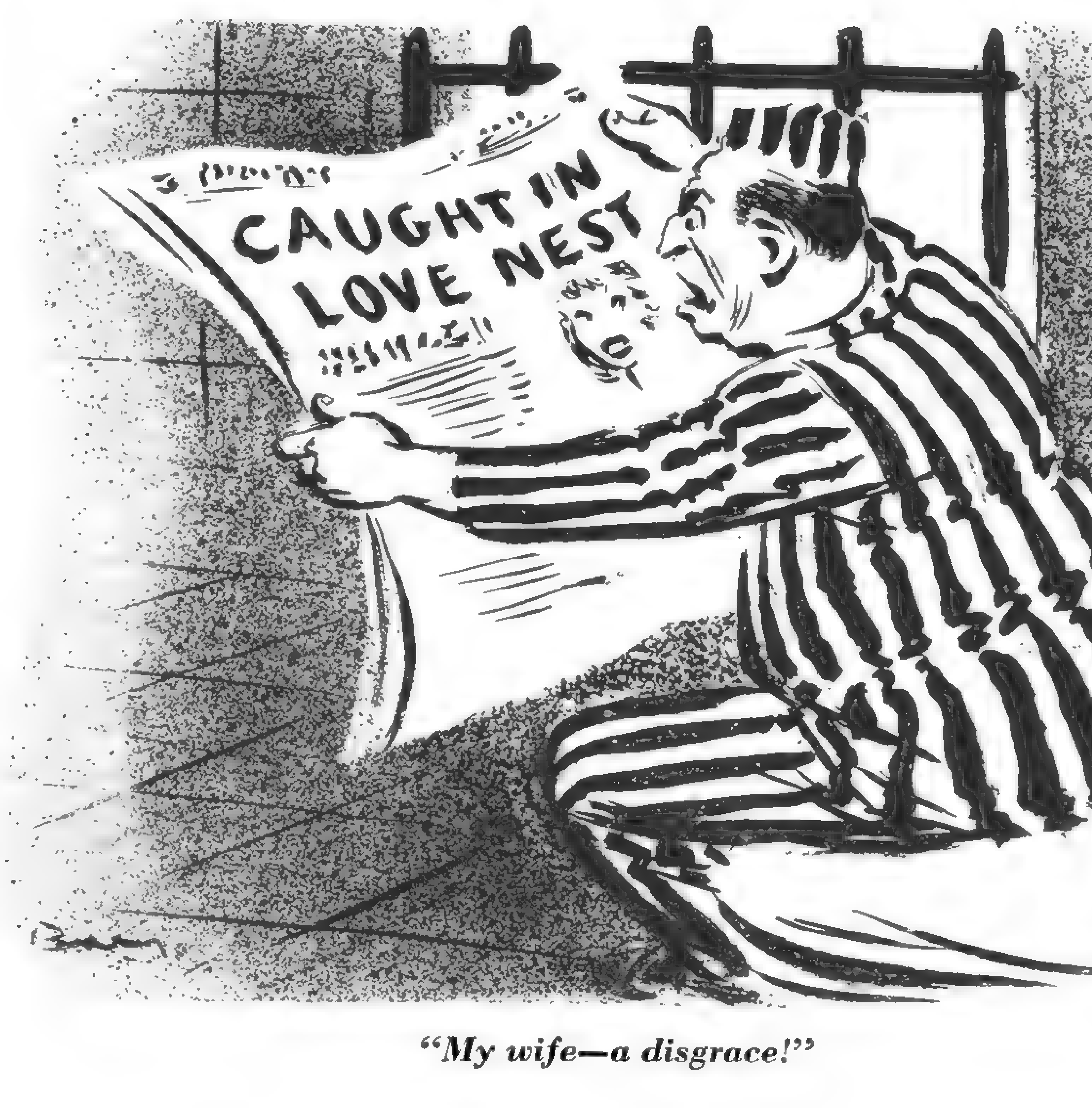


"My wife—a disgrace!"

Soop, Mon! Soop!

The Scotch game of curling, or lawn bowling on ice, is the ideal winter sport for gentlemen in their forties

by FRANK WHITE

• SPORTS •

"Soop, mon, soop," the doctor had ordered. "Ye'll get to know the zip and the thrill of it. It'll do ye good."

There had been warning that he was an unorthodox man of medicine. His bland chuckle at ordering a previous patient to stoke the furnace and find health among the clinkers confirmed it. The practiced way he pocketed his fee swung the balance—and $25—the other way until out on that bleak, icy pond several should-show-more-sense gentlemen began swishing frantically with kitchen brooms, plaid scarfs swirling and middle-aged shouts rising youthful in the frost.

"Soop, mon, soop! Bring 'er in," The scream from the dancing dervish in the Glengarry cap, obviously the leader, skirled like a Scottish bagpipe blast. Two broom-swingers swished with a will.

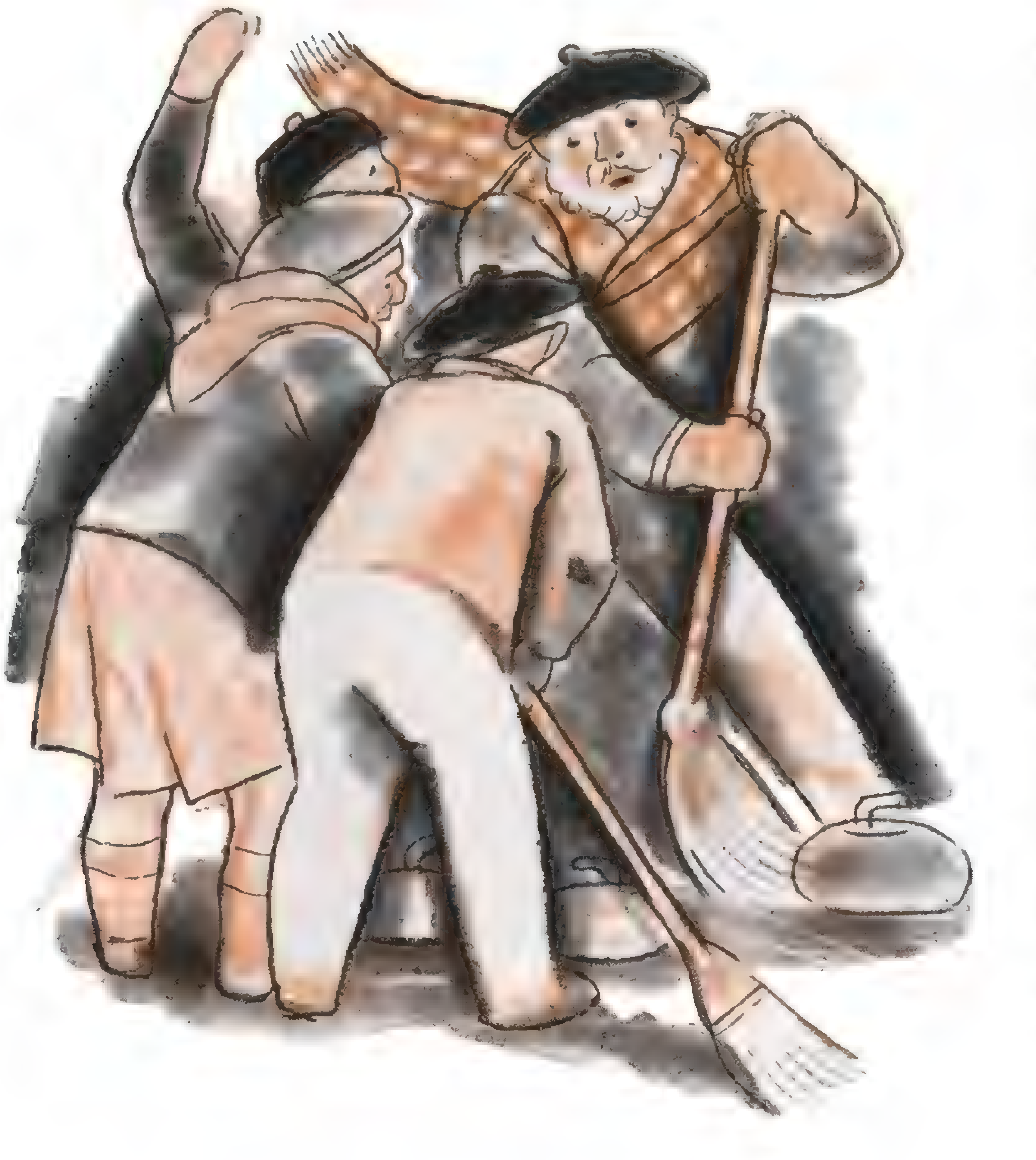
"'Sweep, man, sweep.' Into perdition with 'er." An answering voice, clear and bold as a retired traffic cop's, drove a bystanding pair to a frenzy of action. A counter-attack.

It was daft, it was bewildering, it was fascinating—it was curling. Also, it was the doctor's prescription.

A game, its origin forming wisps of the original mists of antiquity—if they enshrouded the world back in 1511—has become standard tonic ordered by many medicos for gentlemen just around the golf-against-girth age. Many medicos with a Scottish burr and a pot of heather abloom on their desks, that is. For curling is Scotland's national game, as little known here as the secrets of the Highland clans.

In bare outline there's no reason for curling to remain otherwise. Sports to be popular in America can't be silly and curling is—in bare outline. A polished stone, weighing forty-four pounds and looking like an enormous muffin with a crooked handle, is slid along a 138-foot strip of ice while mature gentlemen flail away at the spotless surface before it with common or household brooms, hooting and shrieking as blood-thirsty as pig-stickers.

But there is more to curling than that. More than enough to lure and hold what Barrie's Dr. McQueen in the *Little Minister* chapter on *Man's Fall During the Curling Season* called "an aristocracy of intellect." The full emphasis is on camaraderie and a good time. No matter how close the contest, players never argue or bet and, although two umpires are listed for all matches, they are seldom present in their official capacity.



Mental giants of industry, commerce, finance, law and the crafts are among the players in the United States, Canada, Alaska, Switzerland and, of course, Scotland. Archibald Douglas is attorney for the Woolworth estate and the copper interests, but he's also one of the finest "skips" in the land. Walter H. Cluett of Cluett, Peabody and Company seldom misses a vital "firing shot." President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University and Ford Christopher Frick, president of the National Baseball League, swing a broom as deftly as any housewife.

Nor are all of these zealots elderly Scotsmen, although it must be admitted most are on the life-begins side of forty. Increasingly, the game has been catching on in recent years with all nationalities, its peculiar appeal making a democratic bond between high and low, the executive and the artisan.

Regularly during the winter, now that indoor artificial ice rinks have been erected in many cities of the United States and Canada, the curlers gather—a bizarre lot.

The unorthodox medico's cronies on that bleak pond were typical. With gaily colored Glengarries and Balmorals perched atop their heads, pheasant feathers two feet long streaming behind and broad scarfs of brilliant plaid knotted over their tweeds, they looked like makeshift mummers as the opposing sides gathered to exchange badges. That's traditional at each match. These club medals are worn on the players' scarfs, widely traveled curlers often having so many they overflow from scarf to coat lapels, to pockets, to sleeves.

Each player carried his own broom and, in a wicker basket big as a five-gallon jug, his two stones. For the novice there were a spare broom and stones from the club locker.

"See, lad, we want you with us an' the first time's always the hardest," laughed the doctor. "After that—well, curling has its own peculiar lures that make slaves of us all.

"You'll curl first, alternating with MacGregor here. Our strip, as you can see if you've the eye of an engineer, is 138 feet long and ten feet wide, the standard size. All you need do is get your two stones within that ten-foot circle or 'house' at the far end and close as possible to the twelve-inch 'tee' painted in the center. It's really simplicity itself."

To the novice, his eyes misting with the cold and the absurdity of it all, the task seemed Olympian in its requirements. But it was the path to health and surely preferable to shaking clinkers out of the grate. And by squinting and concentrating he now could see quite clearly the circle and the big chap in the Glengarry, who was leaning on a broom down there.

"Ready, lad, now curl." The doctor was anxious to get his convert into the fold. "Just swing the stone back and give it a sliding push over the line."

The stone had bulked heavy to the novice when he picked it up, but, swinging it as he crouched at the line, suddenly it seemed sensitive and ready to obey. A feeling of exultation swept over him as his arm swung forward. Gliding, the stone twisted lazily away, hissing a sibilant song over the ice. This might be fun.

"You've got it! You've got it, a natural in-turn!" The doctor was jubilant, as far down the ice the inching stone curved steadily toward the circle. "Snap your elbow the other way, out from the body, on the next shot and you'll have an out-turn, a curve to the right. Either one perfectly done is the famed Kilmarnock curl. Master it, lad."

But out on the strip there was a shout, a scurry. The pace of the stone was dying. Two broom-swingers rushed out, flailing the ice ahead of the granite muffin. The chap in the Glengarry hopped up and down, waving his broom and screaming.

"Soop, mon, soop! Bring 'er in!" And, weirdly, they did, the stone gliding faster over the broomed path into the circle. Panting, the pair stepped aside, giving way to two more broom-swingers, MacGregor's teammates. Their leader exhorted: "Sweep, sweep! Into perdition with 'er," but the stone's force was spent. It remained just inside the "house."

Alternately each member of the opposing squads curled a stone. Some were fast and others sorghum slow, but always there was a flurry of brooms, teammates smoothing the path into the circle and rivals slicking the course leading out again. The novice's second stone was too fast, swept right into perdition. But he was down on bended knee when the stones were measured and scored, a point for each one not canceled by an opponent's stone closer to the "tee." Curling had a convert.

Actually, curling is lawn bowling served on ice and, its zealots insist, made more difficult. Some, extolling the stratagems and tactics needed, rate it a muscular form of chess. Knowledge of bowling rather than the queen's gambit is really a requisite, however, even if instead of a ball curlers use a be-handled and polished chunk of granite.

Even a casual peek at a bonspiel—an obviously hybrid word that for centuries in Scotland has meant a curling tournament—proves it a game of rare difficulty and skill. Use of strength great as that exerted in tenpins would drive a player's stone through the opposite end of the rink. Yet the distance is 138 feet. So finesse must temper power.

John C. Ten Eyck, who was the star of the famed Schenectady Club team, had the knack down so fine that at seventy-five with a single shot he often knocked off so many of his rivals' stones and put in so many of his own team's that he scored six or seven points. Eight is perfection and rarer among curlers than golfdom's overrated hole-in-one.

When the stone first leaves the player's hand and slides away from the crampit, the rubber pad that protects curlers against the sniffles, it seems certain it cannot have legs enough. But its apparently dawdling momentum slides it so surely on its polished belly that some players have their teams constantly beseeching in almost tearful shouts to make it "not so heavy this time, lad."

It's a team game, but the small sides—four men—place great responsibility on the individual, especially if he frets about his broomwork. The captain is called the "skip" and reverently, too. As the cleverest curler and the biggest brain, he directs with a wig-wag of his broom the shots of his team and, when all others have finished, hops in and does the best job himself. To make understanding easier, the four-man team that curls together is called a "rink" and so is the playing surface.

If the opposition or—to borrow names from polo where those deathless rivals, the Reds and Blues, wage unending war—the Reds put a stone dangerously near the "tee" or "button," it is up to the Blues' "skip" to have it knocked off. On the other hand if the Blues get one on the "button," their "skip" will order all subsequent stones aimed there as a guard so that those Reds can't push it around like a policeman at a May Day parade.

The ideal lead-off shot, which is seldom seen, spins to rest just touching the outermost ring. Subsequent adversary stones, instead of knocking it off, as they would if it were near the center, will nudge it closer to the "tee," whereupon the others of the team, each delivering his alloted two stones, can build a wall around it. A clever "firing shot" will knock the opposition stones off and you and your teammates' on.

That makes the game also a great deal like billiards, the kind that would be played with boulders. In-turns and out-turns correspond to the "English" put on a billiard ball. And many of the more expert curlers impart it just as delicately as any master of the cue when the "skip" calls: "Take a rub off this one," pointing with his broom. That means the player should make a carom off one stone so as to knock it out of the circle and put his own in position.

A round, in which the Reds and Blues curl alternately until sixteen stones are spun out, is called an "end," after which the teams reverse and curl toward a similar "house" at the other end of the strip. Fourteen "ends" make up a match, although in championship bonspiels seventeen "ends" are played. The normal match lasts two and a half hours, just long enough to work up a good chill.

Ah, but the sweeping! All Scotsmen call it "sooping." That is the curler's cure for frozen arteries. It's also the reason passing skaters never have got over laughing at the "daffy duffers."

During a match the curler does enough sweeping to clean out a four-story house, the garage and all the leaves on the lawn. Asked to do it at home—well, more than a curling stone would be moved. That's what the "sooping" does, accelerates the stone's motion.

The scornful bystander will see no need for brooming the glistening surface of the ice. Before the match it is twice scraped thoroughly and then sprinkled with warm water through a perforated nozzle. Falling in drops, the water quickly freezes to provide the knobby or "pebbled" surface necessary if the stone's curl is to be controlled.

But the expert will tell you: "The keener the ice, the more need for sweeping." There is a far-fetched theory that the swinging brooms create a partial vacuum in which the stone glides, but actually invisible beads of moisture, ice chips, perhaps even shreds of tobacco are removed by the furious sweeping. And it is furious, the sweepers staying just ahead of the stone on its lazy journey. As much as three yards can be gained by hard sweeping on keen ice and sweeping to left or right can alter the stone's direction.

The opposition side takes over the flailing task only when the stone glides into the "house." The object then is to speed its progress out of the circle and over the backscore so that it cannot be counted. The brooms, of course, must not touch the stones.

There is a legend, retold by Louis Sherwin, that an Irishman once got into a game and brought a vacuum cleaner to the rink with him. His grave is marked by a beautiful monument.

It is into this broom brigade that doctors more and more are recruiting their patients, doughty, outdoorish gentlemen with no agility for squash rackets or no taste for bowling indoors. Except for the sweeping, the action is not extremely fast and, all told, a man gets about the same amount of exercise out of fourteen "ends" of curling as he does in eighteen holes of golf.

The fact that it is easily learned has aided in curling's growth. A dozen games or so serve to make the average rookie into a passable curler and an incurable addict, the both states, as in most games, being attained simultaneously. Sufficient skill for championship bonspiels, of course, takes years to acquire. Hence, few but the oldsters attract public attention.

Despite this handicap, though, the game, since it was introduced in 1807 in Canada and taken across the border in the 1820's to the Orchard Lake Club in Pontiac, Michigan, has progressed in waves. Depressions, wars, mild winters, spots on the moon, any number of causes have slowed its growth but never killed the game. The annual bonspiels at Winnipeg, the curler's North American Mecca, attract 125 to 150 "rinks," 500-odd men, after one major title.

The sport in the United States is conducted under the aegis of the Grand National Curling Club of America, an organization founded June 26, 1867. There have been few squabbles in its administration of the grand old game, although that may be because there are no

Continued in center of page 120

Marihuana and a Pistol

He thought of his finger on the trigger of the gun and realized he could shoot a man or two . . . he could kill everybody

by CHESTER B. HIMES

• FICTION •

A marihuana jag is a condition of the mind that rapidly and continually changes while each stage through which it passes contains only the present, the immediate moment, absolute and irrevocable. Marihuana "weeds" with which this jag is produced cost a dime in most places; two for a quarter if they do not know you. A man with a pistol can buy them.

"RED" CALDWELL bought two "weeds" and went to the room where he lived and where he kept his pearl handle blue-steel .38 revolver in the dresser drawer and smoked them. Red was despondent because his girl friend had quit him when he didn't have any more money to spend on her. But at the height of his jag, despondency became solid to the touch and attained weight which rested so heavily upon his head and shoulders that he forgot his girl friend in the feeling of the weight.

As night came on it grew dark in the room; but the darkness was filled with colors of dazzling hue and grotesque pattern in which he abruptly lost his despondency and focused instead on the sudden, brilliant idea of light.

In standing up to turn on the light, his hand gripped the rough back of the chair. He snatched his hand away, receiving the sensation of a bruise. But the light bulb, which needed twisting, was cool and smooth and velvety and pleasing to the touch so that he lingered a while to caress it. He did not turn it on because the idea of turning it on was gone, but he returned slowly to the middle of the floor and stood there absorbed in vacancy until the second idea came to him.

He started giggling and then began to laugh and laugh and laugh until his guts retched because it was such a swell idea, so amazingly simple and logical and perfect that it was excruciatingly funny that he had never thought of it before—he would stick up the main offices of the Cleveland Trust Company at Euclid and Ninth with two beer bottles stuck in his pockets.

His mind was not aware that the thought had come from any desire for money to win back his girl friend. In fact it was an absolutely novel idea and the completely detailed execution of it exploded in his mind like a flare, showing with a stark, livid clarity his every action from the moment of his entrance into the bank until he left it with the money from the vault. But in reviewing it, the detailed plan of execution eluded him so that in the next phase it contained a pistol and the Trust Company had turned into a theatre.

Perhaps ten minutes more passed in aimless wanderings about the two-by-four room before he came upon a pistol, a pearl handled blue-steel .38. But it didn't mean anything other than a pistol, cold and sinister to the touch, and he was extremely puzzled by the suggestion it presented that he go out into the street. Already he had lost the thought of committing a robbery.

Walking down the street was difficult because his body was so light, and he became angry and annoyed because he could not get his feet down properly. As he passed the confectionery store his hand was tightly gripping the butt of the pistol and he felt its sinister coldness. All of a sudden the idea came back to him complete in every detail—only this time it was a confectionery store. He could remember the idea coming before, but he could not remember it as ever containing anything but the thought of robbing a confectionery store.

He opened the door and went inside, but by that time the idea was gone again and he stood there without knowing what for. The sensation of coldness produced by the gun made him think of his finger on the trigger, and all of a sudden the scope of the fascinating possibilities opened up before him, inspired by the feeling of his finger on the trigger of the pistol. He could shoot a man—or even two, or three, or he could go hunting and kill everybody.

He felt a dread fascination of horror growing on him which attracted him by the very essence of horror. He felt on the brink of a powerful sensation which he kept trying to capture but which kept eluding him. His mind kept returning again and again to his finger on the trigger of the pistol, so that by the time the store keeper asked him what he wanted, he was frantic and he pulled the trigger five startling times, feeling the pressure on his finger and the kick of the gun and then becoming engulfed with stark, sheer terror at the sound of the shots.

His hands flew up, dropping the pistol on the floor. The pistol made a clanking sound, attracting his attention, and he looked down at it, recognizing it as a pistol and wondering who would leave a pistol on a store floor.

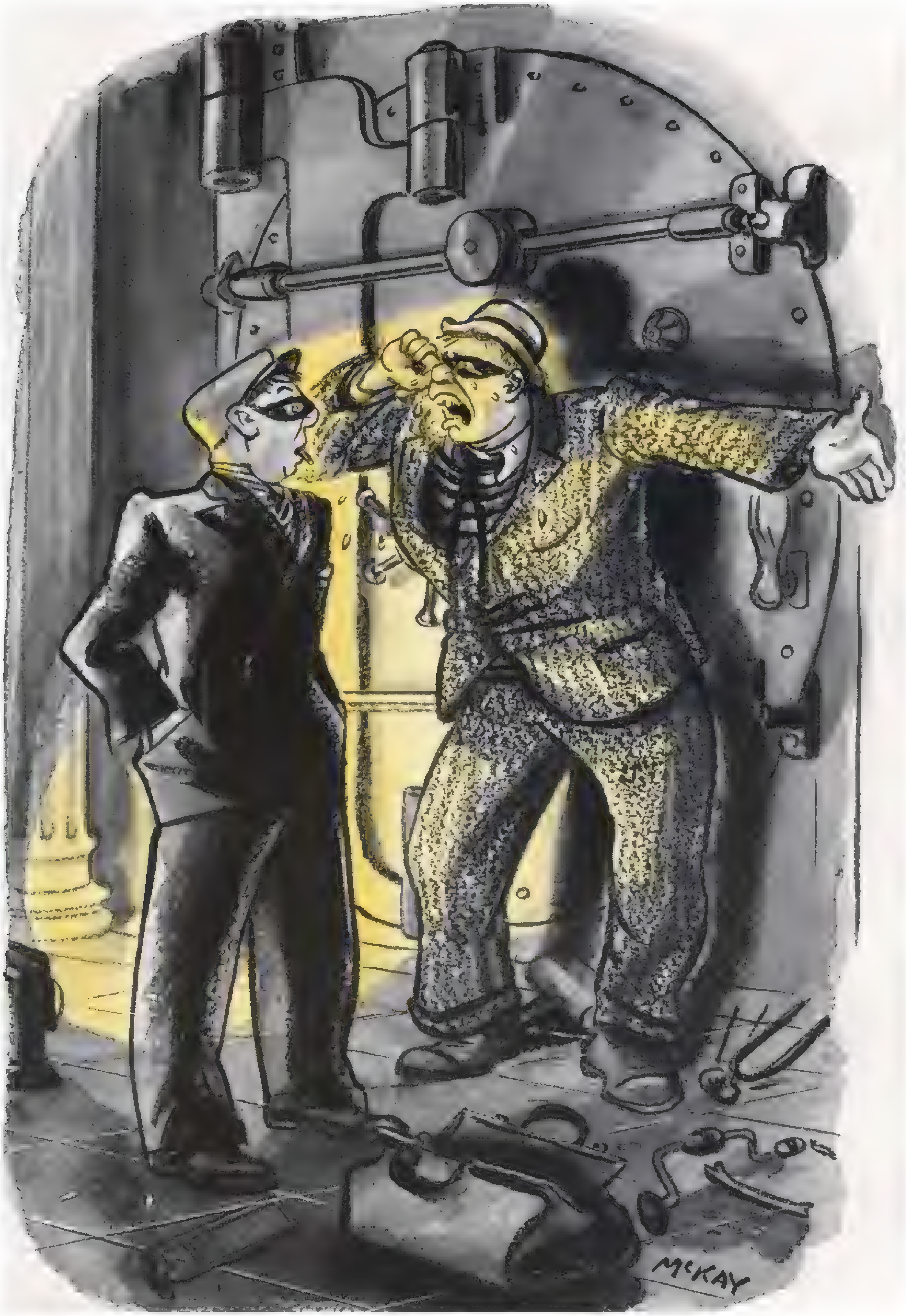
A pistol on a store floor. It was funny and he began to giggle, thinking, *a pistol on a store floor,* and then he began to laugh, louder and louder and harder, abruptly stopping at sight of the long pink and white sticks of peppermint candy behind the showcase.

They looked huge and desirable and delicious beyond expression and he would have died for one; and then he was eating one, and then two, reveling in the sweetish mint taste like a hog in slop, and then he was eating three, and then four, and then he was gorged and the deliciousness was gone and the taste in his mouth was bitter and brackish and sickening. He spat out what he had in his mouth. He felt like vomiting.

In bending over to vomit he saw the body of an old man lying in a puddle of blood and it so shocked him that he jumped up and ran out of the store and down the street.

He was still running when the police caught him but by that time he did not know what he was running for. ⧺

"Calling Officer O'Malley—go to 409 Maple Street—a holdup"



"I'm a failure—can't you understand?—A failure!"

Guppies Are Great Lovers

Come guests, collectors or mother-in-law, Beatrice and Jake went right on breeding

by ROBERT M. HYATT

SATIRE

I'M GUPPY GOOFY. Why? Because guppies have performed miracles for me. Looking back, I'm convinced that nothing is impossible for the guppy. He's man's best friend. In fact, comparing my recent dilemma with the crises in Europe, I believe the guppy can bring about peace. I'll tell you how later on.

What has the guppy done for me? He—perhaps I should say they, because there were two in my household to begin with, Jake and Beatrice. They have, in two short months, spared my life, kept my marriage from the wreck of Reno, saved my home, and—mark this—sent my mother-in-law home in a huff with her avowed *threat* never to darken my doorstep again! These things Jake and Beatrice have done for me.

How have guppies done all this? Maybe I'd better go back to that dark day a couple of months ago when I'd taken the count and there were but two alternatives left me. Either I could sneak off to the desert, leaving my wife (and creditors) holding the sack, or I could step off the thirteenth story (that's the height limit here in Hollywood) of some office building. Actually, I had dragged my weary bones to the fourth floor of the First National one day, and was padding to a window to see how high it looked, when the elevator slammed open and a man stepped out. He carried a glass case under one arm. He hurried into an office and I was just turning up the next flight when I saw a wallet lying on the floor. I picked up the wallet and followed him.

"This yours?" I asked. He was sitting behind a desk gazing, with rapt expression, into that glass case.

"Yeah—say! Where'd you get it?" I told him, handing it over.

"Thanks, Buddy. Er—" He opened the wallet, shook his head. "Nary a shekel on me."

"Forget it." I waved my hand and turned to leave.

"Wait," he called. "You like guppies?"

"Guppies?" He evidently mistook my blank look for rapture or something. I had never heard of guppies.

"Here," said the man magnanimously. "Take 'em . . . their names are Jake and Beatrice. I've got lots more." He shoved the case under my arm.

And that's how Jake and Beatrice came into my life—saved it, I should say, for I suddenly realized, when again in the hall, that I couldn't shove off leaving those ichthyological ickies to some unknown fate.

When I carried them into the kitchen my wife looked up questioningly.

"Guppies!" I chortled, planking the case down on the table where she was mutilating odds and ends for another mulligan.

"Guppies? What's guppies?"

She had me there. And it was not for some time afterward that I learned what guppies are. Perhaps you are likewise uninformed, so let me explain. Ever see a shark? Not that a guppy looks anything like a shark, except in minor details—they both have dorsals and underwater air-conditioning apparatus. But there the resemblance ends. Sharks grow to any old size, but you'll never see a self-respecting guppy—not even an adult—attain more than a scant inch in length. Jake and Beatrice are scarcely half that.

Another thing about guppies, they are the only fish (let's call them fish) that give live birth to their young, just like anybody. A blessed event in Guppyland is an experience you'll never forget. But if you want to save the new-born babies, you must be alert because Ma Guppy is apt to turn right around and eat her offspring at one gulp. (See Cuppy on the Guppy.)

Guppyitis first hit this country in 1930, and by the following year the craze for these piscatorial pittances had grown to something slightly more than considerable. The original stock was imported from the West Indies, but that didn't seem to bother the guppies, nor is it the reason people's hearts go out to these little chaps. Guppies are the only translucent fish, which puts their inhibitions in a rather precarious state. Their innards are about as well hidden as an old maid's desire. Such being the case, the family guppy bowl always has an appreciative audience because the only thing a guppy really gives a damn about is breeding!

Well, at first I wasn't sure I had made a smart deal trading the guppies for a pass into eternity. Neither was my wife. You see, I had a bit of insurance, and in my wife's words, "You're worth a lot more *corpus delicti* than you are on the hoof!"

But that evening, after the mulligan, I placed the aquarium on the table and sat down to watch my pets. They fascinated me. They would zoom up to the glass, ogle at me, and disport themselves in the inimitable manner of their kind, as if inviting me to come join in the fun. I envied them their small, compact world. Their entire cosmic sphere was no larger than a copy of *Gone With the Wind*, yet they seemed perfectly content. What was wrong with Man that, in his twenty-five thousand-mile realm he had to be forever hunted and ordered about?

I lost myself in the contemplation of this new world—this watery Utopia. I was brought back to realities by a delighted, "Gee—look at 'em make love!"

Then I noticed my wife sitting at the other side of the table, watching the antics of those tiny creatures. A thrill went over me. This was her usual hour to begin the Evening Harping . . . but she was quiet.

I ventured a timid, "Like to see *Dark*

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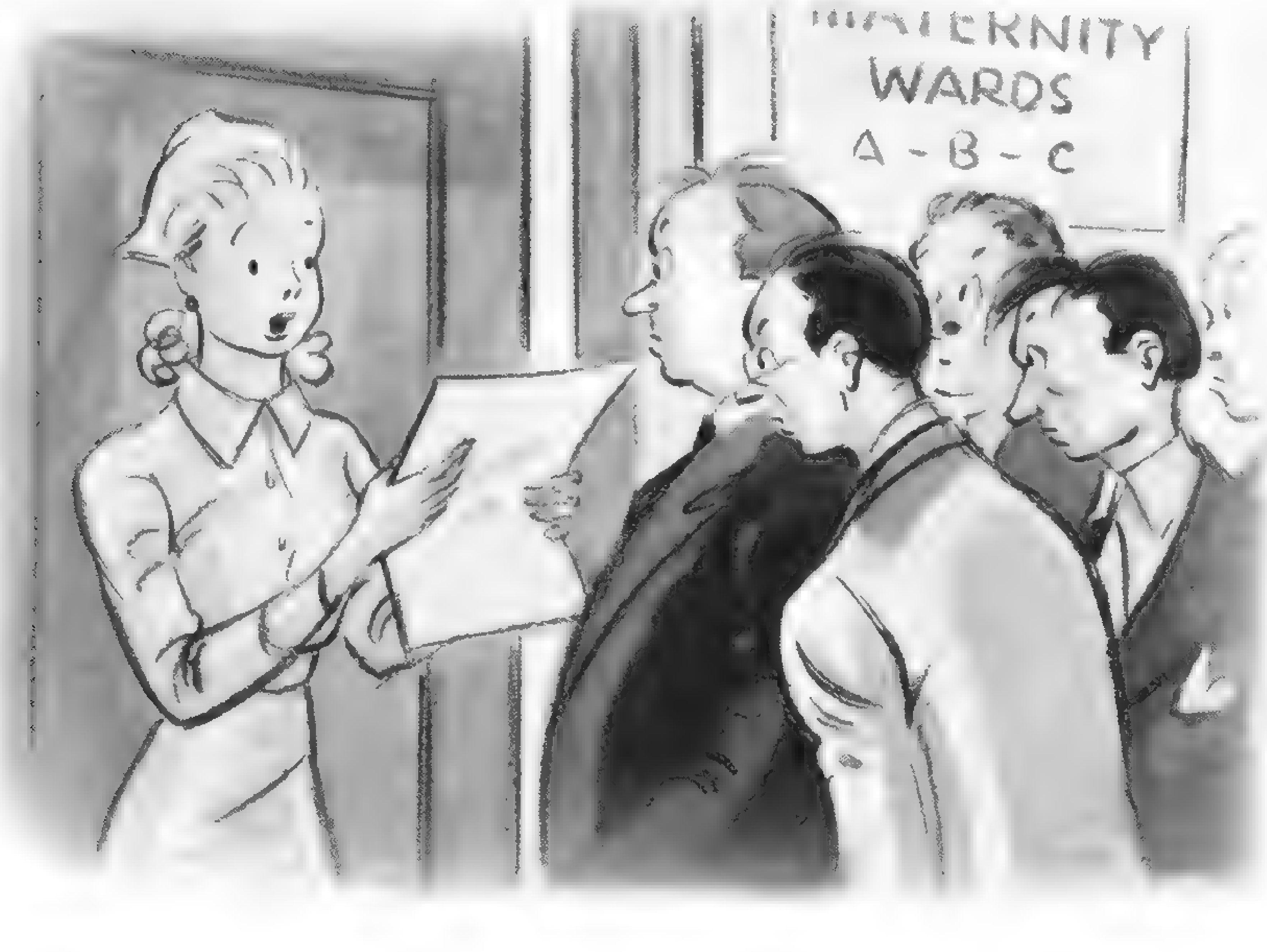
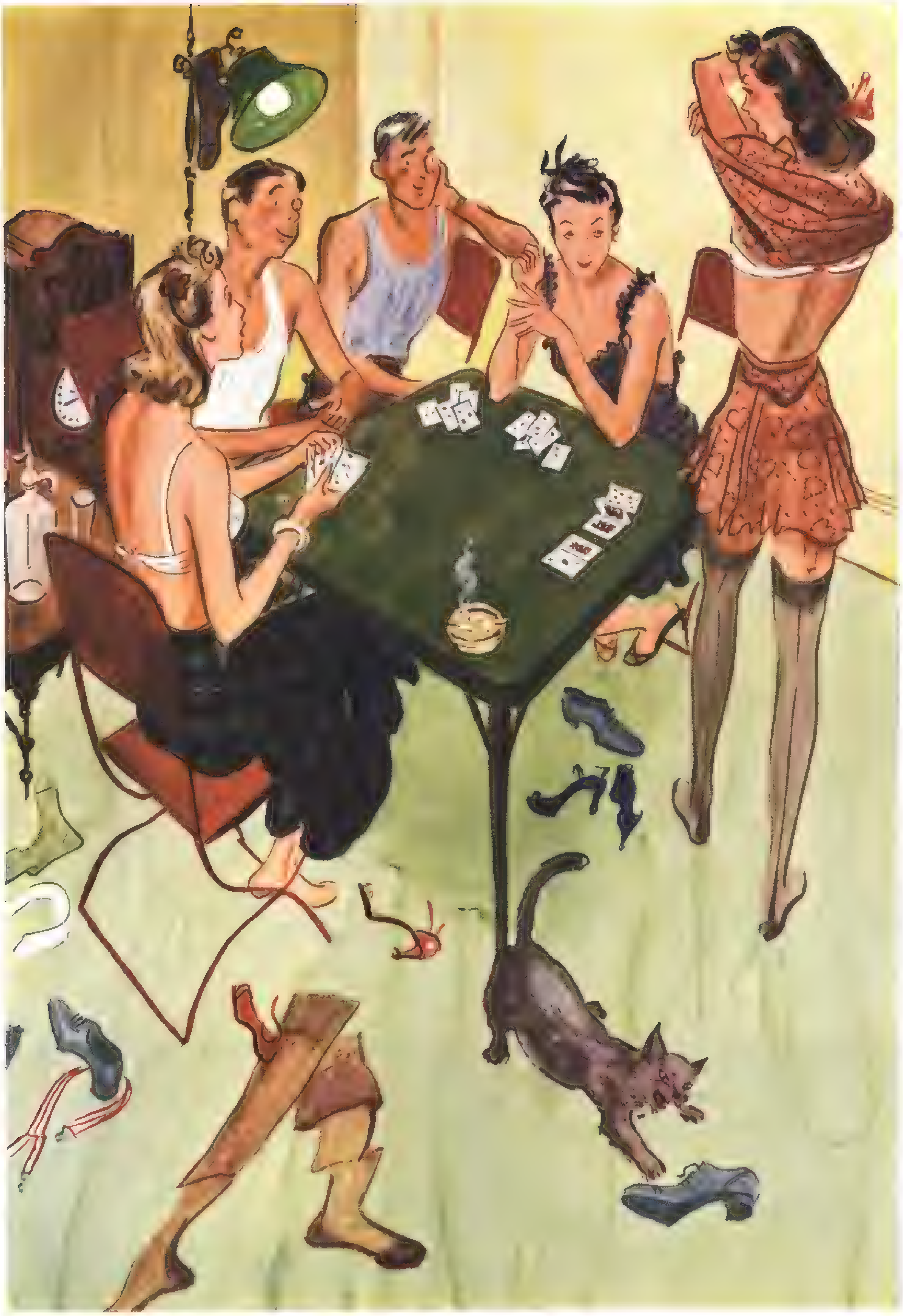


"Two boys for Mr. Smith, two girls for Mr. Lane, a boy and a girl for Mr. Berg, a boy for Mr. Tremaine, and just 'Honorable Mention' for Mr. Holt"



"All right, I'll take it off. But I still think a royal flush is better than a pair of deuces"

Bohrod: Chicago's Gift to Art

He finds most subjects on the wrong side of the tracks and his paintings show familiar things in a fresh light

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

Aaron Bohrod is an artist with many distinctions. Beginning with the least of them, he is the only painter of merit and prestige to confess that he ever tried to study art by correspondence school and actually learned a little that way. His greater distinction, however, lies in that he is Chicago's most nationally known gift to art, the one young painter who came to the big picture town called New York without stirring from the city of his birth and breeding. He has taught himself, and us, that a scene is not dull because it is familiar, that beauty resides in aspects of a city reputed ugly and he has dared to express feelings (that take us even to the edge of sentimentality) about buildings and streets, viaducts, industrial river fronts and the changing seasons of the year as they affect a big town. He has kept his vision fresh. He has not disdained his own backyard. In the intensive cultivation of his extensive, and superficially unpromising, vineyard he has extracted the rare juices of profit, pleasure and prestige.

He is a slight, mild little man, blond all over, an indefinite, pastel shade of a man, blond one might say even in the gentle way in which he speaks. Before I had met him he was described to me as probably a Pole, from his coloring. There is consistency in the tone of his personality, a tone only occasionally belied by an ironic twist to his mouth. But he says—whatever he may think—good of all men and of all things. Whether from policy or a sense of justice or generosity, he deprecates the overemphasis of himself as *the* Chicago artist, expressing regret that other painters from the Windy City do not get a cut of his good fortune, or, better yet, a little more luck on their own. He doesn't seem to have a grudge against a soul. He has no pretensions. He corrects all efforts to dramatize him or romanticize him. When some years ago a dealer informed me that Bohrod had refused a profitable commission to decorate a luxurious night club on the ground that this would do violence to his aesthetic principles, the anti-hokum artist replied that he would have been happy to accept any such commission, had it been offered, but that up to the time of writing the only jobs he has been compelled to refuse for the sake of his precious art have been those presented by his wife—to wipe the dishes after dinner. Aaron Bohrod is modest without fake humility and puts on no more front to the stranger than to the man who knew him when.

He doesn't seem even to have started building a defense mechanism against his humble past. He is what he is, take him or leave him. He doesn't minimize his origins, or romantically exaggerate the difficulties which he had to overcome in his more or less triumphant march. Here is a man without a false façade and without a single fright or timidity about what may or may not be printed about him. For example, no fine arts artist who has won half the prizes and the attention that Bohrod has wants you to take too much notice of the fact that he once made a living in commercial art, unless he made a failure in commercial art, in which case failure is to be credited to his incorruptible virtue or his unflinching integrity. But Aaron Bohrod not only made a living in commercial art, he made a success at it. Why, even today some of his best friends are commercial artists. You may detect a trace of the commercial artist in some of Bohrod's bad paintings, but he is a big enough little fellow and enough of a self-searching and self-correcting artist to paint his way out of his defects and limitations, whatever their origin.

Very likely you have never heard the name Bohrod. His reputation is national only within a fairly limited circle. His name has been in the papers a great deal, but almost always on the art pages. He was one of the 1939 Carnegie International prizewinners and he has been awarded almost every prize within the gift of the Chicago Institute of Art, six of them, including the coveted Logan. Twice the Guggenheim Foundation gave him annual fellowships. He has been selling pictures off and on, ever since he threw some sketches on the grass at one of those open air art markets that represented 1932's efforts to dull the edge of the depression for American artists. Only thirty-three years of age, he has had three one-man exhibitions in New York alone, not counting one in Chicago, numerous representations in the best museum group displays, and he has sold paintings and watercolors to more than one museum. The sum of all this is that he is not entirely unknown, yet he has no more economic cushion, and

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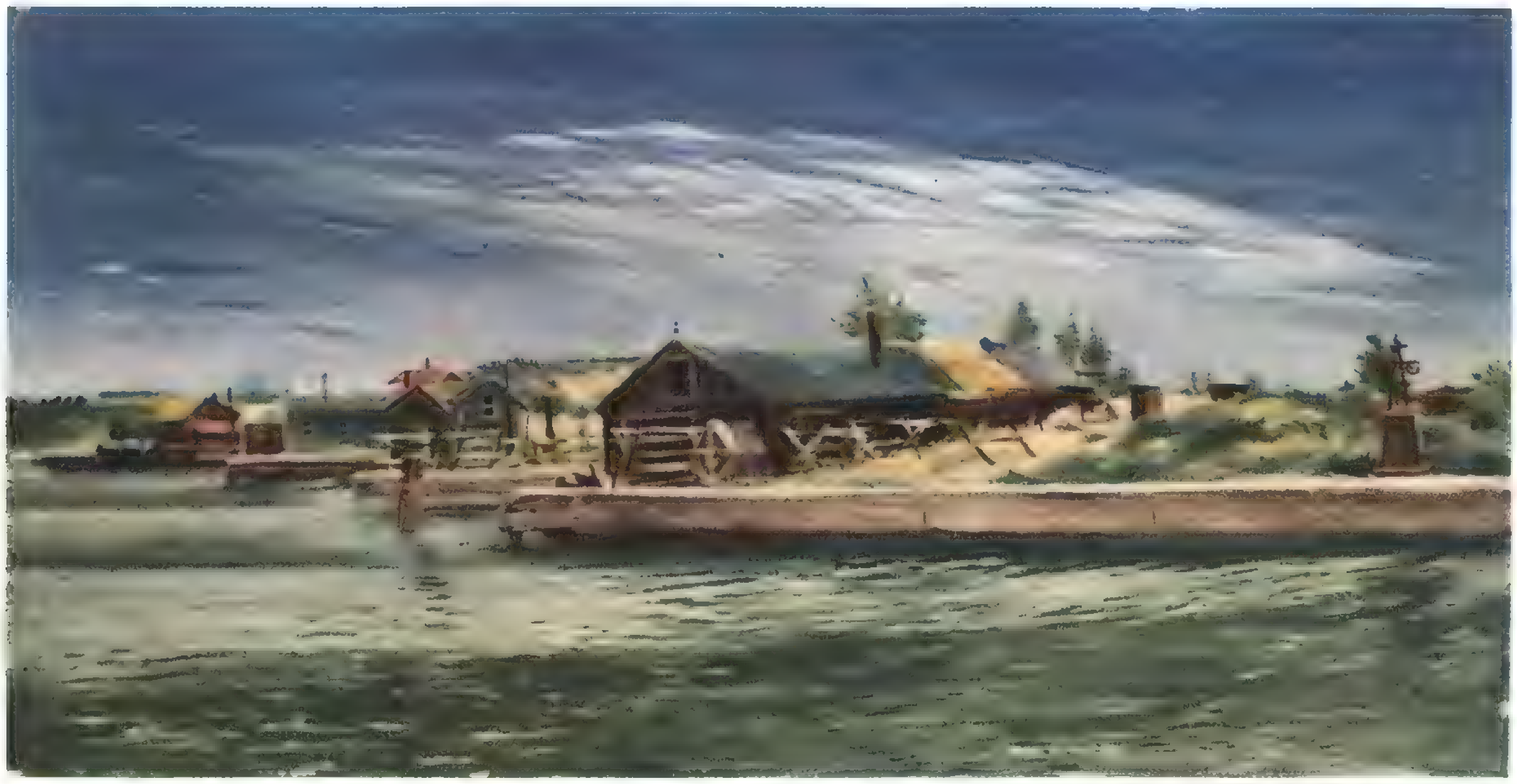
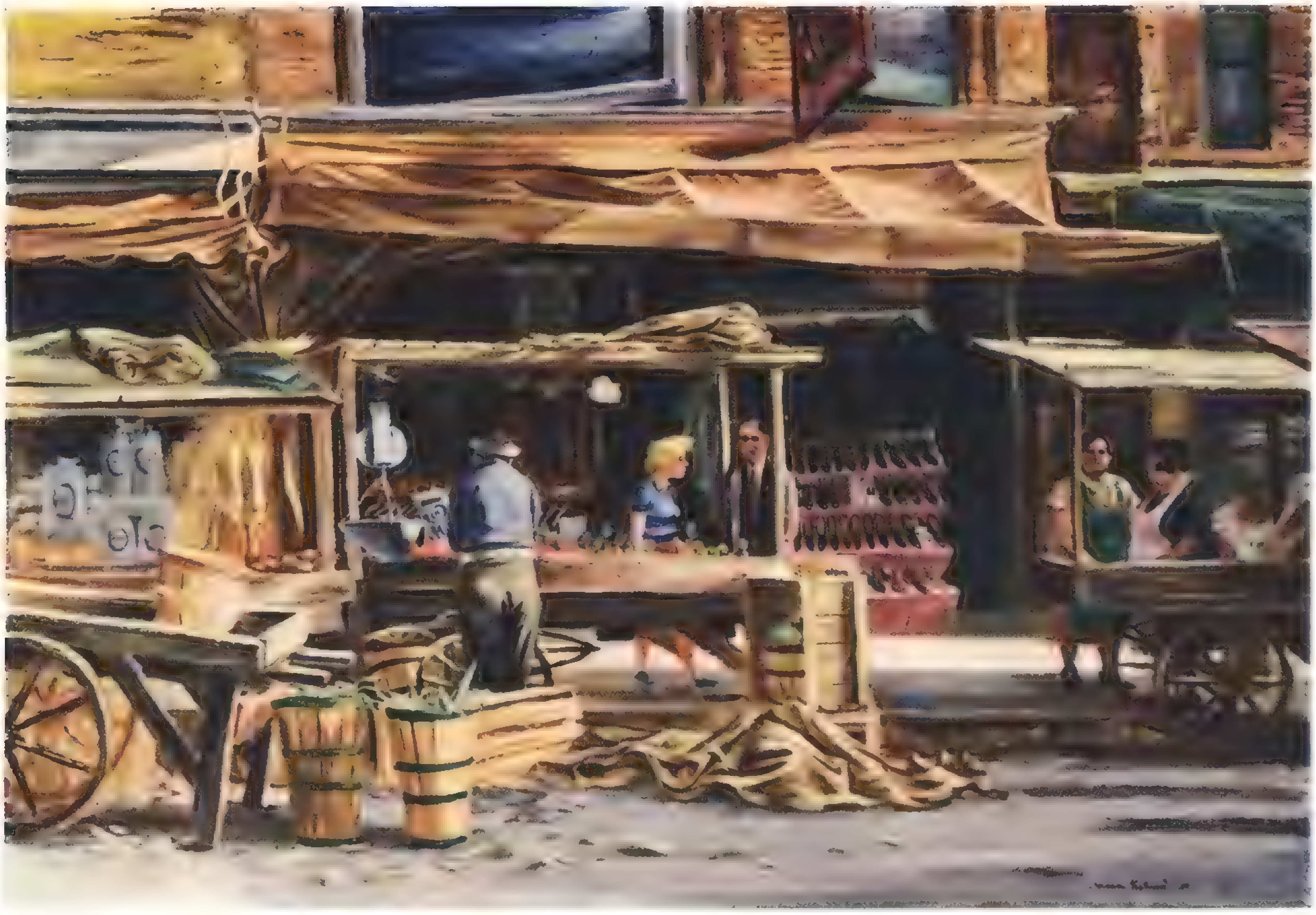


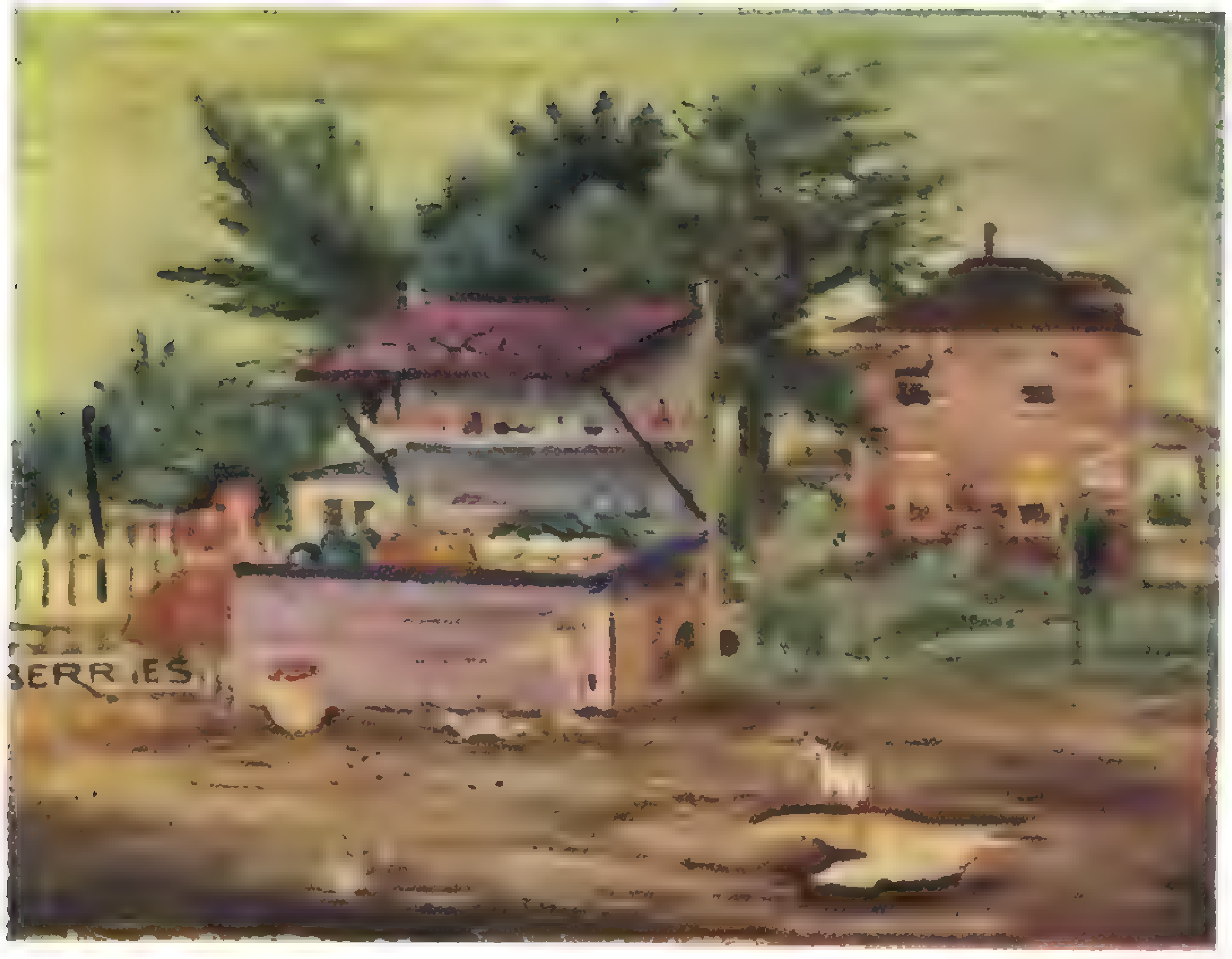
VIEW OF LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN



MAXWELL STREET, CHICAGO

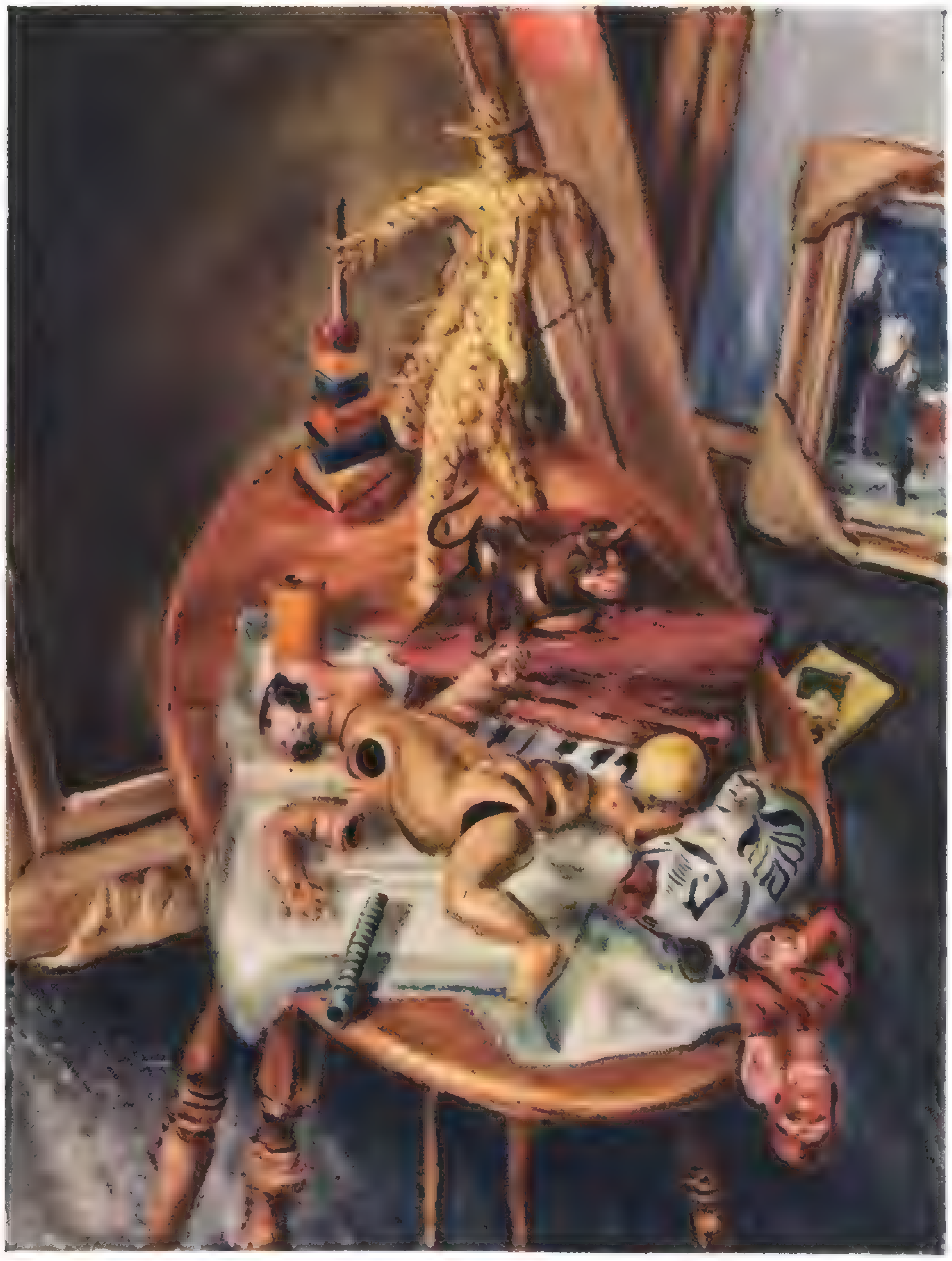
A Selection of Paintings

by AARON BOHROD

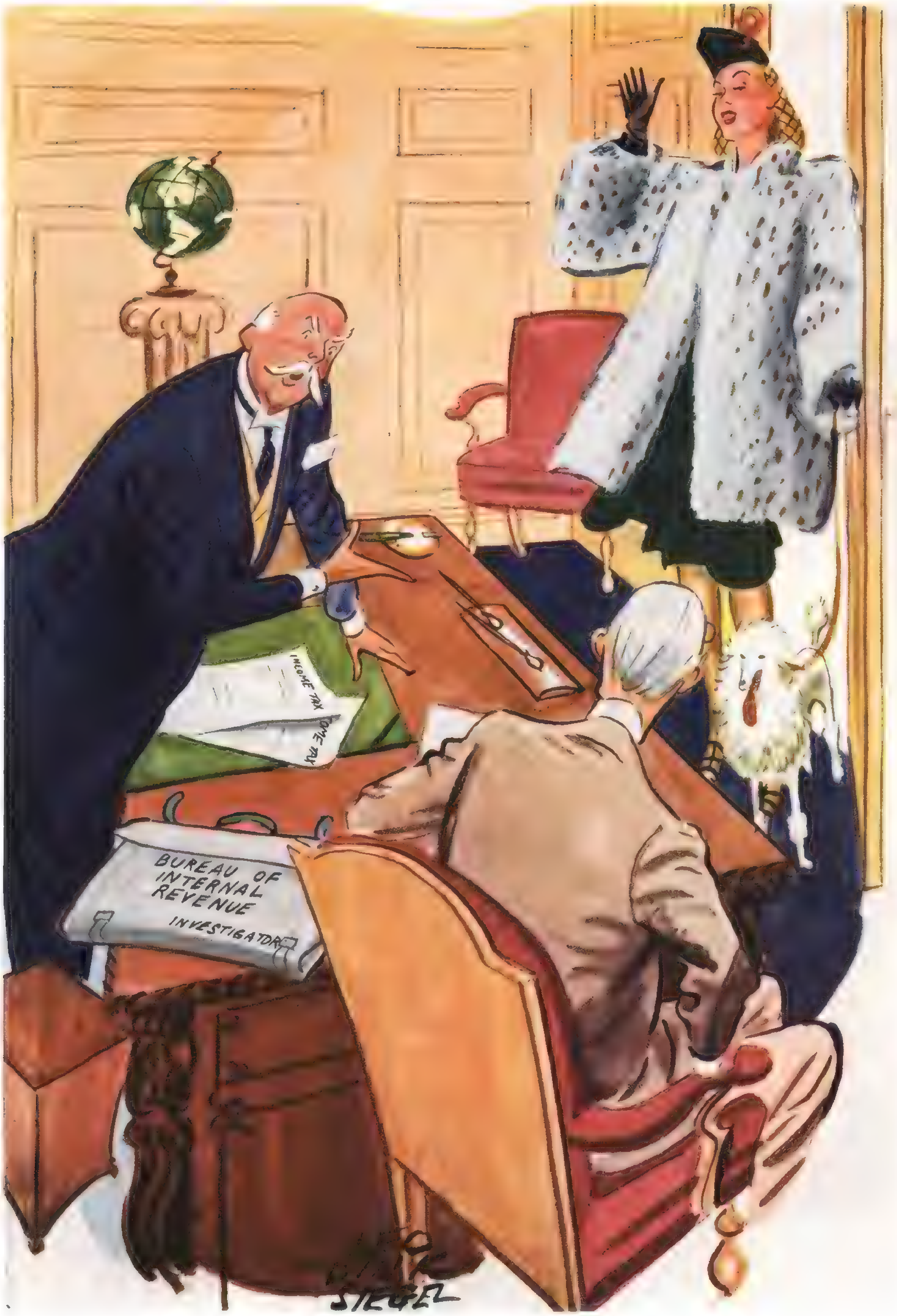


VEGETABLE MARKET

Reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Associated American Artists' Galleries, N. Y. C.



STILL LIFE WITH FERDINAND


INCOME TAX
OME TAX
BUREAU OF INTERNAL REVENUE
INVESTIGATOR
SIEGEL

"That's right, every cent of my surplus went into a bad investment—there she comes now"

A Chance To Make Money

Ballet will be a lot healthier when it shakes off the early influence of a rather dull-witted aristocracy

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

Although you will not believe me, I swear that the following is an exact quotation from the synopsis of a production, printed in the programme:

> 1st Scene: Man, symbolizing the poetic spirit, is pursued and overtaken by brutal forces.
>
> 2nd Scene: The men of the town encounter the men of the field and bear them off.
>
> 3rd Scene: Woman, parted from Man, is tormented in her solitude by an evil spirit.
>
> 4th Scene: Man eludes the brutal forces and finds Woman again. But joy is shortlived, for in freeing himself from his worldly enemies he is conquered by destiny.

Does that remind you of anything? Of the plot of a good movie you've seen lately? Is it at all like a daytime radio serial or a grand opera? Did you read anything like it in dime novels? Did Dickens or Dostoevsky ever use the plot? Outside of *The Psalm of Life*, were as many abstractions ever put together in any work of art?

The answer to the riddle is, of course, that the quotation is the synopsis of a ballet; specifically, *Rouge et Noir*, music by Dmitri Shostakovich, choreography by Massine, scenery and costumes by Matisse, theme by God, I suppose. Try and make something of it.

In the production, red represents the forces of good, black represents evil; I've forgotten what white signifies; but the color scheme doesn't help. I thought for a moment that there was a Marxian interpretation, but I remembered that the composer had once been in, and later fell out of, the graces of Emperor Joe in Moscow, so that got me nowhere. In scene two, I fancied for a moment that we were seeing technological unemployment (and a trace of obsolescence, too) in the dance—machines overcoming man; the city versus the cows in the country; but that came to nothing. I struggled, and was finally overwhelmed by the unfairness of the whole damned thing. Here was this guy of whom I wasn't fond, but at least he represented the poetic spirit; and he didn't weaken; he got back his dame; he overcame his brutal and worldly enemies; and what happened? He is conquered by destiny. The Monte Carlo Russian Ballet is unfair to organized optimists!

And I am unfair to organized ballet. Nothing is more philistine than attempting to make sense out of ballet synopses! But what I am writing is an essay in commercialism; I want ballet to make a lot of money; I'd like to see it in a hundred American cities as flourishing as it came to be in London, where they had a nine-month season, at prices which challenged the movies. Here's a gold mine; all I'm doing is pointing out the various defects of the system of mining.

Being a little mad on the subject of commerce, I believe that ballet will be more interesting when it begins to make a little more money; as well as the other way round. I think that there is, in the ballet repertory built up during several hundred years, a lot of dead wood which is reverently trotted forth every season, almost as regularly as the Metropolitan Opera trots forth a dead opera. (This is called "a revival," and quite right, because you revive only the dead, as far as you can; the living play or ballet or opera, no matter when it was written, you need only produce, because it has never been dead.)

I believe also that ballet suffers from the enthusiasm of mad Czars, as opera from the enthusiasm of mad kings. An institution which supplies Czars and Grand Dukes and a few caviar-peddlers with mistresses may tend, after a few years, to please these dignitaries; Diaghilev got away in good time and spent his mature life as an impresario in Europe and the Americas; but he didn't throw overboard enough of the old stuff. He merely presented more and more of the new. As far as he could, in Europe, he made ballet profitable.

But at that point ballet fell into the hands of the artists: the painters, the composers, the choreographers; even the dancers. And each of these had patrons who put up money for a ballet. Some of the most magnificent of all the artistic works of the 1920's were commissioned by an American woman who had the taste and energy to like ballets with heart and body. But there were also ballets made because Soandso who loved Suchandsuchska was willing to put up; the patronage system moved away from the Czars; but it remained patronage.

Somewhere in the course of these developments, Pavlova was skimming across the seven seas and making one fact plain: that a sensational dancer could more or less keep her own company going. Back in 1914 the great Russian Ballet came to New York, flopped, and shrank away from us; it was a pity because if Diaghilev had seen the chance —of making a vast public his patron—he might have saved ballet some pretty awful years.

It is queer that the ballet enthusiasts always believe two things which the average man can believe only one at a time. The first is that ballet, being based on the movement of the human body, is absolutely the basic form of expression, preceding speech, drawing and writing; and second that this same ballet is naturally a most aristocratic art, an art for excessively delicate people of both sexes, but not much of either. They can put these two together by the process of excluding from ballet any kind of dancing they happen not to like; and so long as ballet was extremely expensive to produce, they managed

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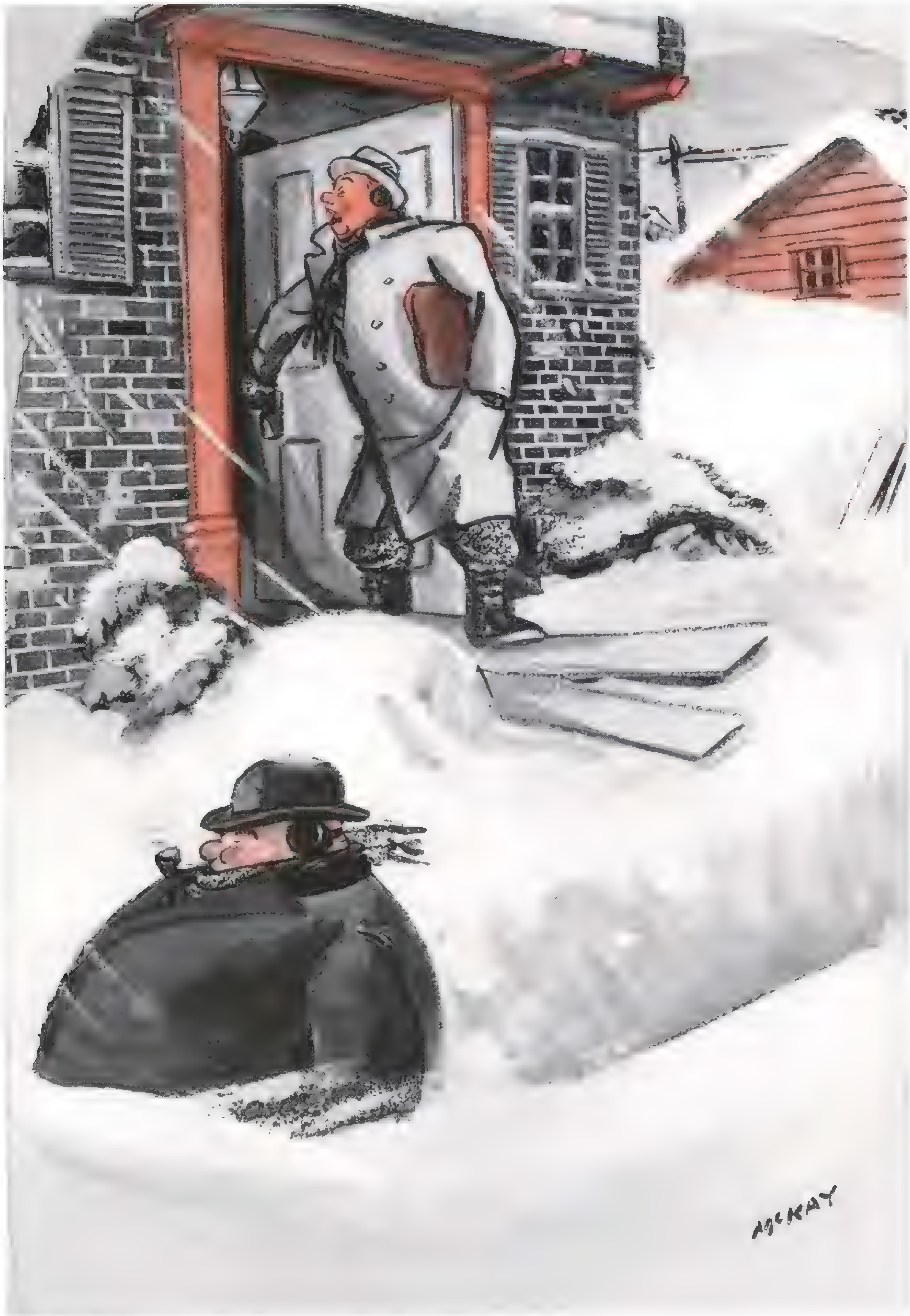
"To think, our little housekeeper won on the sweepstakes!"



"I'm going now, dear—I've been waiting for Mr. Thorpe to go by!"

The Ferry that Becomes a Liner

Ships long known to our waterways possess an air of spaciousness and charm that is definitely old-world

by WILSON CHAMBERLAIN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

My grandfather, who had once been rich and had crossed the Atlantic fifty times, used to amuse himself, in old age, at the New London, Connecticut, railroad station checking off the trains with a red pencil. Then crossing to the docks, he would take me aboard *The City of Lowell* for what he called "a little tour of inspection." With tremendous import he would ask how long it took to go to New York, demand to see a cabin, descend to the dining saloon, and then finally back on deck would slip a quarter to the Chief Steward and declare in a loud voice: "A very fine ship indeed! I shall be sailing with you one day!"

Gone is that grandiloquent old gentleman who got so much from so little; and gone are the days when train arrivals give any debate. But still plying the rivers and sounds and lakes of this country are many "very fine ships indeed" which are not just ferries from motoring point to motoring point, but which retain, in their quiet year-in-year-out services, that same magic power of imbuing the smallest journey with importance and flourish. At trivial cost, often at considerable time-saving, and at points convenient to the scenic routes of New England, the Southern and Middle States and also along the Pacific coast, these boats offer traditions of old-world courtesy, of leisureliness, of completeness in small things.

Take the Baltimore-Norfolk run that goes back to 1840. You go down to the dock about six; evening is already in the air and the people hurrying home add meaning. You feel like smiling: Hell, *you're* sailing! Black longshoremen are swinging packing cases aboard: linseed oil, paint, cereals, radios, everything under the sun—as if they were being shipped to some distant land, though the whole trip will be less than two hundred miles! Laughing and singing, they've got the rhythm of the steamboat going down the river. It's exciting to them to know the *Avalon* or the *Emma Childs* or the *Express* is about to sail. Some of the boats have wonderful emblems. Painted on the side of one I saw, in faded blue and gold, a swarming hive and, underneath, the legend: SHE WAS BUSY AS THE BEE! That's it! Then you get your ticket. There's a good deal of seriousness about this: they want your name and address, and then they spread before you a plan of the ship. Of course you want an outside cabin on A deck, with private bath. Some lines have salt as well as fresh water. Real liners!

From the moment you step aboard you're in another world. The electric lights are soft (there probably isn't much power), the brass railings are polished like mirrors; and likewise the white, filigreed woodwork and the rafters so delicately curved and hand-carved. This boat, you feel, was built with the labor of love. She was built to last, to serve generations of discerning people. You're not surprised to notice a plaque with the year: 1902. Some go back to 1880. And just as the Greek temples attained vistas we have never been able to reproduce, so these old boats give an effect of spaciousness and high ceilings which are not in the scheme of modern efficiency. Right down to the worn, flowered carpets everything has been done in the grand manner.

Immediately colored stewards appear. They mostly have gray hair and walk spryly but with a limp. They've been with the same line twenty, thirty and even forty years. And they have all the dignity and graciousness of people who have learned their social and financial limitations—and know the true, inner eminence that comes from giving good service.

Dinner has a touch of ceremony: the tables with their pink lamps, the solicitousness of the headwaiter with his recommendation for "corn-cakes same as we been makin' for fifty years," the hushed feeling like tho first night out on a transatlantic liner when people are tired and happy and slightly awed despite their sophistication, and the munificence of the dollar dinner, as if the least one could do for those who risk putting out to sea were to give the finest of food and wine. Yet there are no self-conscious slogans publicizing luxury. It's just there, and that's all there is to it: the best of life, not the best of business.

On those services with several stops, like the one to West Point, Virginia, there is a special charm in watching passengers getting on or off. Particularly at night or in the early morning the new faces arouse curiosity: Where are they bound? What delicate mission have they undertaken? What is it like in their country? And on these early landings there is something wonderfully dramatic about the way the petty officers shout orders with mixed feelings of imminent catastrophe and deep politeness. "Let away that line now, Mr. Stevens!" "Right, Mr. Warren!" Poking your head out of the window you see the wide banks of the dun-colored Virginia River, flat and empty save for an occasional neo-classic mansion. It might be South Africa! Then you spy the jetty: a most frail boardwalk extending five hundred feet out to meet the channel. On the weather-beaten wharf a few sleepy natives are gathered. The boat is suddenly silent, gliding towards that irrelevant pier. Then the muffled exchange of voices in the half-light; the throb of the engines again; you go back to bed: it's quite a ways yet!

Once in Charleston, West Virginia, I heard an eerie musical note somewhere way off and quickly noted the darkies pick up and move down towards the river. A Calliope. But I couldn't figure where it was coming from. Instinct made me follow. Then a few moments later she hove into sight: a magnificent,

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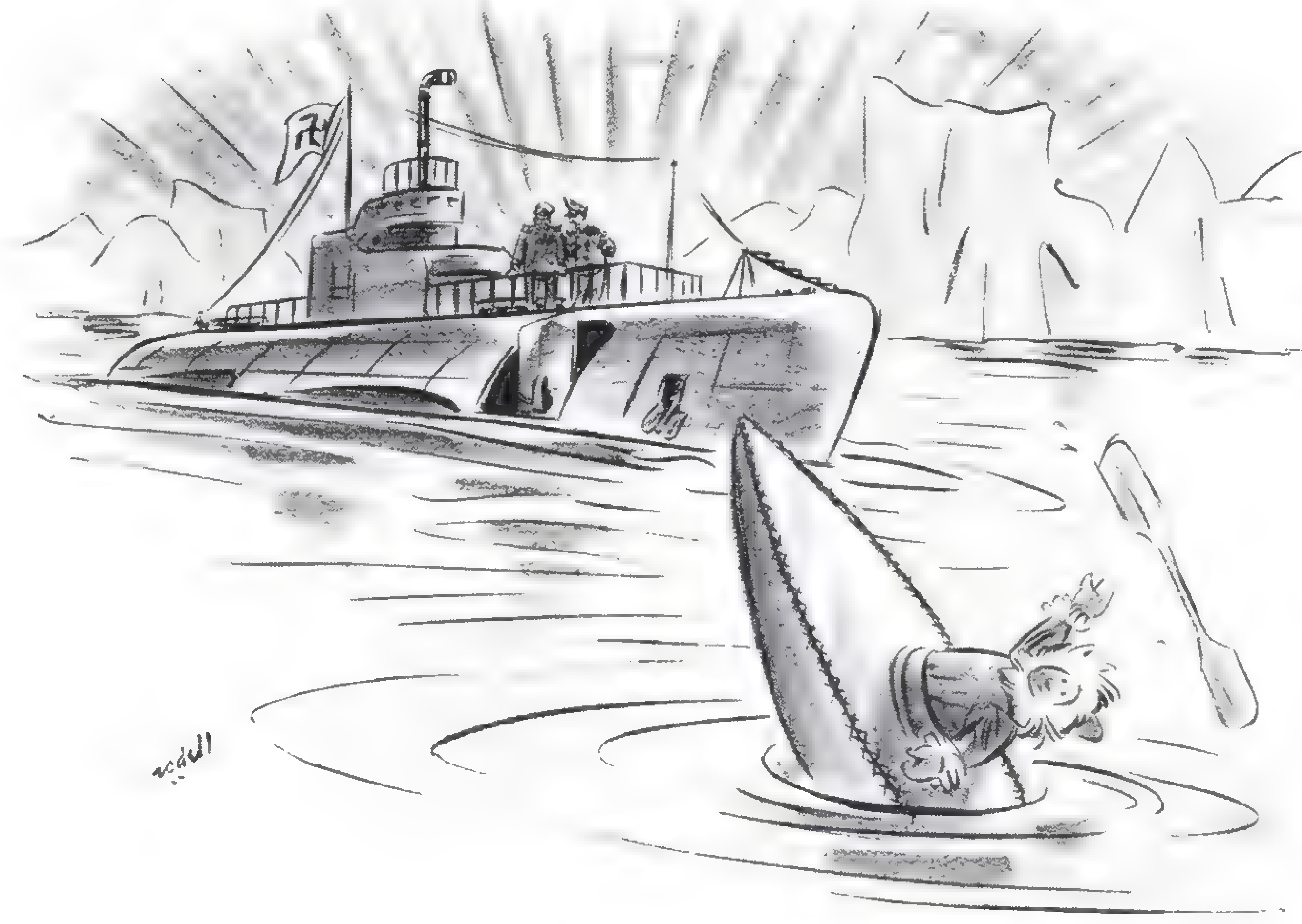


"Sometimes I wonder if we aren't carrying things too far"

Job for the Liquidators

When the life of a spy turned thief is threatened, he will grab at the rottenest straw

by GEORGES SURDEZ

▪ FICTION ▪

℞

The man walked stiffly, as a man dreams of walking in a nightmare. His face, which should have been swarthy, was pale yellow and the carefully trimmed black mustache made a sooty streak under the thick nostrils. He was in the middle thirties, rather short but evidently powerful, a stocky, ordinary man dressed according to local styles, in a pastel blue suit very snug at the waist, padded at the shoulders. His hat was new, light gray, his shoes were bright yellow, his tie was a flowering of contrasting colors beneath his throbbing jaws. This combined with his manner gave him an odd, pathetic aspect of macabre gaiety.

Yet no scene could have been more calm, less ominous than this stretch of suburban dwellings near Oran. In the blue sky stretched like vibrating azure silk above the tiled roofs loomed the familiar silhouette of the mountain rising from the Mediterranean, the crumbling battlements of the ancient fortress of Santa Cruz fringing the crest. The light, the heat and the dust were North Africa, but the narrow street was provincial France.

But even in the open street, with the warmth of the sun upon his back, the man was afraid. His dark eyes darted about restlessly, probed into shadowy doorways. He behaved like a man on a dangerous jungle trail, yet there seemed nothing he could suspect. The street was deserted save for a Moorish woman carrying a small, scabby baby on one arm, swinging a beggar's plate in her free hand. But he felt peril rising about his steps, like a palpable, poisonous cloud. He continued to the end of the street, peered around the corner, turned back with the same automatic deliberation, retracing his strides, passing before the same doors.

"Next door to the café"—he could make no mistake, as there was only one café. The terrace was empty. Through the plate-glass front, he saw into the room beyond. The zinc top of the bar glistened dully in the semi-darkness, there were rows of bottles with colored labels on the shelves beyond it. No one stirred within, except the fat man polishing the nickel work on a beer pump. The owner, probably. There was a reek of frying fish, of spilled anisette and Pernod, comforting, familiar smells.

The man appeared to reach a decision. He went to the door next to the café, pushed it open and climbed up a short flight of worn stone steps, as if he were charging a machine gun nest. He paused for a full half-minute on the landing, waiting for the beating of his heart to settle back to normal. Then he rapped on the door bearing a brass plate:

"*Leon Beyrol, Business Agent.*"

"Come in."

He turned the handle and entered a small office, his face distended by a smile. A short, stout man with a red face rose to greet him, shook hands, introducing himself as Leon Beyrol. He seemed friendly, jovial, and casually scanned the slip handed to him. There was another man present, seated with his back to the windows. He seemed younger, taller, thinner. His clothing was black, he appeared to be in mourning. He remained motionless, mute. Nevertheless, one sensed that he was alert, casual—detached yet sinister.

There was a third man, not visible at first, until the door was closed. He sat on a straight-back chair next to the entrance, against the wall, under the garish calendar of a steamship company. He was very large, with a broad, tanned, expressionless face. The hands resting on his knees were enormous hands. His head was quite small compared with the breadth of his shoulders. It gave the impression that it was dangerous for so little brain to rule so much muscle, such physical power.

"This is the gentleman, Boss," Beyrol announced.

The younger man before the window nodded. For a long moment, all three stared at the newcomer silently. He could read little on their faces, unless it was a certain grim amusement. Yes, they saw that he was very frightened and they were amused.

"Your name's Torretta?" the dark man asked at last.

"Yes, *monsieur*, yes."

"Take that chair. Yes, that one. My name is Crussard. You know why we summoned you here?"

"No. No, *monsieur*."

"No! No?" Crussard laughed softly. "You have no idea? Then what are you sweating about? And the slip bore the mention: 'For a matter concerning his identification papers.' You must have guessed that it was because you travel with forged documents. False passport, false card of identity, false everything."

"Listen, *monsieur*—"

"Don't waste time lying. Do you have any idea why you were summoned here and not to Police Headquarters as one might expect?"

"No, *monsieur*."

"Yet you came. Curiosity? Come, Torretta, you must have an idea why this matter, a routine police concern, is handled privately. I'll help you out: You are Vincent Cenardi, naturalized French citizen, a legal resident of Tunisia. You were engaged in espionage near Bizerte for several years. Then you double-crossed the Macaronis. Now, you're afraid they'll croak you."

The man's smile was like a crease in cement. He uttered those horrible words in his casual, detached tone. Torretta resented the term *macaronis*, but these men were obviously in authority, connected with the secret police, and there was no sense in showing annoyance. And oddly their matter-of-fact manner, their assurance, gave him the first sense of absolute physical security he had known in many days: He was their prey now, they showed no immediate wish to harm him, he felt that they would protect him while he was in the room.

"That's right, *monsieur*."

"You are in something of a mess. The man who is to do you in has arrived in Oran. You wish to leave town, but your money is running low. That is why you looked for a job and showed those faked papers in the attempt. To get away from him."

"If you know, why don't you arrest him?"

"Why? What for?" Crussard wondered: "What has he done so far? He is a traveling salesman for a Milan firm of excellent repute. He sells neckties and scarves. If we arrested him, he would appeal to his Consulate, and we would have to release him with an official apology. We surmise that he is under orders to cut your throat, yes—but men cannot be arrested for evil intentions. Now, what was the deal on which you double-crossed your people?"

"That's a private matter."

The silent man on the chair moved his big feet restlessly, his thick fingers stirred. Beyrol looked grave, Crussard allowed a shadow of annoyance to flit over his face. That was all, but Torretta coughed to clear his voice and started to talk.

"I was born in—"

"Skip that. You messed up a deal. What was it?"

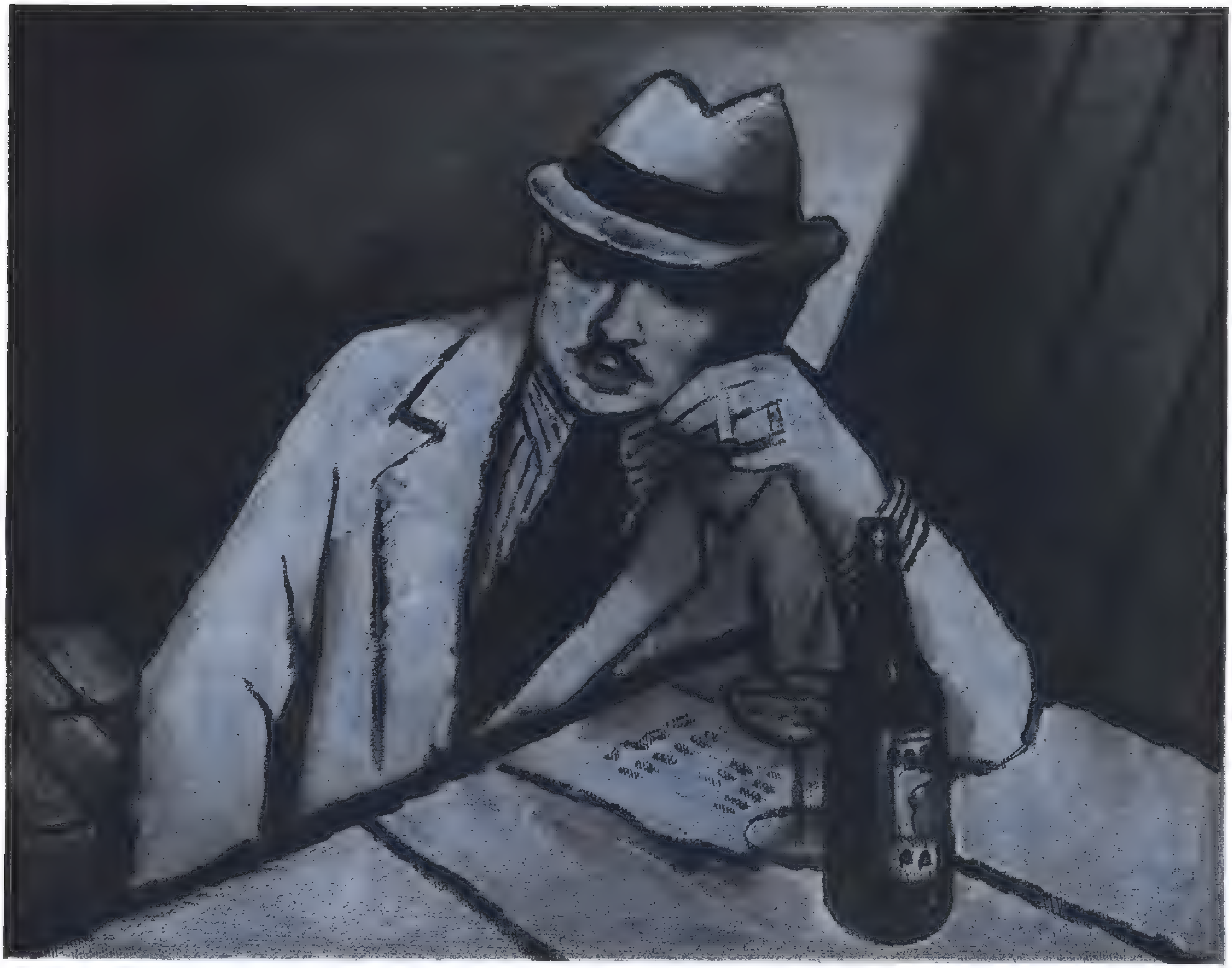
"Well, they wanted to plant a man near a railway viaduct in the Constantine Region. To give information, count troop trains and so on in case of mobilization."

"And to employ dynamite if required."

"Perhaps, *monsieur*. But nothing was said of that." Torretta was beginning to recover, and could fence a bit. "I had not received complete instructions, you understand. A small farm near by was for sale. I was ordered to purchase it. Naturally, they would supply the money, as I had none. To avoid suspicion, it was arranged that I was to claim an uncle of mine had died in the old country. I had no wealthy uncle, but the arrangements were made for me. I got the first payment of money. One hundred thousand francs."

"Much too much for an observation post," Crussard declared. He picked up a pencil: "Give me the exact names, the location."

Torretta hesitated: He had been a thief and a spy, this would make him a traitor. But Crussard looked at him, and suddenly he was quite as frightening as that fellow in the hotel



PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

who had been looking for him. Torretta gave the names and particulars.

"Yes. Might be worth it," Crussard agreed. "Continue."

"I'd never had so much money. There was a girl—"

He stopped short. The three men were laughing, laughing soundlessly, without sympathy. Their laughter had an unnerving quality. Torretta faltered, could not find words to continue.

"I see, I see—" Crussard helped him out. "You had a girl. So, instead of buying the farm, you kept the money and beat it with the girl. And you thought they would forget it?"

"I knew they would try to do something to me to punish me. But they—they want to murder me."

Crussard lighted a cigarette.

"What choice did you leave them? Be sensible, my friend. They took much trouble to have you obtain that money legally. So they could not complain to the French Police. Yet they cannot permit anyone to set such a poor example. What happened?"

"The girl disregarded my advice and wrote to her family. So they traced me to Algiers. Two months ago, they tried to murder me. My coat was ripped with a knife, my arm was slashed, but cops arrived and I was saved. That night, the woman left me—she was scared—and she took most of the dough—all that I did not carry in my pockets. I made my way to Oran slowly. I dared not use the trains, the buses, the ships. They have people everywhere."

"So I have heard," Crussard admitted with a grin.

"I thought I was all right here for a while. Then, some days ago, a man came to my boarding-house and offered scarfs to the old dame. Then he showed her a picture, of me—said he was looking me up for an inheritance back home. I knew better—so I moved—"

"A mistake," Crussard declared: "The old lady got sore at losing a boarder, and reported that she had seen a picture of you under another name. That's what started us."

"But he traced me easily. This is such a small city. I see him everywhere, and I know what he is waiting for." Torretta shook his head and gestured helplessly: "I am afraid."

"That sort of stuff gets on your nerves," Crussard agreed.

"He wants to find me alone. I can't even defend myself by striking first—I'd be held for murder. And they'd send others. Gentlemen, when I got your note, at first I thought he was trapping me in this isolated street! That's how badly off I am. Then I came just the same, thinking that perhaps *Monsieur* Beyrol had the intention of offering to sell me better papers—"

Crussard smiled: "You're all right now. We'll watch over you. You help us, we help you. You will write down everything that happened since you landed in Tunisia, who approached you for spy work, what you did. Give a list of—"

"No. That's treason. I've been a soldier and I—"

Crussard checked him with a weary gesture.

"You were a soldier, that may be true. But you are now a thief and a doomed man. Unless we protect you, you're done for."

"Some of those men are my good friends—"

"No more. They would kill you. Torretta, just understand that you no longer have friends. Your people hate you. We don't like you. You obtained naturalization, yet worked against us. We can try you and execute you. Perhaps not execute you, but at least stick you on Devil's Island for the rest of your life."

"That's true, yes."

"Help us and you'll be all right. For a time anyway. Do you know anything? You worked in Bizerte. Do you know *your* connections inside our Naval Base? Sit down here—" Crussard indicated the chair before a desk: "and as you read the questions on that paper, write answers—it's very simple. As you note,

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Ghosts can go chase themselves where your critic is concerned and so can Miss Clare Boothe

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

DOLCEMENTE.—Sentiment, the last remaining despairful refuge of the pessimist in the modern world, has again after years of intellectual ostracism come into its critical-theatrical own. The "again" might perhaps better be left out of the sentence, for the new dramatic sentiment is of a different kidney from that which once drove the judicious to the antidotal bottle. The old mush has been drained of its surplusage of the milk of human kindness and what once made even audiences of an intelligence quotient of more than one half one per cent gag has been converted into acceptable and palatable provender.

The disrepute into which sentiment fell was due, first, to many of the plays and novels which merchanted it and, secundus, to the school of critics whose operations in and directly before the 1920's embarrassed it out of countenance. The aforesaid plays and novels, confected not only by hacks but here and there by literati of some standing, so often and greatly confused sentiment with sheer goo that one didn't know whether to read it or use it as a massage cream. The plays in particular, frequently dramatized from the novels, were so doubly cute that it was frequently almost impossible for the actors to stop sucking their thumbs long enough to speak their lines, which were in turn so oversweet that the actors got such bellyaches it was necessary for their understudies to be rushed in to finish the shows.

As for the aforementioned disquieted school of critics, it not without some warrant, considering the engulfing flood of pap, offered as its remedial ideal a United States populated chiefly by Dreisers, preferably unshaven and without collars, with their progeny of Hemingways beating up the Harold Bell Wrights and Robert W. Chamberses in every corner saloon, Farrells swimming nude in the nationwide gutters, and Faulkners maneuvering esoteric corncobs in every countryside backyard.

The plays and novels on the one hand and the critics on the other combined gradually to disgust the more literate public with the prevailing literary and dramatic vichyssoise, and it wasn't long before the merest mention of a poor little orphan in a play or the merest allusion to a starlit pool in a novel was sufficient to induce a nauseous taste of sodium amidotriazin-sulphonate. That the critics exaggerated things somewhat may have been true and that the public's disrelish was also exaggerated may have been similarly true, but nonetheless there was ample justification. For matters had come to the pass where honest sentiment had been so effeminized that it became not only unmanly, but emotionally downright indecent, to allow it more than a half-inch of critical ground.

The sentiment that the drama by and large now goes in for is far removed from the tear-juice of yesterday. In it there is a truer comprehension of humanity, a mind more shining, an emotional keyboard of white along with the black keys, and a new prophylaxis of humor. A critic can now look it straight in the eye and not tell it to go to hell. And that is one more mark of the advance of our American drama. When and if some of the old malt is offered, it quickly dies the death save in rare instances, for there will always be leftovers from the older order who persist in regarding beer as a handkerchief. But for the newly developed and more acutely critical theatre audience, it is the clean, bright, robust, realistic and honorably moving sentiment of today's drama that is alone expedient.

One of the big hits of the season is the Messrs. Lindsay's and Crouse's *Life With Father*, derived from the late Clarence Day's family chronicles. It illustrates in a measure what I mean. Though a relatively minor item in the dramatic catalogue, it emphasizes the difference which has come over theatrical sentiment. All one has to do to appreciate that difference is to compare the emotional solicitation of such an exhibit as this with that of equally successful box-office exhibits of fifteen and twenty years ago. In that era, described in the more facetious barroom circles as the good old daze, audiences' softer emotions were generally invoked by a purely theatrical and largely factitious portraiture of human fowl, with any realistic collateral humor either run away from as if it were the pox or gingerly approached in terms of obviously hypothecated comedy relief.

It was, to a considerable popular extent, the era of paraphrased Cinderellas come uniformly at eleven o'clock into three-hundred-dollar white dresses and the embraces of young millionaires from the other side of the railroad tracks, of delicate young virgins just out of French finishing schools loved platonically and from afar by their champagne-guzzling, race-track-follower, roué guardians, of Pollyannas, both male and female, who spent half the evening arranging blooms in vases and the other half reciting the lyrics of *Hearts and Flowers*, of mothers so indefatigably sweet that the lemonade stands in the back aisles of the theatres reaped a small fortune from the more intelligent portion of audiences seeking a counter-taste, and of fathers no less paragons of all the virtues.

This pfui-marmalade has, as I say, now disappeared from the stage except in the rarest of instances, and even then is never so sticky as once it was. In the frankly sentimental drama of today—and *Life With Father* is an illuminating example—the alloy of human fact and intrinsic humor is not overlooked. And the result is a drama that, for all its critical unimportance, is a hundred times more relatively worthy and a hundred times

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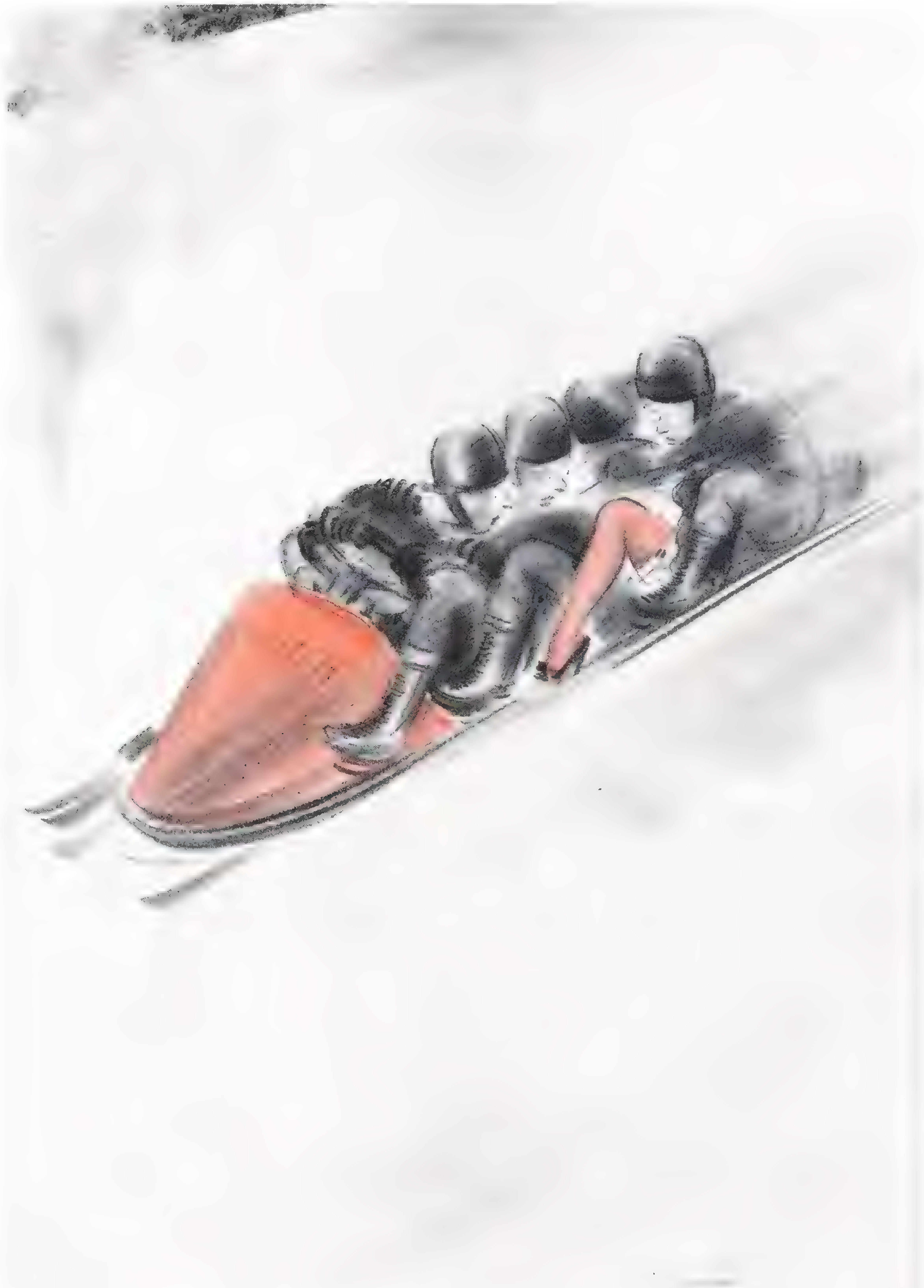
"Just pass it along to the young lady on the other end"



The Devil's Trust Fund

Why Joe-the-Djuka left his home, his Voodoo gods and obiamen to live in the white man's country

by WILLIAM LaVARRE

• ARTICLE •

"*Goblo!*" Awasi, the axeman, exclaimed in primitive awe as he studied the little stone which his tribesman, the Saramaccan, had brought to the village from the distant river, "Is it possible that white men pay so much for so little!" The Saramaccan had stopped in the Village-of-the-Snake-God with a strange, strange tale. He reported that many big canoes full of white men and their black slaves were paddling up the Corentyne River, on the edge of the Djuka country and that the white men were digging the upper river banks for little stones. Another white man had established a trading post and was buying the little stones for much *papamoni*. "*E-ya!*" the Saramaccan had exclaimed as he held out to his listeners a little stone. "This is what the white men are digging!" In his other hand he displayed many pieces of *papamoni*, as the white man's money was called throughout the Djuka jungles. He had dug two little stones, the traveler said; one he had sold to the trader, for all this money, and the other he was taking to Ah-Tu-Den-Du, the Granman. The Granman would surely reward him for such information.

"That is more money than the trader pays us for twenty big mahogany logs!" Kaffi, the steersman grunted. "Is that possible!"

"*Trutru!*" the traveler nodded, happy that he was at last, after many uneventful months, able to astound his countrymen. "It is indeed possible. I myself saw it. I myself dug the little stones. I could have sold both of them—if I had not wanted to save this one, to show the Granman!"

"*Ambe!*" Wambi, the village witchdoctor, muttered. "The white men must be sillier than usual!" The *obiaman* spat disdainfully on the ground and looked very wise.

"But these are very special stones!" the newsbearer insisted as he held his remaining specimen up to the sunlight. "They shine!"

"*Awa!*" the witchdoctor snorted. "A stone is a stone! What's the shine good for?"

"I do not know what the shine is good for," the Saramaccan said, a little put out that the *obiaman* tried to discount the importance of his tale, "But this I do know—the white men pay much *papamoni* for it!"

Beside Awasi, the axeman, and Kaffi, the steersman, squatted their good friend Daasi. It was Daasi whom the village appointed each season to trade with the coastal mahogany buyer for the best price for the village's logs. Now Daasi rolled the little stone between his fingers, counted for the third time the *papamoni*. "Let us go to the Corentyne River," he said. "Digging such little stones is much easier than working mahogany. If the white man will pay more money for little stones than for big logs let us dig little stones!"

Awasi and Kaffi nodded. The wives were called from other tasks, told to prepare food and pack the traveling bags. But Wambi, the *obiaman*, who lived on the fees paid him by mahogany workers whom he provided with *obias* and other charms for securing the river god's help in running the giant logs safely through the rapids where the river devils lived, kept turning the little stone over and over in his uncalloused hand. His *obias* and witch magic ceremonies, because of the constantly falling price of mahogany logs, were bringing him, now, insufficient income for a life of ease. "*E-ya!*" he said, smiling hopefully at Awasi and Kaffi. "This is surely something that should be looked into. I myself will go with you—and make *obias* and strong magic. I will talk to the ground god so he will take many little stones away from the ground devil and give them to you. You give me one share!"

Kaffi and Awasi, who were very religious, nodded favorably, but Daasi shook his head. He was in favor of taking, as a fourth man, he said, someone who would work and contribute his share of physical labor. Daasi, though he never spoke of it, had gradually grown to discount the value of *obias*, and charms, and witch magic made from jaguar teeth, and prayers said over black duck feathers. And especially he had no use for Wambi whom he considered the laziest *obiaman* in the tribe. "Instead of Wambi," he suggested, "let us take my young brother. My young brother is very strong—and he likes to work!"

"*Goblo!*" the witchdoctor glared back at him. "How the gods and spirits are annoyed at you! How the devils are listening to you and laughing! And what about the *jumbees!* Who will talk to the ground god and get him to help you! Is it not I who have made *obia* which protected your mahogany rafts from being wrecked by the river devil? Is it not I, too, who must make charms against the ground devil? *Trutru!* Without me you will find nothing—you will all probably die!"

"*Dasso!*" Awasi and Kaffi admitted. Evil spirits, they knew, were everywhere. In the Corentyne country many devils might be lying in wait for them. They had surely better take the *obiaman* with them! Thus Daasi was out-voted—the wives were told to prepare additional food for the *obiaman*.

So through the jungle traveled Awasi, Kaffi, and Daasi, bent under heavy, heavy loads. Wambi carried nothing but his little shoulder bag of charms and magic things. For three days they traveled toward the setting sun and then they arrived, on the fourth morning, at the muddy Corentyne. On the opposite bank they saw the camps of white men. Many black men, from the coastal plantations—"white man's slaves" the Djukas called them disdainfully because their ancestors had not rebelled and fought the

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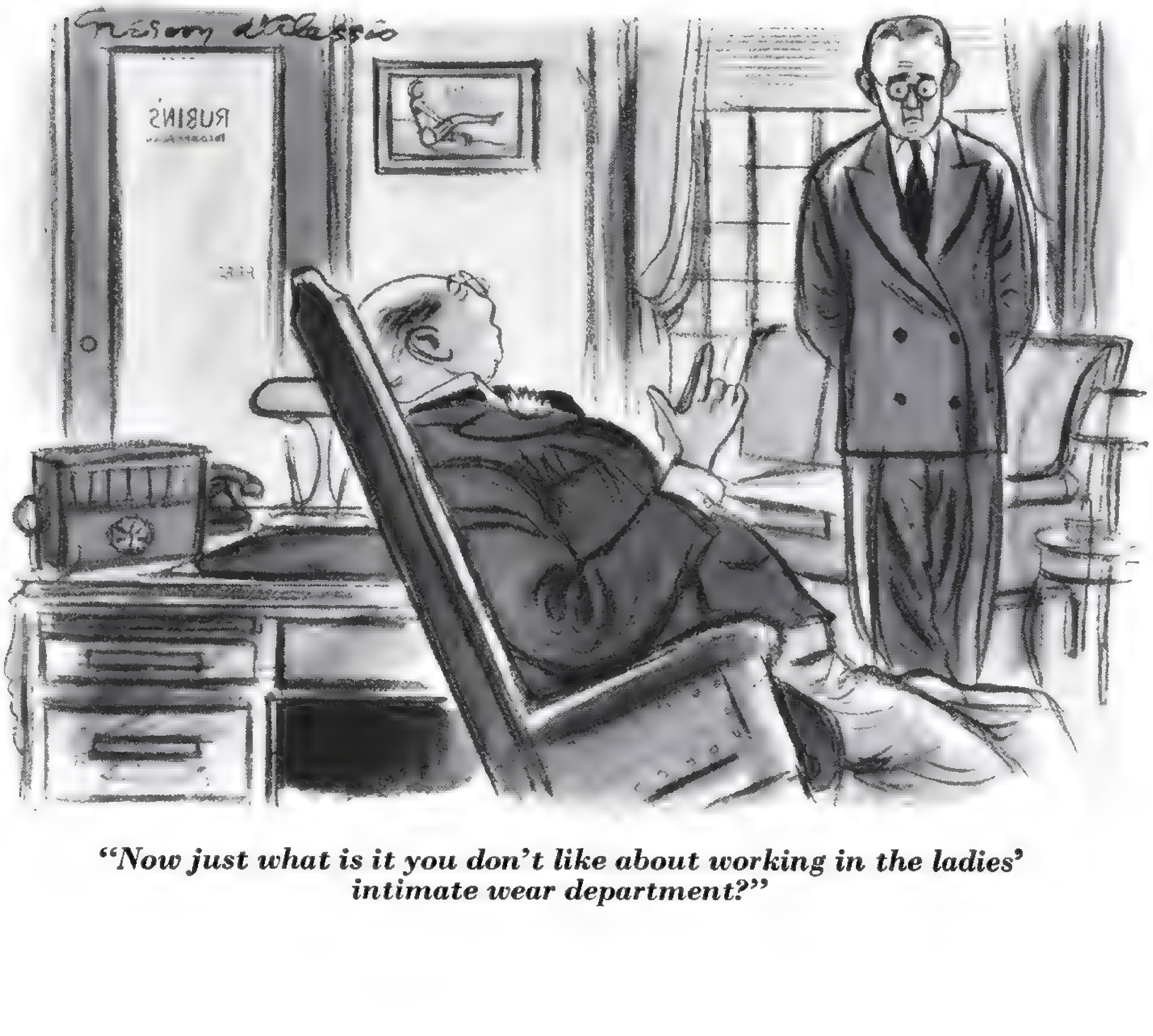
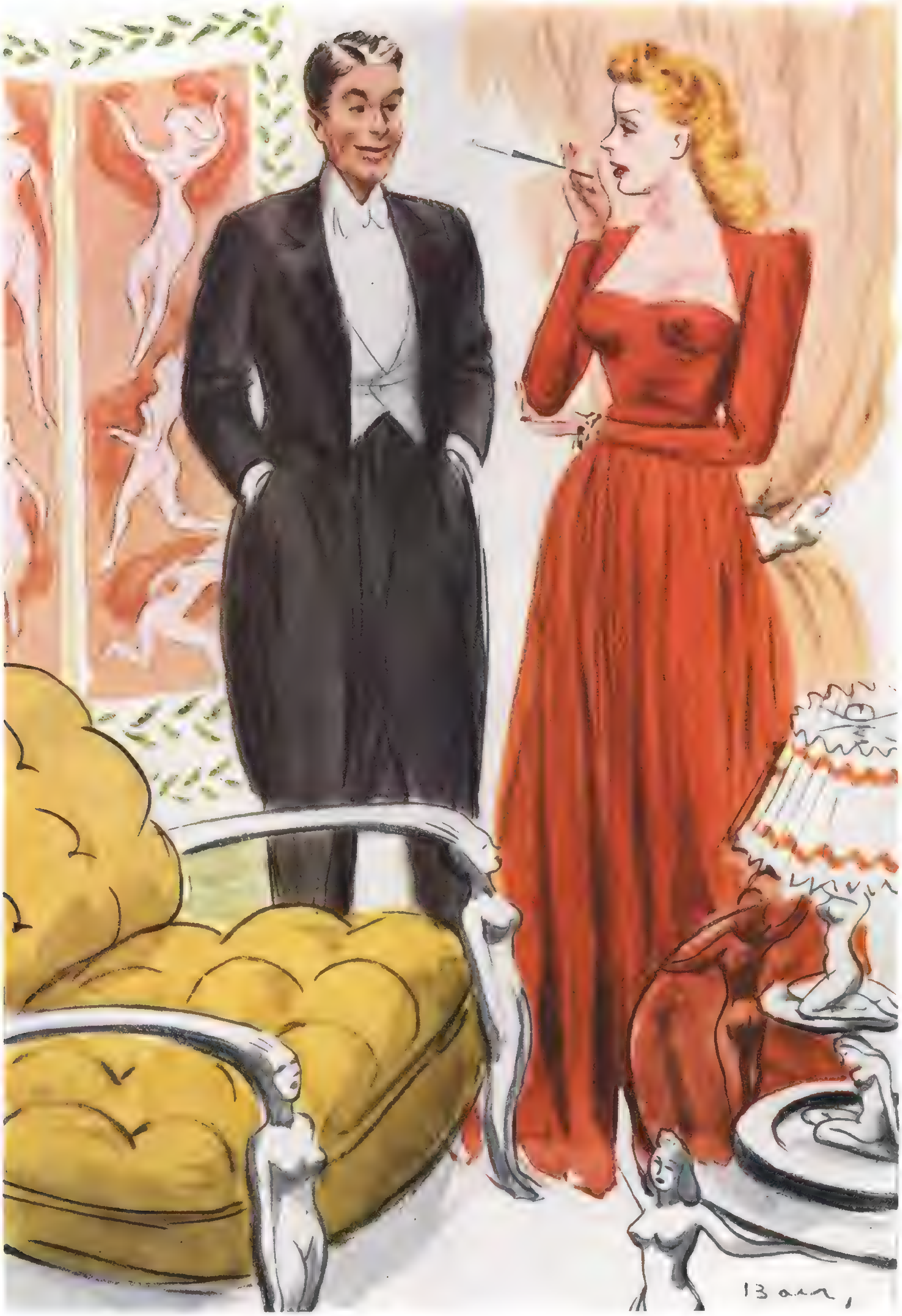
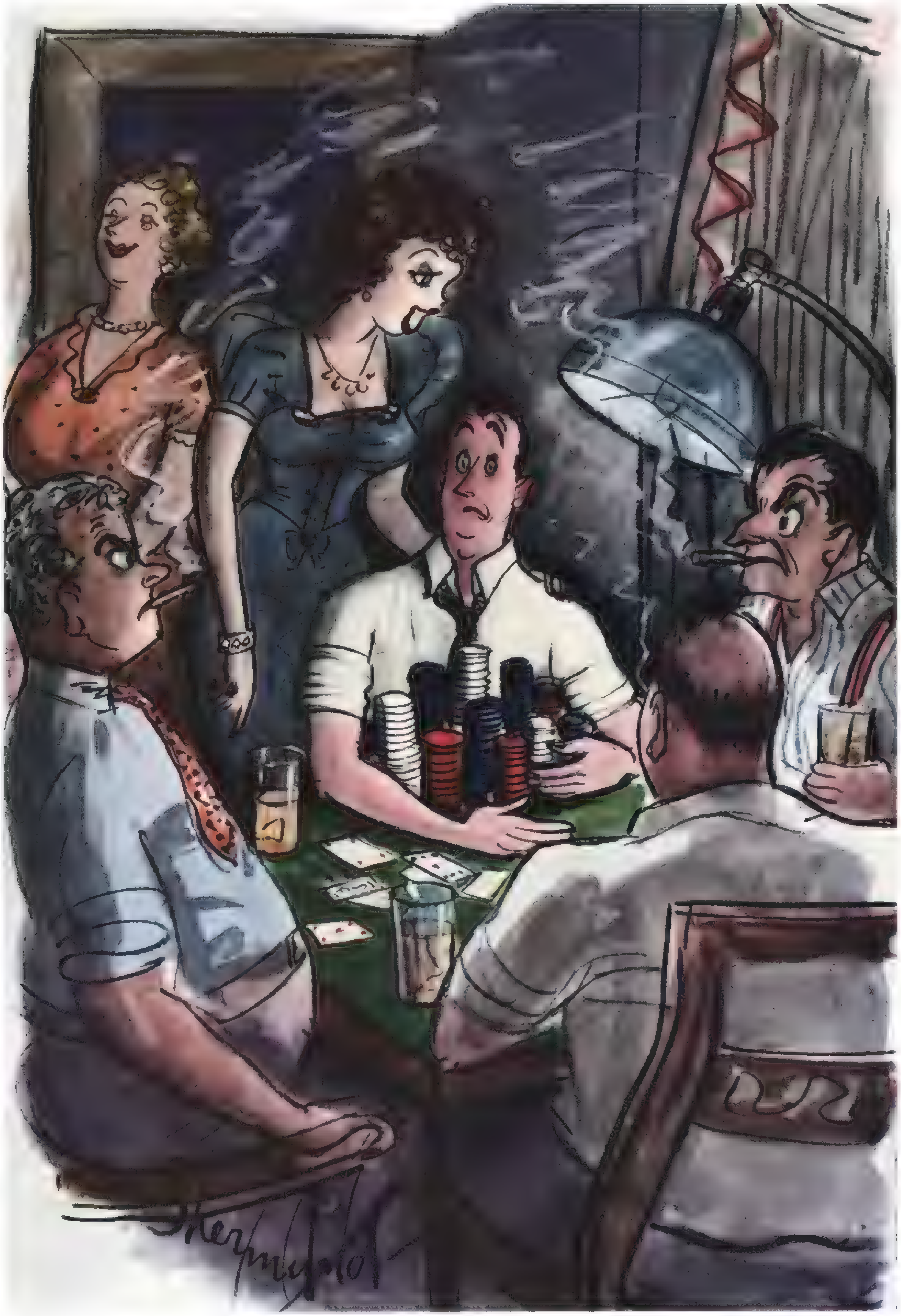


"Now just what is it you don't like about working in the ladies' intimate wear department?"



"A beautiful apartment, Miss LeRoy. The decorators seem to have caught your personality"



"Darling, could you let me take that marked deck? I want to show Mrs. Wilson the trick you taught me"

Food With Fun In It

Vintners dare not whisper Pasteur's declaration that "Wine is the most healthful and hygienic of beverages"

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

DIGESTION is too useful a thing to deserve doses of cold water. Yet that is the treatment it gets only too often in this day and generation, under pretext of washing a meal down. The fact that flavor is thereby drowned out doesn't seem to matter to the swallower in his craze for dyspepsia. By his burps ye shall know him.

You can't say that man never knew any better. He just seems to have forgotten, that's all. For countless thousands of years, 'way back to the dim days of Egypt, he teamed up his eating with the juice of something that came in bunches on a vine: a juice which, instead of checking and frustrating the digestive fluids of the mouth as water does, gave them the go-to-it.

Interestingly enough, this activator, for which gods Osiris and Bacchus both got credit ("By Bacchus!" rated as a first-class oath), was as pleasant as it was practical. Your handmaiden couldn't whack the weekly wash in it as successfully as in the soft, germy, urn-toted H_2O from the cistern or river, but it gave you every reason for putting vine leaves in your hair and going into your dance at the Babylonian businessmen's luncheon. It was nourishing without being tearoomy. A meal went on for months.

As regards interior effects this vinous stuff was disgustingly wholesome with natural mineral salts, vitamins A, B, C, G, and sometimes W and Y. And enough beneficial fruit acids to make the California and Florida citrus interests foam with jealousy. Whether the victuals partaken of alongside were bread and cheese or a sixty-six-course marathon beginning with nightingales' tongues, the gurgling grape gravy tucked them in place systematically, with no rattling about. Uncoddled by pure food laws and board of health regulations, diners lay down on their couches and swam to safety. Experts could keep afloat indefinitely.

To furnish the gallonage, viticulture (professional name for grape growing) spread all over the ancient world with viniculture (wine-making) close on its heels. The Isles of Greece became noted sources of supply, with Crete outstanding for its Malvasia, alias Malmsey, destined to take new root on the island of Madeira in the Atlantic and thence into our Colonial forefathers. Greek settlers on the west end of Sicily inaugurated the sweet, potent Marsala that gives character to your Scaloppine of Veal. Phoenician traders, galleying about, bartered royal purple dyes for aboriginal Malagas, Sherries, and Ports of Hispania. The exclusive Etruscans of the hills of central Italy laid the foundations of Chianti.

In consequence there was civilization and conversation. The human spirit blossomed, the human brain boomed—expressing themselves conjointly in art, poetry, drama, and philosophy, with Plato settling the love question in one swell Symposium ("Banquet"). Life made sense, had real charm, and the gods and goddesses (ah there, Aphrodite!) were such good skates you didn't begrudge the libations you poured out to them.

And would all this have occurred on ice water? Hardly. Indeed, in the light of twentieth-century experience we can picture in place of the glory that was Greece a desert bare except for hen tracts of the Maiden-Aunty-Saloon League, to which even the vine is sinful because people get enjoyment from it. Unfortunately, these cackling furies of aridity have by noise and numbers pestered our legislators into humoring them with freak restrictions on wine. One priceless rule, for example, forbids any vintner to mention the simple fact that wine is food. He must act as though he were dealing in arsenic or dynamite. As for quoting the well-known statement of test-tuber Pasteur: "Wine is the most healthful and hygienic of beverages"—heavens, they'd clap him in jail, and Pasteur, too, if they could get him. He with his safe milk for babies, daring to say a thing like that! Virgin vinegar rises in full halitosis of indignation against it, and timid lawmakers duck under the desks. And what do we male voters do about it? Nothing.

Furthermore, with enormous vineyard areas to draw on, the American laboring man is denied the benefit of a barrel of wine in the cellar of the tavern he patronizes. He must buy a bottle, or from a bottle. Which means that he pays a much higher price per glass than does the laboring man in any other wine-producing country. In other words, it's on a luxury basis, even though the quality be strictly run-of-the-mill.

If common sense entered into the picture at all, there would be a distinction between his wine requirements and those of the man who wants quality. The former would be a *bulk* customer, the latter a *brand* customer—both contented. And the industry would then be able to direct its efforts accordingly and thus eliminate present marketing mixups which are due to the quaint governmental theory that all wine consumers are alike in taste and pocketbook. That is, with the exception of sparkling wine fanciers, who are assumed to be millionaires and so taxed—which makes it tough when these wines are purchased for use in hospitals. (Prescribed in cases of acute nausea, etc.)

No such handicaps hampered the progress of our cultural friends "Viti" and "Vini" in the days of the Caesars. The province of Gaul was found to be an ideal land for wines, especially the regions later known as Burgundy and Champagne, and also the southern shore section now specializing in Vermouth; likewise the riverside tracts in the neighborhood

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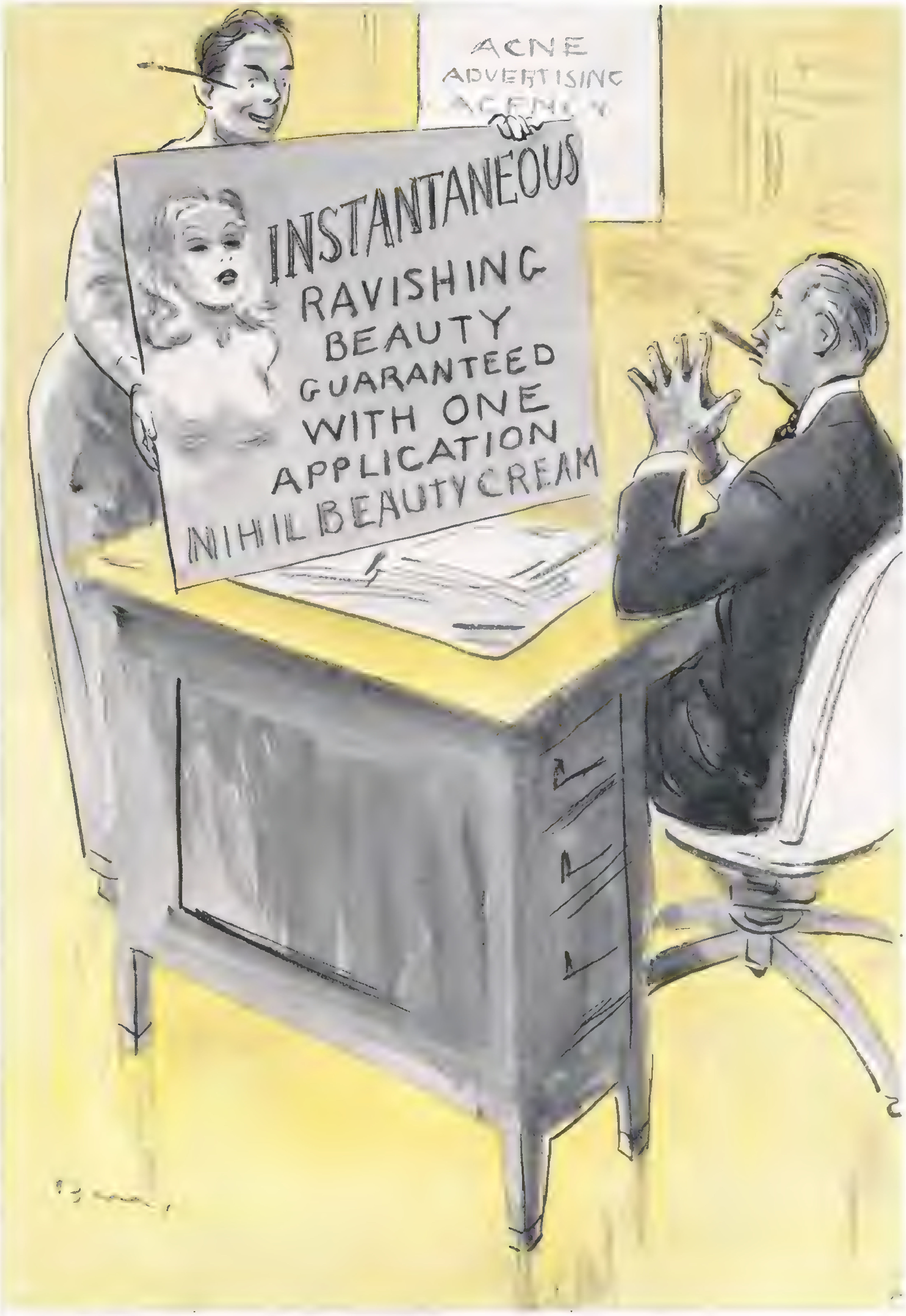
"Did you say whipped cream?"


ACNE
ADVERTISING
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WITH ONE
APPLICATION
NIHIL BEAUTY CREAM

"Do you think that's putting it strong enough, chief?"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Contrasting books on Mexico, how alcohol affects you, fascism in Kansas and a new view of Moses

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

BOOKS

DON'T believe everything that a book reviewer tells you. Among the lads and lasses in my profession there is the usual percentage of the ignorant, the conscienceless, the biased, and the just plain vicious. Many a book criticism screams loudly for a review of the critic's own life, to determine how he happened to feel that way about that particular opus.

I have plenty of names in mind, but at the moment my eye is on the *New York Times Book Review*. The *Times*, generally rated the No. 1 newspaper of our free press country—on sheer bulk of coverage rather than on courage or objectivity—has two excellent critics in its daily issues, Mr. Poore and especially Mr. Thompson, whom I hereby salute as among the best. The *Times'* Sunday book section is something else again. The bottom of the trouble is probably a reactionary editorial policy. I can't go into it, but some free lance writer might find there a good subject for an exposé.

In this department in December I took a wham at Evelyn Waugh's *Mexico: An Object Lesson*. A "literary" la-de-dah is sent over from England to do an attack on Mexico: he gathers his material from like-minded gents here and there and around the Ritz Hotel bar, and turns out quite the nastiest and most untruthful book that was ever done by a trained seal on a six weeks' tour.

The book gets published in England as *Robbery Under the Law*. A great day for British oil propaganda. Over here different conditions require a toned-down label. A review copy hits the office of the *New York Times*, whose man Kluckhohn had been kicked out of Mexico for writing some fancy stories that excited the ridicule of his brother correspondents on the spot. On the day I am writing this, the *Times'* main editorial expresses great concern for "that harassed little country," Finland, with the Reds on its tail. Mexico, too, is a harassed little country, and one of its harassments has been the propaganda of the *Times*.

The reviewer selected to do the Waugh book is R. L. Martin, a woman who, as long as her husband held the job of football coach at the Polytechnic in Mexico City, wrote glowing articles about the country and managed to cash in on many a free jaunt. Since then Mrs. Martin has changed her stance. She finds Waugh great stuff and pulls out all the stops for him.

Now comes a really significant and honest book about the country, *Mexico Reborn* (Houghton, Mifflin, $3), by Verna Millan, a woman who has spent six years, not six weeks, in the country, and who, through her marriage with a Mexican physician, has lived closer to facts and events than to the Ritz bar. Mrs. Millan's study of Mexico as it is today considers the debit side but is informed with hope for the Mexican future. It fell to the lot of La Martin to review this book, and she fell on it hammer and tongs. Give the gal credit, she has ability at innuendo and distortion not often found in the reviewing profession, and the jobs she did on these two books, the lousy one cried up, the excellent one sabotaged, deserve to be analyzed for their mastery of the propaganda twist.

Mrs. Martin says that "in some ways" *Mexico Reborn* is "an embarrassing book to review." There is more in this phrase than meets the eye, as the reviewer herself will realize on the rebound. But let us leave the *New York Times Book Review* and its staff to whatever conscience they have, and let me quit reviewing reviewers with only one more remark: that it is people like R. L. Martin who queer matters for other writers that come along. Mrs. M. has left quite a wake in Mexico; she traded on her *Times* connection to the limit, sold out her pals, and made it much harder for the other writers to be trusted.

As for Mrs. Millan's *Mexico Reborn*, it is a dramatic and exciting personal experience story which covers the main aspects of Mexico—labor, art, oil, politics, personalities, and the shape of things to come. Mrs. Millan, who is a novelist, should be urged to turn some of the conflicts she records into fiction. A novel on the hospital and university situation, for instance.

* * *

Jack London, disillusioned with high school and college, used to say that a man could educate himself better in the public library, that the books contained everything. Books certainly give one an idea or two. From Joan London's *Jack London and His Times* (Doubleday Doran, $3), I learn that it is possible to write a Trotskyist biography of the author of *The Call of the Wild* and *The Iron Heel*.

Jack's class-conscious daughter's "unconventional biography" gives the socialist and labor background, the depressions, Coxey's army, the 1905 Russian Revolution, as necessary stuff for understanding this Jekyll-Hyde author. He was an enigma even to himself, and the psychoanalysts who have taken to probing Poe, Mark Twain, and Proust will soon have a go at him. He attained manhood as a boy, and remained immature to the end of his days. As a socialist he was too hot for his own party, and at the same time carried in his ego the seeds of fascism. He was in a hurry all his life, in too big a hurry: to learn what there was to be learned, to get out of the working class, to succeed, to write more words, to spend too much and live too high.

He hurried out of life at forty, author of a few good things and of much tripe. He had been a sweat-shop slave, an oyster pirate, a sailor, a student, a socialist; he had trekked

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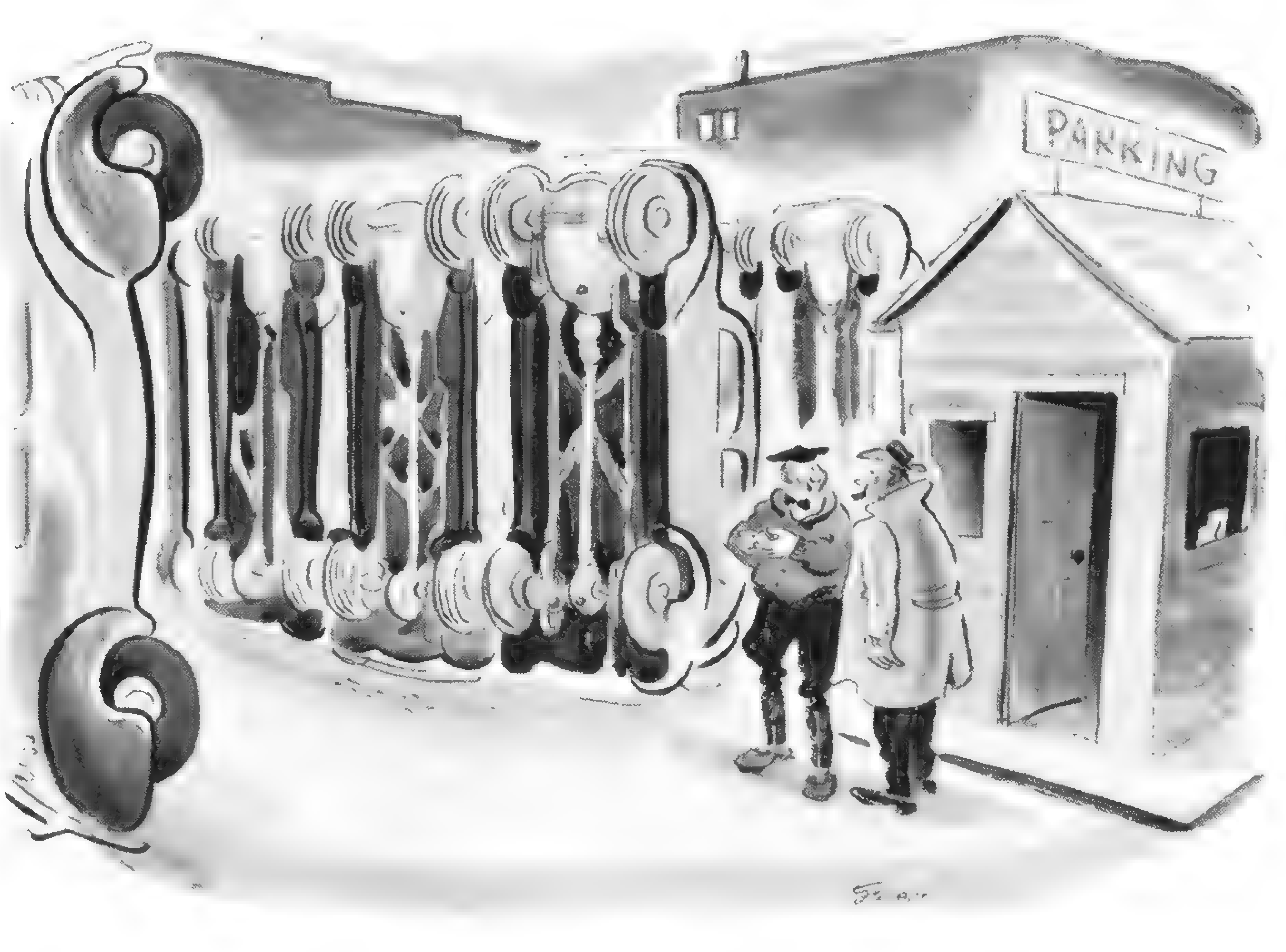
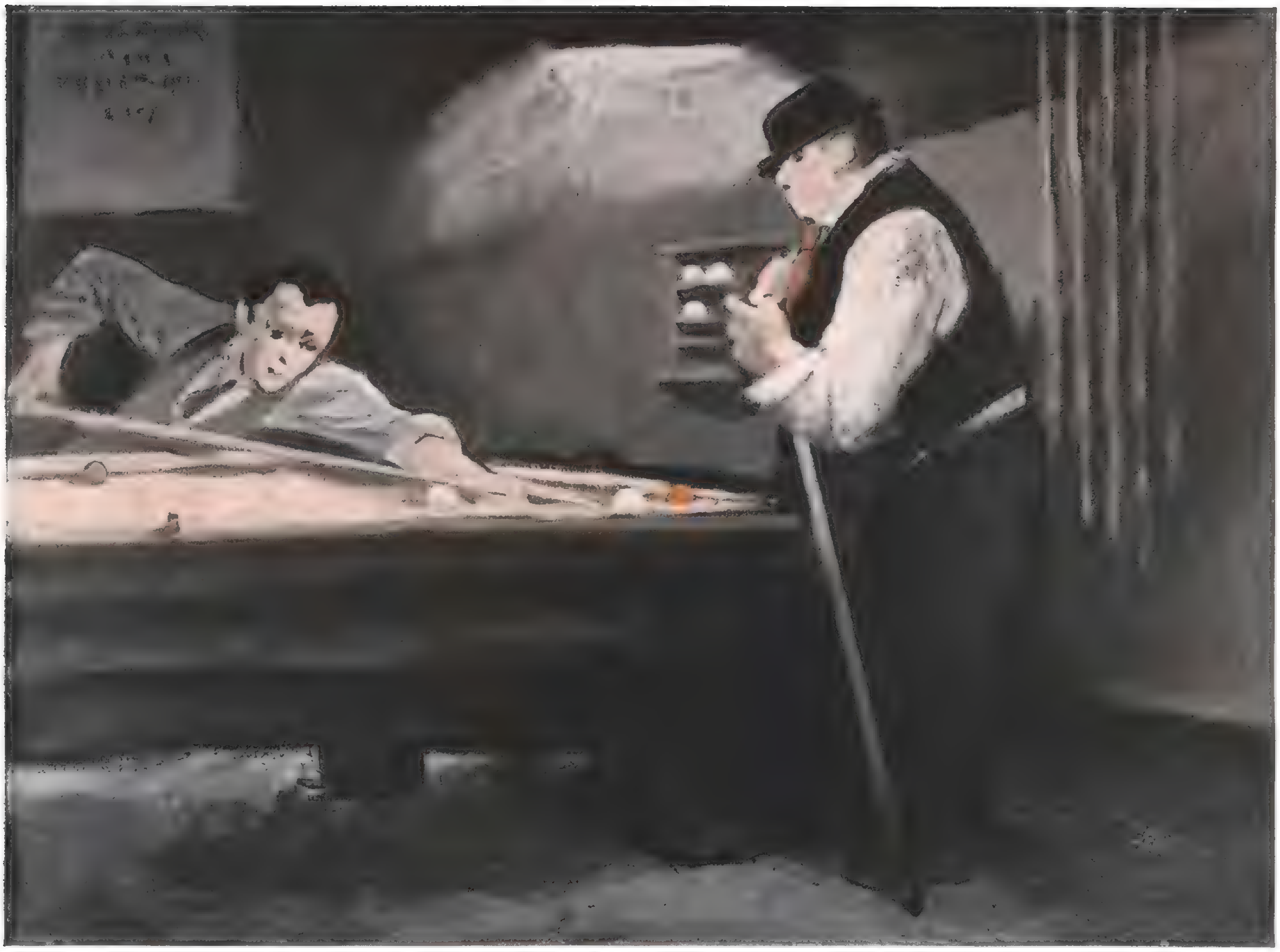
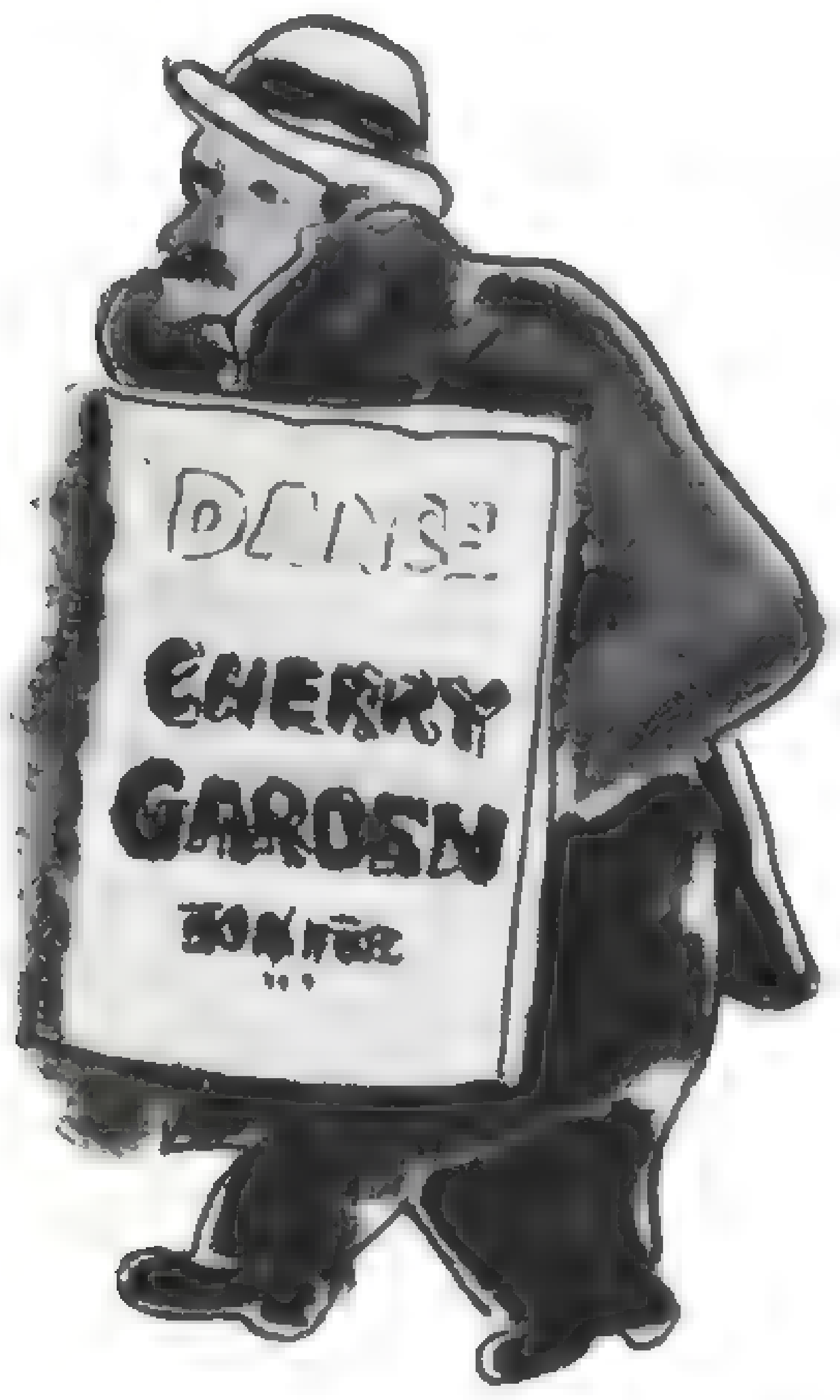


"We find we can take care of more this way!"





This Table On Time Only

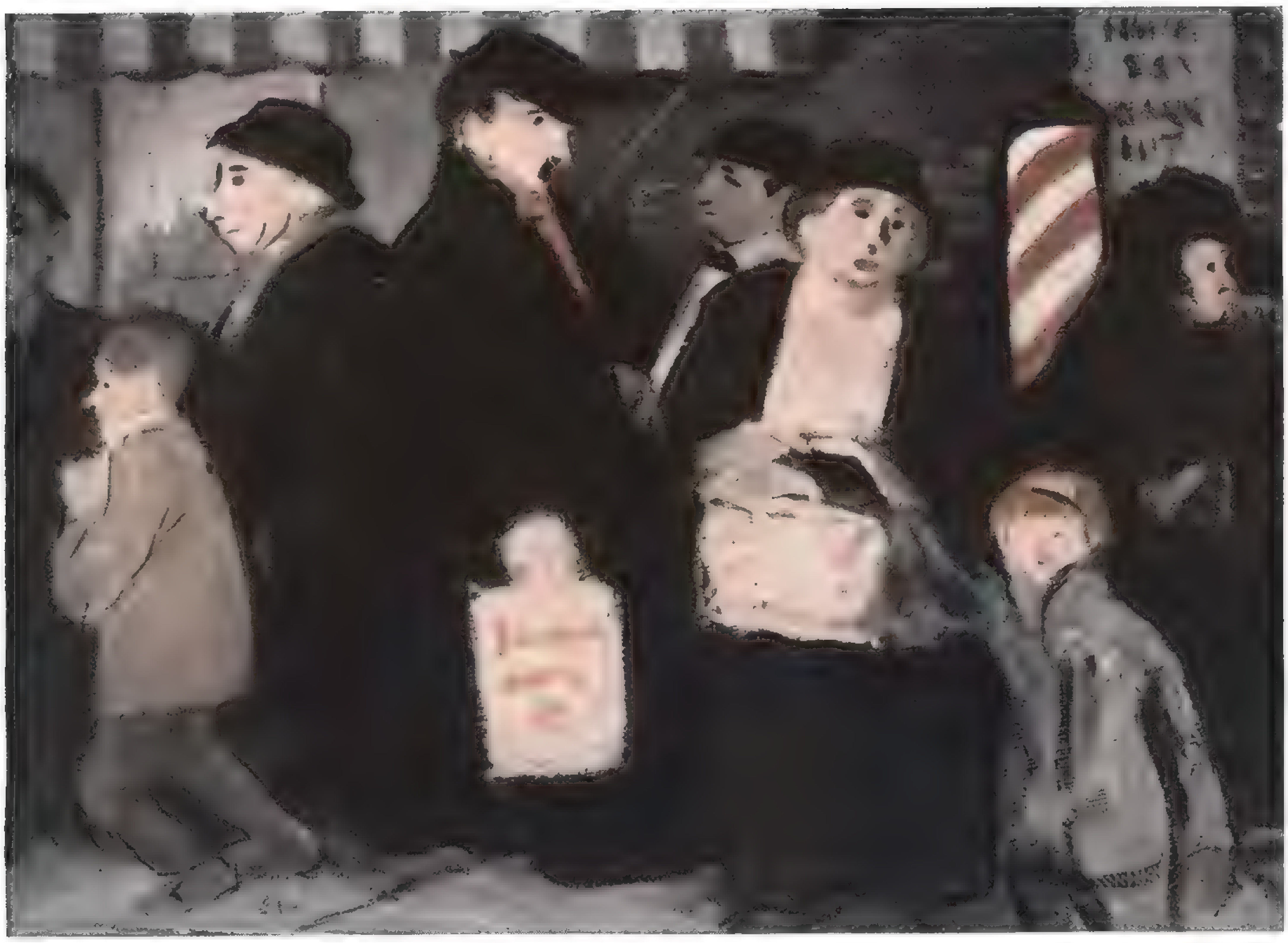
by NELSON ALGREN

PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

> *Skidmarks across the street from the 34th street wall of Comiskey Park indicate Piccioti was thrown from an auto going west. Three .25 calibre bullets fired at close range into the back of the neck . . . .*
> —*Item,* Chicago Daily Times

He was born above a rear-lot garage facing an alley,
And once got lost between Chicago Avenue and West Division.
He was raised between the change of a Damen Avenue stoplight from red to green,
Between the clack of an ivory-tipped cue in a North Avenue poolroom
And the fall of the fifteen ball into a corner pocket.
Between a poolroom grin of triumph and a single dying groan.
Between the time it takes to rack up for rotation
And the time to pay off. No massé shots allowed.
Between the warning whistle for the first round of a welterweight windup at White City
And the final bell.
Between the hammer
And the anvil.

They found him necking his waltz-night girl at the Cherry Gardens
While the chandeliers were changing slowly from lavender to orchid.
Between the mezzanine and the balcony, wearing patent-leather pumps,
And Jerry Johnson's Royal Swingsters playing *My Last Goodbye to You.*
They spoke softly to him in a shadowed corner of the newly-tiled urinal.
While the lights turned slowly to a sad sea-green.
When he asked the cloakroom blonde for his topcoat
The vast marble lobby turned the heavenliest pink.
He left between them with the topcoat slung over his arm



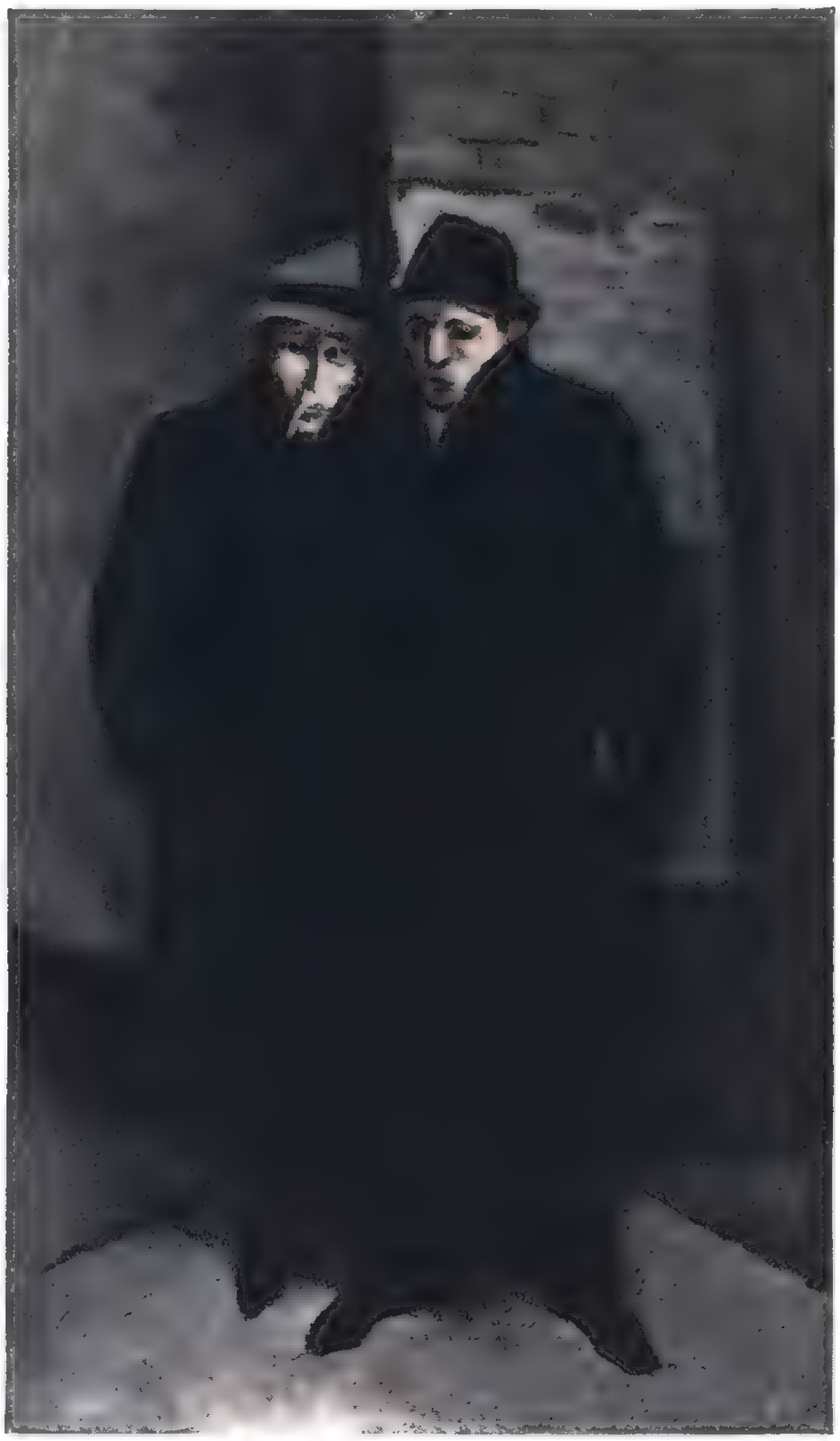
And the toes of the pumps reflecting the pink of the lights.
The Royal Swingsters swung easily into *Blame It on My Last Affair.*
With a pansy doing the vocal.
PLAYERS WILL KEEP ONE FOOT ON THE FLOOR.
NO TRICK SHOTS OR LOUD TALKING ALLOWED.
KINDLY RACK UP YOUR CUE.

The car moved, as any other shadow,
Beneath the shadowed El.
Two of them held him while another loosened his collar.
There was no use leaving a tell-tale burn in the shirt.
They stopped speaking softly between Wabash and State,
And parked in the alley beneath the Congress Street station
Until the groan of the El overhead could muffle the shot.
He fainted once during that wait, and came to in a sweat.
Just as the El overhead began slowing down toward the station.

They stuffed him into the topcoat,
Feet first for the sake of time,
And buttoned it high so he wouldn't catch cold
Wrapping the collar carefully about the pointed pumps
And draping him over the side, to let him drip:
The moving El clattered faintly, curving south toward Twelfth.
They turned east onto the Drive and west down 34th.
They let his heels drag for one darkened mile
That almost ruined his shine
And got rid of him at last, without slowing down,
Passing the darkened park.

He lay among other undersized weeds
In the prairie behind the grandstand.
The grey-gloved fingers twitched once
And the trouser legs stirred in the wind.
The toes scratched a bit in the sand:
It was that that ruined the pumps
It wasn't the ride at all.
NO LOUD TALKING PERMITTED.
NO TRICK SHOTS ALLOWED.
THIS TABLE ON TIME ONLY.

Kindly rack up his cue.



Here They Come

A harness horse owner can get up behind if he has the nerve, the gift of the hands at the reins

by SHERWOOD ANDERSON

• SPORTS •

ONCE practically everyone in America at all interested in sports knew the trotting and pacing horses. When one of the champions was to appear at one of our state fairs, J. I. C., Maud S., Nancy Hanks, Dan Patch, the people turned out as they do nowadays to a big college football game. Men and boys hung over the fences along the race tracks.

"Here they come!"

The trotters or the pacers were in the home stretch in an exciting race. Some of the drivers were shouting wildly while others sat with grim tense faces, holding the reins over their steeds.

The horses themselves, as they swung into the full rhythm of their stride, seemed to flatten. Heads were thrust forward, nostrils distended. There was the ringing sound of hoofs on the hard earth. A little gray mare was creeping up inch by inch on a big free-legged brown gelding. He was a high stepping, long-striding one. She was at his flank, at his shoulder. There was the wire just ahead. Would she make it?

"Here she comes! Here she comes! Ha! She has made it!"

Almost every boy and man hanging over the fences along the home stretch at the big mile tracks, at the state fairs where the fastest sometimes came, at the little dusty half-mile tracks at the county fairs, knew his horses. He could recite for you the blood lines of his favorites. In every American town there were a few men, owning a few good ones, colts they hoped might come on, get into the big time. It was the sport of the small town man, the farmer. A few city men went for it but on the whole it remained the sport of men who lived close to the horse. General Grant loved the trotters as did the first of the Vanderbilts. The big-timers went to the Grand Circuit meetings at North Randall, near Cleveland, to Goshen, New York, Meadville, Pennsylvania, Kalamazoo in Michigan. It threatened to blow up, come to an end with the coming of the automobile.

Unlike the running tracks, harness horse racing never was a sport for big time gamblers. A quite different crowd was attracted and is still attracted. They are a hearty sun-tanned outdoors crowd, these harness horse men.

It was a horse age, when almost every man you knew owned some kind of horse. The country doctor drove a horse along country roads to visit his patients, the lawyers and judge went horse-drawn from town to town to attend court, the livery stable was the hangout of the young sports of the towns. Men and boys knew the blood lines of horses as now they know the various makes of automobiles.

It seemed a dying sport but it never did quite die and now it is coming to life again. Go in the winter to the Old Glory horse sale, held in New York City, where the yearlings from the big Hanover Shoe Farms and from other big breeding farms are brought in for sale. They will be coming up also from many big and little breeding establishments, buyers there from small towns all over the country, a few rich men, many of the small town well-to-do class, what we have learned recently to call "the middle class." They will be also at the big Indianapolis sale and at the fall sale of yearlings from Walnut Hall near Lexington during the Lexington Trots, in late September.

They are in the show ring at one of the big sales. There is a man on a pony leading a yearling around the ring. The pony goes at a furious gallop. The man cries out. The colt is on a halter, at his galloping pony's heels. The man shouts. He gives wild cries. He cracks a long whip over the colt's head.

"You see—he is bred right, eh," he is saying to the colt buyers. "Look how naturally he sticks to the trot or pace."

"He is a good one, boys. Buy him and own a winner."

It goes on and on, man's love of the horse. The automobile threatened to kill it, wipe it out, but didn't succeed. For a long time, after the automobile came, when the barns that used to stand back of almost every house in the towns began to be torn down or turned into garages, it looked as though a special breed of horsemen, the drivers and owners of trotters and pacers, might die out and what many men had thought the noblest and most beautiful of all forms of sport, be forgotten.

Forgotten also the time when the rich city man, living but a few blocks from his office, still felt he had to own a good one or a team of good ones, the time when you could see a horse race almost any day, down through a residence street of an American town or city, when after a snowfall, horsemen of the towns got their best ones out for a sleigh race down through the main street. No red and green stop lights for them. A country lawyer, a saloon keeper, a doctor, each up behind his own fast one, the main street cleared of farmers' teams, men and boys standing in crowds on the sidewalks before the stores, all business suspended for the time. The quiet-seeming country doctor has become like a wild man now. He is holding the lines over a big gelding that has been to the races and won't break no matter how much noise the doctor makes. He plans to throw that little mare the lawyer is driving off his stride, and so wild cries come from his lips and he slashes his long whip back and forth over his gelding's head.

It is fun, horse fun, man's fun. The country doctor as he drives visiting his patients from house to house along country roads has trained his gelding not to be annoyed by his cries and his whip lashings. The big gelding knows the game. He half turns his head waiting for the little mare to go into a "break."

Even the preachers indulged in it sometimes, although a preacher had to be careful. If he went off to one of the big sales and bought himself a yearling and had the fun of training him, seeing him get a little more and a little more into his stride, if he began to dream of seeing his horse in a race at county fair time, he had to take him to a professional horse trainer and driver.

"Jim, you understand that, as far as the public is concerned, he is your horse. It wouldn't do for me to send a horse into a race and if you do send him in, it's on your own. You understand?"

"Sure I understand, preacher."

"Preacher, he sure looks like a comer to me."

There were farmers who got what was called the "horse craze." Such a one sold his farm and moved into town. He bought some colts and opened a training stable. He trained on the half mile dirt track up at the town's fair ground. He might be a young man whose father had died and left him a good farm and everyone said he was a fool to let a good farm go for the horse racing game.

However he had a dream. He had his heroes. He dreamed of some day becoming an Ed Greer, known far and wide as "The Silent Man from Tennessee," a Walter Cox, a Budd Doble. The trot and the pace were American institutions like baseball, highly technical, fast, exciting. Almost every man along the main street of an American small town knew the fine points of the game. It had its heroes, known to all, its Babe Ruths among race horse drivers, its Jimmy Foxxes, its DiMaggios. The fast trotter had been an American development and all the world champions had been born and trained here. When the Europeans wanted to get really good ones they had to come here. The Czar of Russia and the Grand Dukes sent their buyers. Buyers came from the kings and princes of many lands. Some of our famous drivers and trainers went to drive and train in Europe.

It was a time when all men were close to the horse. It was true that the run was the faster gait, the gait a horse naturally took when pressed to extreme speed, but the American always did love technique. Look what we have done to football and to baseball. At the trot or pace, there is something controlled. You are held within a certain definite technique, as when a poet writes a sonnet. I remember when one day I took a young man, a horse lover, son of an old-time trotting-horse man, to see a trotting race, at a time when the harness horse seemed on his way out. The young man did not understand or see how skillfully one of our well-known harness horse drivers tooled his horse through the stretch, pressing him to the last possible inch of speed at the gait and not over pressing to throw him off his stride. The boy could not understand because he knew only the saddlers and the runners. I wanted to weep not only for my friend's son but for all sons born in an age when what had seemed the finest development of the horse ever known was passing out.

But it has not passed. Now it comes to life again. Now we have the Hamiltonian, named for old Hamiltonian 10, whose blood runs down through almost every horse, trotter or pacer, going to the harness races today, a big forty, fifty, sometimes even sixty thousand dollar race. It is a big race, in a sense we Americans understand, big money involved, and it gets attention. The big city newspapers send their sport writers to the race, the city men turn out, whole pages in the sports section of the big city newspapers are devoted to the race, a Peter Astra, the Hamiltonian winner, Kentucky Futurity winner, owned by an Ohio small town doctor, gets his picture in the city newspapers. Go among the people at Goshen on the day of the Hamiltonian and you will find a vast majority of the crowd still small towners and farmers. It is their big day. The best of the new ones, the coming champions, will be there. It is their kind of horse racing, the kind they know and love.

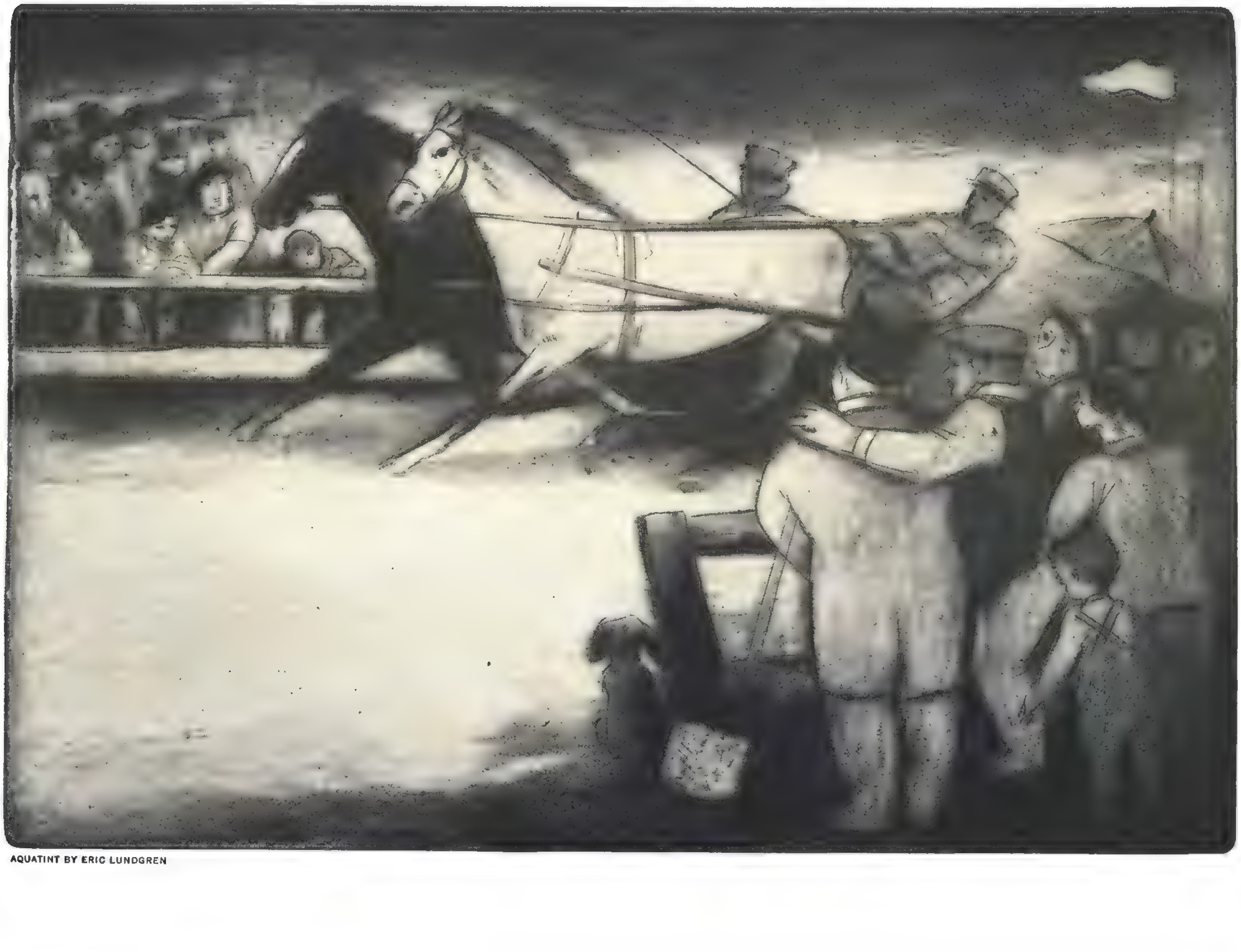
And now harness horse racing is adjusting itself to the modern age. It is not only that they step faster and faster every year, dozens of good ones down now well below the two-minute mark, great horses, like the Greyhound and Billy Direct stepping miles that would have seemed unbelievable to the men of the horse and buggy age, a new one like Peter Astra likely, before he retires to the stud, to go faster even than the Greyhound or Billy Direct, new men, Doc Parshall, Sep Palin, Vic Flemming, Ben White, to take the place of the Coxes, Greers and Dobles of another day, but there is also a sharp stepping up of the get-away going on.

It was the scoring for the start that too much annoyed the modern harness horse race goer although it did not annoy the people of the horse and buggy age. The horses went up to the head of the home stretch and turning scored down for a fair start. There were numbers drawn and the pole horse, on the inside of the track, was to lead the way. If another horse scored down ahead of him or a horse went into a break, leaped into a run, it was no go and had to be done over again, sometimes, five, ten, even twelve or fifteen times, the starter scolding the drivers, we in the crowd sitting patiently, each driver trying to get the advantage of the start, sometimes a driver fined, it all, we felt, a science too, the drivers striving to outwit the starter, but to the modern race goer, knowing horse racing for the most part only at the running tracks, it was all too slow.

Starting machinery is being introduced now, to get the horses off quickly. Bigger and bigger crowds are coming again to the harness races.

And there is something else. The man who owns a trotter or a pacer can, if he has the gift, if he loves the feel of the lines held over a good one, get up behind him himself. It isn't at all necessary, as with the running horse, to turn him over to some slip of a boy. All the thrills may come to any man, a horse lover, who can feel himself, as the harness horse race driver may, a part of the horse at speed, controlling him, handling him, timing him to get out of him the last inch of speed. The harness horse man can, if he wishes and has the courage, the nerve, the gift of the hands holding the reins, get up there himself. It is this fact that is drawing them back. The little owners are again going to the yearling sales. Horsemen, who can afford to own big stables, the Harrimans, the Dunbar Bostwicks and other rich men are buying fast ones. They can get up there themselves, know the feel of the horse, know in their own bodies the curious accord that sometimes grows between man and horse. Women who have the horse passion can do it. In '37 at the Lexington Trots, held in late September, a slip of a girl of eleven, Miss Alma Sheppard, daughter of Lawrence Sheppard, trainer at the Hanover Shoe Farms, took the three-year-old trotter, Dean Hanover, out on the tracks and with him smashed the three-year-old's records, doing the mile in 1.58½. With the modern bike sulky the weight of the driver doesn't matter too much. He isn't up there on the horse's back. What matters is something in the driver's hands, in his head, in his nerves. He doesn't have to hand the game over to a boy, stand aside. He can get up there, behind his horse, the racing flanks of his horse, his pride and joy, between his legs, be in it, a part of it.

This is the fact that, in the end, will surely more and more bring horse-loving men back again to the harness horse and to harness horse racing. ⧺



AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Roulades and Cadenzas

Where is there an audience to give new music a hearing, form its own opinion, fight for what it likes?

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

QUEER eggs, we Americans! Positively heroic in our frenzy after the latest urban idiocy, we stick our heads in a barrel when symphony orchestras play modern music.

In other respects we proclaim ourselves ahead of the times. We toast the newest movie, the last novel, the latest kitchen gadget, next season's debutante. We pretend we live in the world of tomorrow. We thrive on speed, excitement, noise, jitters. Change is in our blood. We invent new shapes for automobiles, shoes, hair-cuts, hips. We expect our front-page heroes, our politicians and our gangsters to be shifted monthly. If they're not, we're bored. But in music we are die-hards, real Yankees. We live in the past. Yeah, we've come up from von Suppé and the *William Tell* overture to Tchaikovsky and now to Wagner and Sibelius. We have two grains more intelligence and sincerity about art than we did yesterday. But where contemporary expressions are concerned, we're both deaf and dumb.

* * *

The American theatre-goer says, "Maxwell Anderson has written a new play. We must go." The American music-lover mumbles, "Mm—mmm. Roy Harris has written a new symphony. It's being broadcast tonight. Let's tune in the Brahms *First*." It may be that Roy Harris' or Schönberg's or Stravinsky's music is icy, inhuman, incomprehensible. But the majority of so-called music-lovers couldn't prove it. They can't honestly say they don't like it: they have never heard it.

Why should our women—who cultivate their bodies, cultivate personality, cultivate charm, cultivate culture—be oblivious to new music? Why should we—the most curious and wealthiest people on earth—overlook the tone-talks of our contemporaries? Is it that music, for us, is merely an escape? Is it that we wish to avoid the obstinate, unrelenting reflections of ourselves in sound? We don't in literature, in painting, in the drama.

In the England of Handel—the time of powdered wigs and snuff—the ticket buyers demanded his latest operas. Haydn couldn't turn out symphonies fast enough to meet the demand—nor Mozart, operas. The same was true of Verdi a century later. In Paris today, new music draws crowds. A curious public—anxious to expose itself to the latest sensation—seeks unfamiliar thrills, hopes to find new masterpieces or even new works of the second or third class. With our own youth, it's the latest fad, the most advanced rhythmic variation that takes.

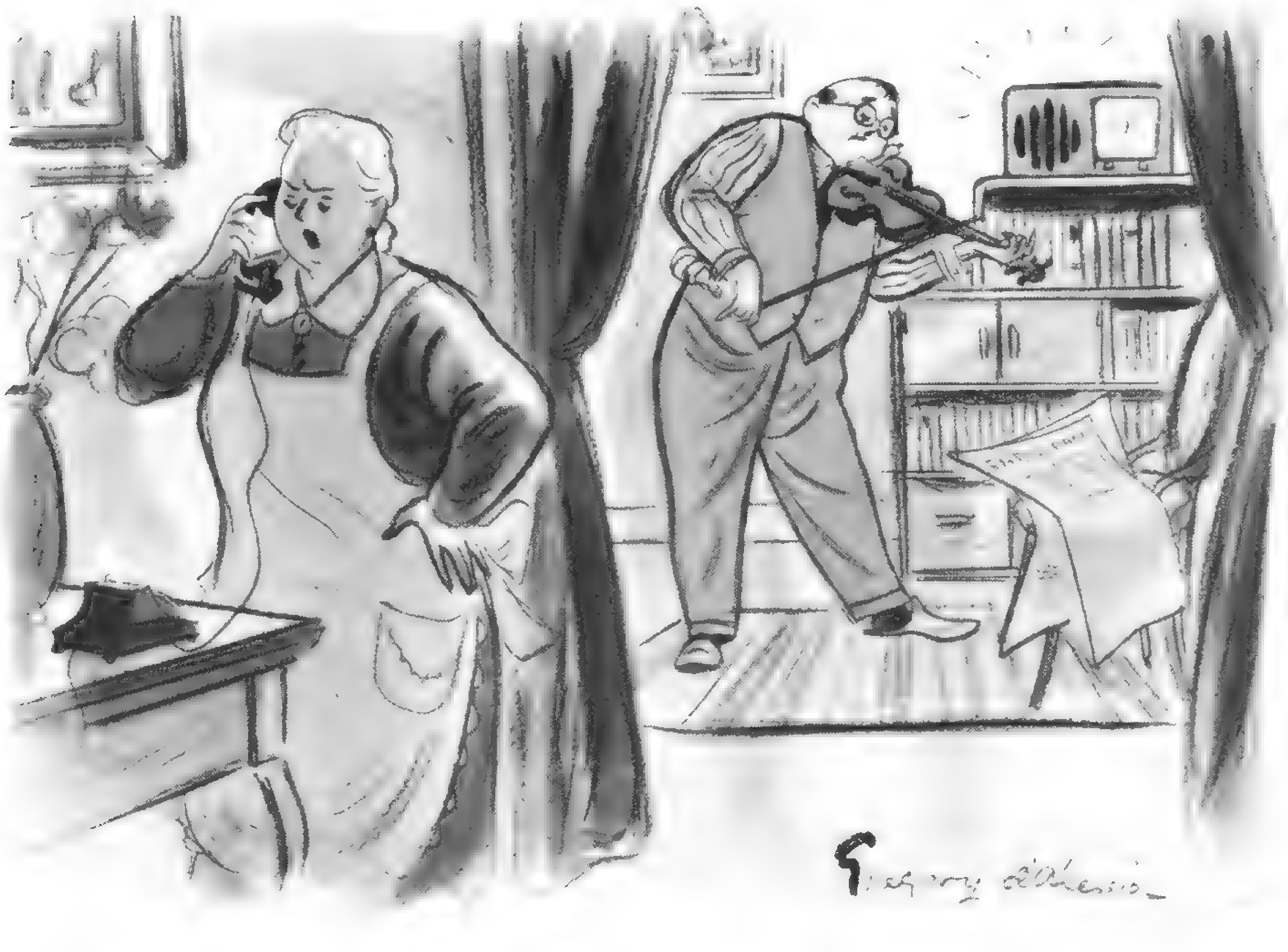
We sophisticates complain that the contemporary output in music for the concert hall is sterile, dry, uninspired—essays produced in a vacuum. This is our verdict without listening. There is truth in it. But the fault is ours. We don't give composers a hearing. We have no receptive critical public, anxious to understand their latest struggle. Most of them have years and years of work waiting for performance—pieces they have never heard themselves.

The writer of novels knows that once his book is in print it will sooner or later find a way to its readers, and letters will pour (or trickle) in from the ends of the earth. But a piece of music is at the mercy of circumstance, the chance of finding a conductor who thinks it will add to his personal fame to exploit it and is willing, therefore, to impose it on an apathetic public. The composer is in the position of an author who, on completing his book, has to go around "looking for a likely compositor and printer, a paper merchant, to be flattered into friendliness, a bookbinder caught in the right mood, booksellers that have to be treated like hysterical babies."

The man who has written his novel—if it is good and often if it isn't—finds a publisher and goes home happy. The composer who has finished his piece has scarcely begun. It is not the mere job of finding a publisher—he must also get his work played. To do that, he must flatter and cajole conductors and hang around their dressing rooms. They never talk on the telephone and are as inaccessible as Major Bowes. They appear only at public ceremonies. When and if he sees them, he will have to listen first to 40,000 or 50,000 words of autobiography before they come to his problem.

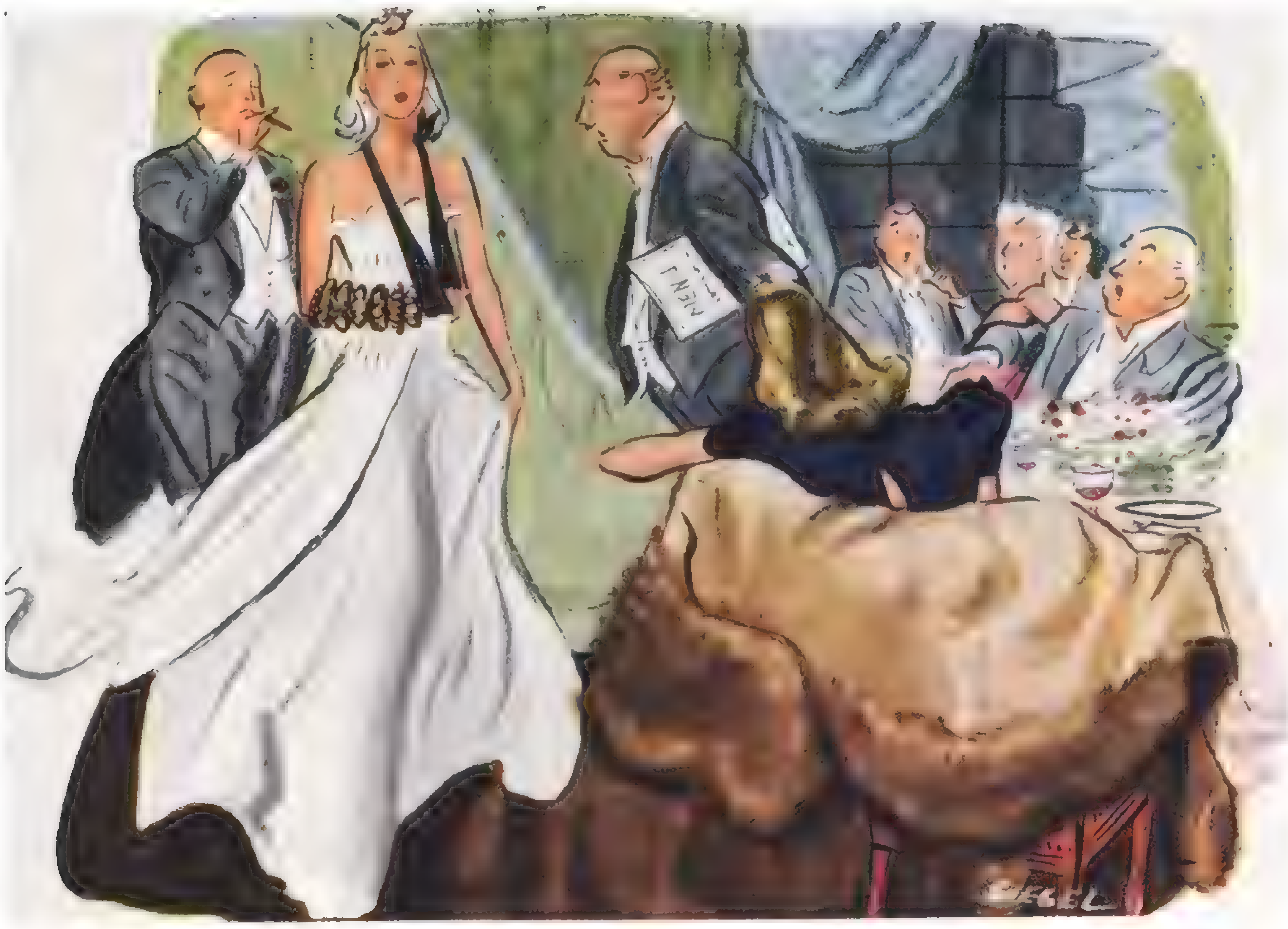
Then, should they accept his composition, play it, share applause with him, he gets paid nothing for it. He is expected to copy the parts himself, furnish them gratis and with a smile. If he wants to eat, he must make speeches, teach piano, appear at pink teas until some *grande dame* sponsors him. The royalties from public performances—if his symphonies are played from Boston to Seattle—won't buy him coffee-cake. He will be told what a great guy he is, see his name in small print on the program, and be left standing at the stage doors while the conductor rides off in his limousine.

Truth is: he is in direct competition with Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, *et al*, whose music is free. It may be said that in the same sense a contemporary author is in direct competition with Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe and others whose copyrights have expired. But there's a difference. The public that buys books is avid for the latest expressions of contemporary thought. The list of best-sellers contains the names of living persons. The concert-going public, on the other hand, is apathetic to the new, wants only the familiar. It groans whenever it sees a new name or a strange



"Hold the wire, please. I'll see if the Boston Symphony Orchestra can do without him for a few minutes"

Continued on page 153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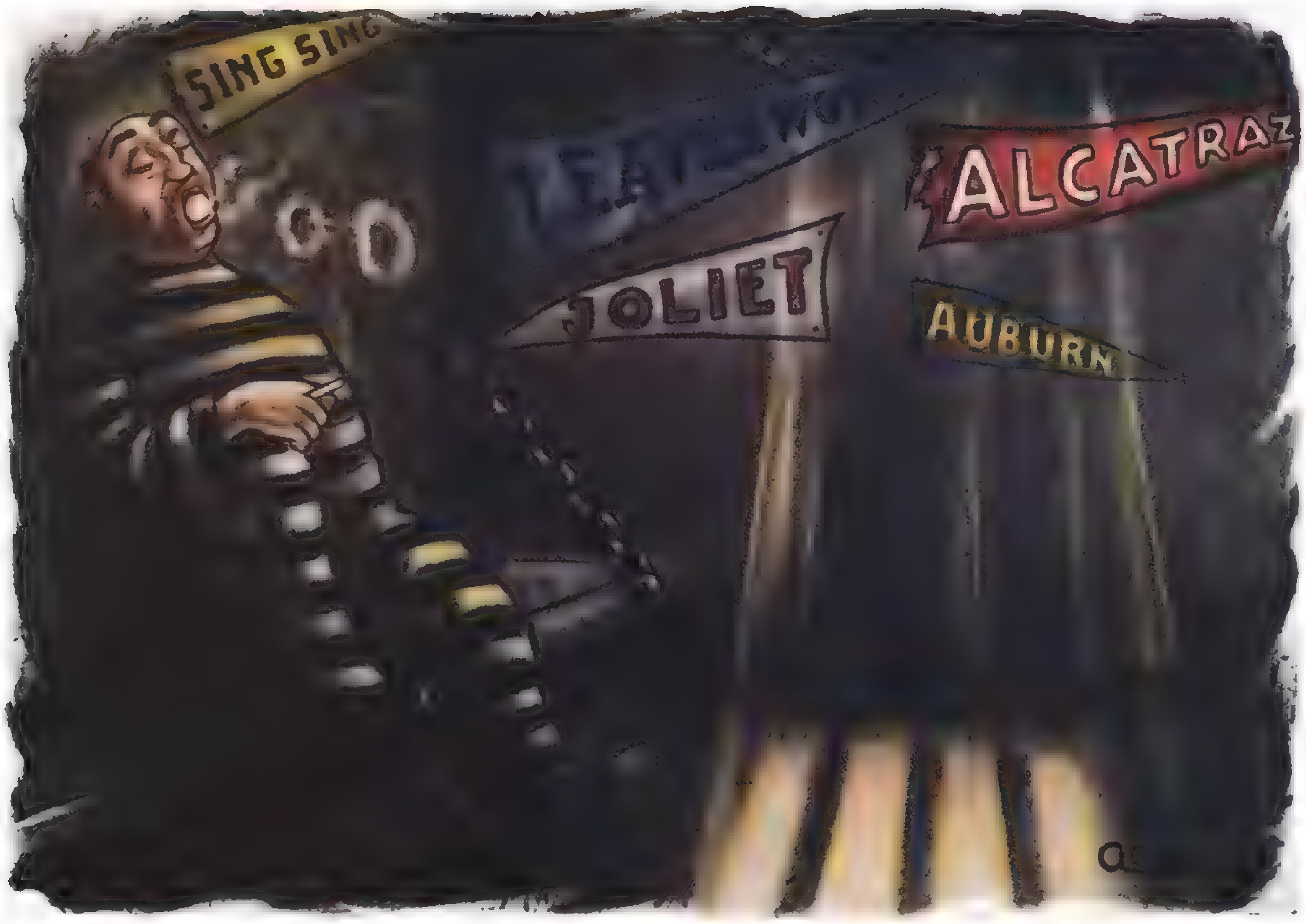
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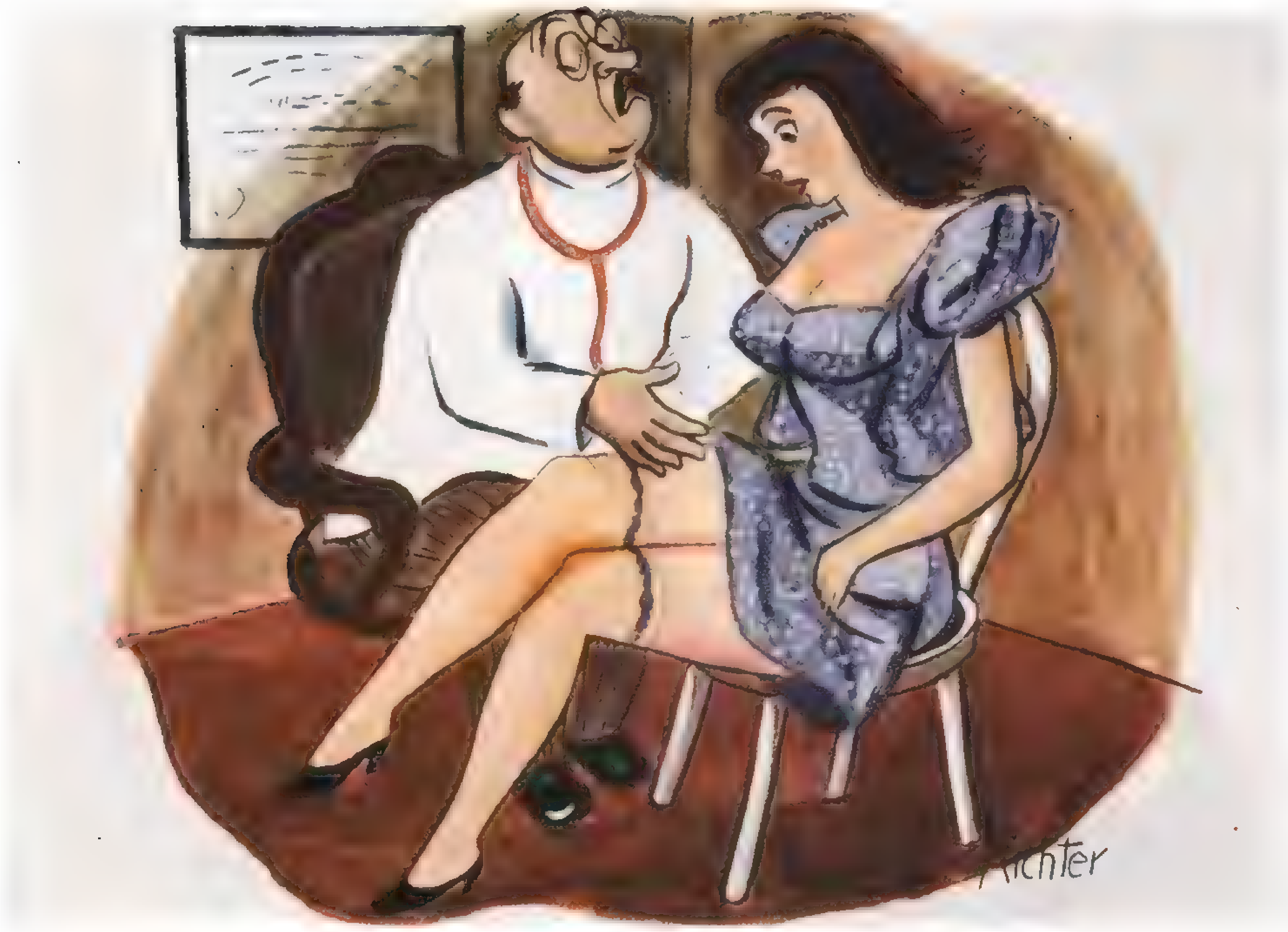
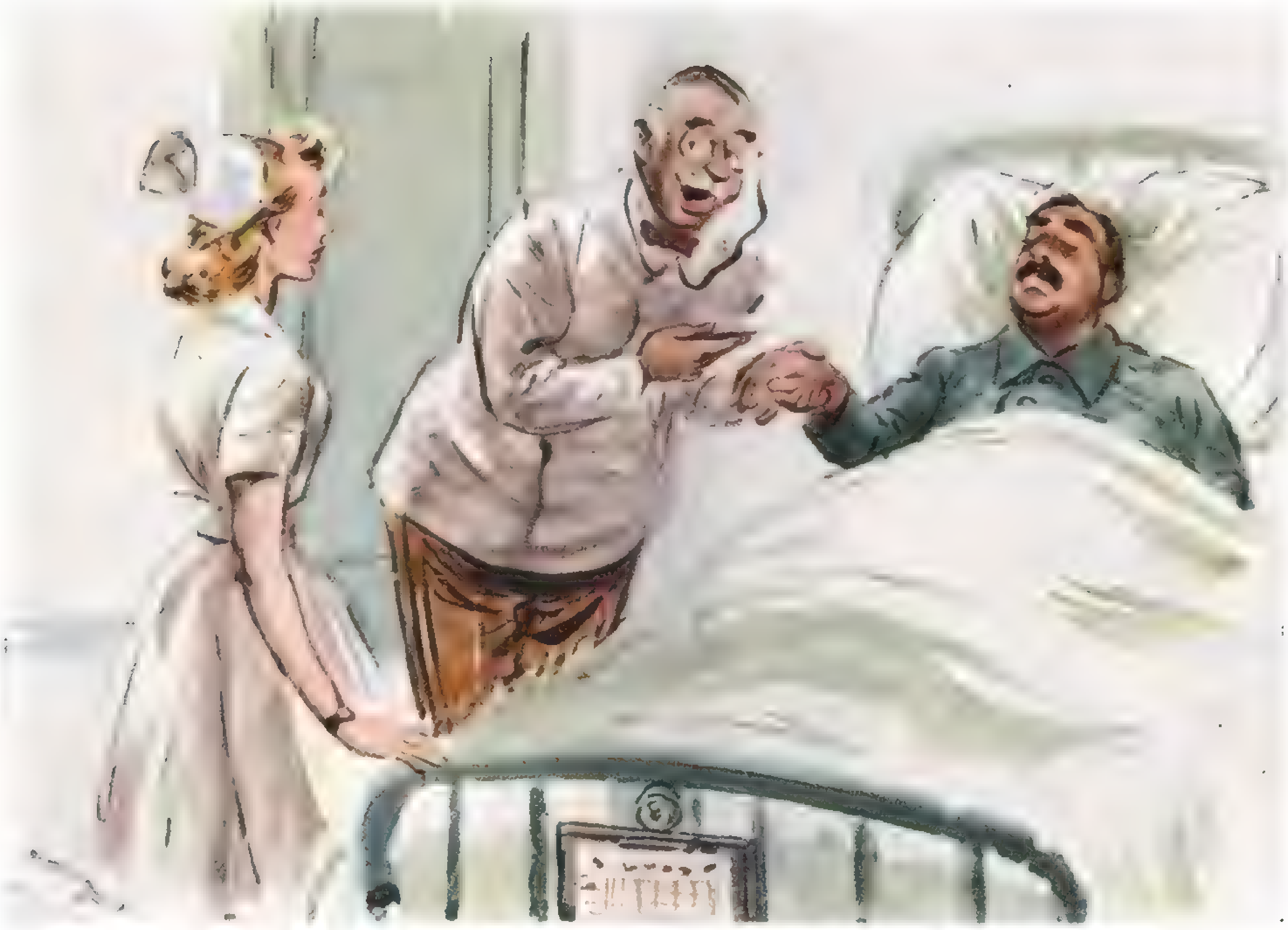


"Something's wrong, Miss Jones, you don't kick"



"Very promising—now get a pen and paper and when it gets up to a hundred and five we'll make a few subtle suggestions about an endowment to the hospital"

Man the Kitchenette

How to make stew, both brown and white, simple and glorified, from the French *Boeuf Bourguignon* to Hungarian *Goulash*

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

I DO NOT make claims to absolute and supreme Führership as a culinary expert, and am even willing to admit that I often make mistakes on these pages. But at least I know what I want, and I am willing to sell my birthright for the following stew:

> Get two pounds of beef, lean, for four people. Cube the meat. Make a pickle out of a quart bottle of red Bordeaux wine, small onions, carrots, celery, garlic, thyme, one bay leaf, three cloves, parsley. Marinate meat in this pickle overnight. Then take out the meat (sorry, you can't use the pickle for anything else afterward), sprinkle the meat cubes with a dash of brandy or whiskey, salt and pepper then, and sauté them in a pan with finely diced bacon and some flour over a brisk fire for ten minutes. Then pour in a new bottle of red wine, adding mushrooms and small onions. Cook for about two hours over very low flame. Don't open the lid, and don't forget that a stew boiled is a stew spoiled!

This uncommonly good stew belongs to the glorified class. It does not cost much, however, if you use a domestic Bordeaux, as I do. And though when it comes to food I do not like to, I start this article with ways and means. Stew is called a poor man's dish, a Wednesday fixture in all well-regulated households, and when a coy hostess wants to seem modest, or rather when she wants to make sure the invité will turn up, her feminine strategy is the apologetic words: ". . . I'd love to have you for dinner, but we're only having stew . . ."

Stew spoken of in such deprecating fashion! No one need apologize for stew; if it is properly made few *entrées* approach it. In my opinion the only things that could possibly improve the repast would be a bottle of wine and a cup of strong coffee. (Did I hear someone say cheese-cake?) The trouble is that the same hostess who spoke slightingly of stew will have all sorts of no-account auxiliary dishes leading up to it, and another battery leading away from it. What a pity so few women know that a man likes *one* good dish—and that stew is as masculine as chicken à la king is feminine. It is also stimulating, warming, easy to make and inexpensive.

Exceptions prove the rule. There was a man once who went broke on these parsimonious dishes. He was the late (and last) Earl of Lathom, a personable and even fascinating young man, who inherited an immense fortune, and started to squander it as soon as he came of age. First Lord Lathom went out to India, and held the high office of aide-de-camp to the viceroy for a while. But finding it hard to deplete his fortune in a cheap country and in rupees at that, he returned to England. Here he lived in lavish fashion, positively throwing his money out of the window. The young lord was an easy mark, partly because he had a premonition that he would not live long, and he was a good-hearted fellow anyway. For ten years "touching" Lord Lathom was an organized business in the West End of London. As luck would have it, I met him when he was already "poor," only a few years before his untimely death, when he could no longer make loans or grants, or whatever the beneficiaries chose to call them. In his reduced circumstances the Earl had to live modestly on the sale of a few family Romneys and Gainsboroughs. At the Lathom *maisonette* on Upper Mount Street, off Park Lane, there were only a butler, two footmen, a valet, a single chauffeur for both Rolls-Royces, a French chef, two scullery maids (one of them, a little red-head, was exceedingly pretty. Oops, sorry), and that was all.

Practically every day of the year there was stew for lunch at Lathom's; just stew and nothing else to speak of. Everybody and anybody could come and lunch at "Ned" Lathom's on his magnificent stew, and all London did so. The large dining room was full of aristocrats, shabby authors, and temperamental, sleepy actresses. They all got mellow on the stew, and leisurely, pleasant conversation followed; one of the actresses slumping on a divan, would drowse with an ecstatic expression on her lovely face. Ned went bust on the stews, and toward the end a bailiff found a seat around the table, too. After his great days were over, the Earl's American friends—among them Elsie Janis—saw to it that he always had a plate of stew; not that their generosity stopped there. However, this was not a liberal man's idea of fun; he was a giver and not a taker.

Poor Ned Lathom may have been the exception that proves the rule, as I said; but I am fairly convinced that he would have gone equally broke on vegetable platters. Don't let his example frighten you. There are really great advantages in stewing. The meat does not have to be the most expensive cut; the real reason, the basic principle behind stewing is that tough meat, cheap cuts of meat, can be made tender by slow, long-continued cooking. For instance, take an old fowl and stew it for two or three hours; no matter how old and tough it was it will become tender and palatable. Try to roast or broil the same fowl, and see what you get; I say see, because you won't be able to eat it.

Besides, cooking meat and vegetables together in stew is a labor-saving process, and one that assures an improved flavor. It is also very nourishing, cooks anywhere and does not need watching and manipulating. Put it on the side of a range, over a little flickering gas light, or a dying oil flame, and leave it alone; it cooks itself to perfection. Simplicity, then modesty and character are the major virtues of stew.

Almost every nation has its own stew, and patriotism requires that citizens take pride in their national version. If you ask a Spaniard he will swear by *Puchero*, made with pig's feet, ham, beef, giblets, garlic sausages, all

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16
JUST MARRIED

"Sorry, sir, but no locking the door—we use the honor system here!"

On the Record

Listing the discs your critic can take and those he can leave, what the fans are buying and what's up

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

FOR MODERNS:

Bloch: Suite for Viola and Piano. William Primrose, violist, and Fritz Kitzinger, pianist. Victor M-575. Dissonance is effectively and wisely interspersed between lyric passages of deep beauty. At times the violist plays, as per the composer's instructions, with the wooden part of the bow-end on top the bridge.

John Carpenter: Skyscrapers. Victor Symphony Orchestra directed by Nathaniel Shilkret. Victor M-130. America in the teeming twenties. Deserves a better recording.

Aaron Copland: El Salon Mexico and *Song of the Volga Boatman* (arranged by Stravinsky). Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony. Victor M-546. A colorful souvenir of Mexico City's famous hot-spot, combined with the Vulgar Boatman for wind and brass. A first-class job from Boston.

Charles T. Griffes: Two Sketches (Based on Indian Themes) and *G. W. Chadwick: Quartet in E minor* (second movement). The Coolidge Quartet. Victor M-558. New England views of Americana: Indian and Negro.

Roy Harris: Symphony 1933. Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony. Recorded during a Carnegie Hall performance, February 2, 1934. Columbia Set 191. Impressive—an indubitable force here working out its destiny. To be heard, regardless of whether you come from Oklahoma or not.

Paul Hindemith: Sonate for Viola and Piano. William Primrose and Jesus Maria Sanroma. Victor M-547. Written in 1922—not dry, pedantic or harsh, but folksy and ingratiating—by the distinguished composer of film music for *Felix the Cat, The Lindbergh Flight,* the ballet *Nobilissima Visione.* The performance: A-1.

Charles M. Loeffler: Partita for Violin and Piano and *Peacocks:* Jacques Gordon and Lee Pattison. Columbia Set 275. The first recorded masterpiece of the Alsatian mystic who made this country his home.

Harl McDonald: Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra. Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra, with pianists Jeanne Behrend and Alexander Kelberine. Victor M-557. A work for orchestra with decoration in the solo instruments—by the gifted manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra, who is "as American as Pike's Peak." Stokowski gives.

Schönberg: Verklärte Nacht. Played by the Minneapolis Symphony conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Victor M-207. At turn of century, an Austrian looks at Woman and World.

Florent Schmitt: La Tragedie de Salomé. Orchestra conducted by composer. Columbia Set 157. By the dean of living French composers, who deserves more and better recordings.

Stravinsky: Petrouchka. Scenes Burlesques en Quatre Tableaux. Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-524. For the first time the phonograph presents the complete score, which mirrors the thoughts and actions of puppets and underscores the suffering of the proletariat in old Russia. Stokowski points Stravinsky's work in a manner that should suit the composer.

Vaughan-Williams: Serenade to Music (A Tribute to Sir Henry J. Wood). Sir Henry Wood and the BBC Symphony with sixteen of England's noted vocalists. Columbia Set X-121. Good as jubilee music goes. Carefully and painstakingly recorded. Surfaces smooth.

FOR THE SEASON:

Beethoven: Sonata in F minor ("Appassionata"). Played by Rudolf Serkin. Victor M-583. A satisfying, if not overwhelming, performance. Excellently proportioned, the piano tone is Serkin's best. Indisputable sincerity and musicianship. For his fans, a "must."

A Harpsichord Recital. Played by Ralph Kirkpatrick. Musicraft, Album No. 25. A treasure box of old music by Gibbons, Moreley, Purcell, Couperin, Rameau, Bach, Scarlatti. The clear, tinkling, quickly dying tones of the harpsichord are ideally suited for recording (unlike those of the piano). At the lowest volume levels the reproduction is clear and faithful. Intimate and restrained, they are meat for the apartment-dweller who takes music at midnight—something you couldn't say, for example, of Toscanini's Wagner album. Ralph Kirkpatrick's playing is fresh, smooth—he keeps the rhythm, and there are many shadings. His harpsichord sounds almost like a piano, and it has been carefully recorded. The surfaces are generally smooth, though now and then a slight blurring indicates faulty pressing: the only weakness in the otherwise A-1 records released by this imaginative and enterprising company.

Mozart: Concerto in D major ("Adelaide"). Yehudi Menuhin and the Paris Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Pierre Monteux. Victor M-246. At the age of ten, the most gifted of all musical geniuses paid tribute to Marie-Adelaide, daughter of Louis XV of France. En route from Amsterdam to Vienna, the Mozart family circus stopped in Paris. The Princess, skeptical of Wolfgang Amadeus' incredible ability, insisted that a work be composed in her presence. It was not completed, but the young prodigy left her a partially filled-out sketch. With the Revolution, Adelaide escaped to Naples and the manuscript collected dust for a century and a half.

About ten years ago Maurice Casadesus, founder and motivating spirit of the French Society of Ancient Instruments, supplied an orchestration in the manner of the later Mozart. The cadenzas, curiously enough, were furnished by Hindemith. But the result

"Dear, with all this war and shortage of things I thought I'd better stock up on hats, furs and jewelry"

Continued in center of page 124

Spotlight on

GEORGE HURRELL

A portfolio by and about Hollywood's "still" ace

MARGOT STEVENSON
(Warner Bros.)
Hurrell Photograph

Hand of Hurrell
POSING ZORINA
for a glamorous "still"

George Hurrell: Glamour-Monger

He takes relaxed pictures of movie stars by playing phonograph music and by capering around like crazy

by SIDNEY CARROLL

• ARTICLE •

I KNOW a pure and gentle man who believed in the movie magazines and the collected works of Louella O. Parsons. He went to Hollywood to see if the people who manufacture glamour are themselves glamorous people. He was entertained on orange juice and limousines and he was made to see how carefully the guardians of our infant art suckle it on ambrosia. To my friend it seemed as though most people in Hollywood were awfully self-conscious about art, and that they acted accordingly.

And so my friend was thrilled to his depths when he was invited to watch a Hollywood artist—a portrait photographer—at work. When it was further suggested that my friend actually pose for this photographer he was awed and acquiescent. This would be glamorous beyond words. It took two attendants to lead him into the presence of George Hurrell.

Illusions come and go in Hollywood, both fast.

If, like my friend, you had come straight from Brooklyn into the presence of the great Hurrell you would have thought him a cross between Johnnie Davis, the trumpet player, and Harry Gilligan, the best fly-ball man that ever held down second base for the Bushwick Seals. As top exponent of a strictly indoor sport, Hurrell looks too much like the robust outdoor type; he does not look his part. He is stocky and strong. His complexion is pinkish, and gives one the impression of a great deal of health. Only his black hair, which bristles out of his scalp like a shaving brush and droops on top, is Bohemian. It was a saving grace for my friend, who fully expected to find in Hurrell the outer semblance of Oscar Wilde, at least.

On that day of revelations Hurrell sat behind a large cigar behind a corner desk in the arena which the Warner Brothers have given him for a studio. He arose with a roar and shook hands in a loud voice. He peeled off his coat and shouted instructions to his assistant. He led my friend to a chair and started to pour spotlights all over him. (This sometimes produces a state of blindness which lasts for days.) Then Hurrell galloped over to a cabinet phonograph and placed a record upon it. My friend, still clinging to his principles, figured that the master needed a little Mozart to whip him into a mood. As the strains of what was obviously a four-piece jam outfit playing *Shadrach, Mishach, Abednego* started to fill the room, Hurrell proceeded to go out of his mind. "Shadrach!" he shouted, not precisely in tune with the victrola, "smile!" My friend managed to smile. "Mishach!" shouted Hurrell, "good!"

He was taking pictures.

As the music got louder Hurrell got acrobatic. He danced, with the rubber bulb in his hand, shouting little improvisations on the biblical song. "O-o-o-o-h, Shadrach," he moaned, "turn left! N-n-n-n-n-a-a Shadrach! Good! Good! Turn right!" He ran all over the studio, outshouting the record with his singing and his instructions. His rubber bulb seemed to be attached to an interminable rubber hose, and this allowed him to back into the far corners or scale the walls while he continued to snap his portraits. After he had taken about a dozen pictures and had played the record three or four times he finished off by performing what was probably a handstand and almost fell on his face.

All this time my friend kept repeating over and over to himself, "This is the man who takes the most beautiful pictures of the most beautiful people in the world. His is a subtle, melting art, classical and quiet. Why does he carry on so?" But it was no good. My friend staggered home and thought it all out and decided that in Hollywood, as in all hotbeds of culture, the family of artists may easily be, at heart, a race of ickaroos.

* * *

There are portrait photographers in Hollywood who find it hard to bear the weight of their responsibilities and whose sittings are as solemn as High Mass. George Hurrell, however, refuses to feel any responsibilities and his sittings have an effect on the sitter similar to an afternoon spent with the three or four Marx brothers. Most of whatever talking he does is done in the studio. It is not technical talk, and it is never esthetical. It is, simply, mumbo-jumbo. He has developed a language for taking pictures. It is, in its purest essence, an accompaniment to a phonograph record. For each customer he uses a different dialect. Miss Olivia de Havilland, a native of Tokio, Japan, is putty in the photographer's hands when she hears Hawaiian guitars. When she poses for Hurrell he fills the phonograph with records reminiscent of Waikiki nights and Miss de Havilland becomes remarkably pliable. Hurrell will shout or murmur his instructions and sing a Hawaiian accompaniment, in swing time. One of his good lines is "One more for a hot cup of coffee," which he hollers in rhythm with the record. His assistant, Al Harvey, is synchronized into the whole scheme. After ten years of it he knows precisely what the master wants, never asks questions, and glides all over the place with incredible silence and incredible efficiency. All Hurrell knows about Harvey's personal life is that he comes from Boston and that he likes to fish.

It is all a bright and insidious system. It works where ordinary methods won't work. A long time ago Hurrell discovered that most Hollywood stars are so self-conscious that the usual tricks of conversation are not enough to break down the formal barriers. So he evolved the music system. He found that if he put a swing record on the machine he had

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"We're just looking — he hopes"

MARGOT STEVENSON
(Warner Bros.)
Hurrell Photograph

The Candid Cameraman

Audience pants to learn how Scarlett and Rhett get together, ignoring any social meaning in *Gone With the Wind*

by PATTERSON MURPHY

• MOVIES •

Years hence, some student of the social history of our times may run his finger through the Personal columns of our newspapers, in search of sidelights on the people of this era; and going through the *Atlanta Constitution*, the researcher may chance upon the following item:

> Lady will read *Gone With the Wind* to convalescent, elderly, or blind; reas. rates; refs. exchanged.

And at that point, the researcher may well pause and ponder—just what was the place in American life of this thing called *Gone With the Wind?* He will of course, having by then acquired some familiarity with our period, know that the thing was originally a book, and then a kind of Cinderella search for an actress, and then a motion picture. But still it will seem to him that there must be a further significance in a work that penetrated even to the personal columns for reading to the sick and the blind.

Was this the work of some great literary figure, he may ask, someone of the Dickens type, whose characters won universal affection? And he will discover that the book was a first novel by a female writer, who, he will be astonished to find, apparently produced nothing else in the ten years following its completion.

Was this a document that inspired social change, he may ask—a latter-day *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which, crude though it might be as literature, nevertheless awoke a nation to the slavery issue? And he will discover no evidence of that kind.

Then what the devil was the significance of a work, he may well ask, that for three years was a national emblem, a work so well known that a hit play could be written merely about the search for an actress to perform in the motion picture to be derived from that book? A character of fiction so well known that three talent scouts went through the highways and byways of the country, seeking the human incarnation of that character, with no guide except the feeling that they would know her if they saw her! A figure of such national importance that scathing editorials appeared all over the country when it was announced that a foreigner, an Englishwoman born in India, had been selected to play the part!

If that researcher can achieve an understanding of this phenomenon, he may indeed understand our times and our character as a people. He will reach it not alone on the basis of *Gone With the Wind*. He will have to practice up on *Anthony Adverse*, and *The Good Earth*. He will arrive perhaps at a realization that this was a public of limited literary tastes, with a capacity for about one book in four years. He may become convinced that the common denominator for works of universal appeal, in this period, was suffering. This was an era, he will decide, of suppressed masochism, or perhaps an era of cataclysmic fears. Between wars, the people lived in constant expectation of catastrophe, and sought, in the one book in four years that reached down to the sub-literary literate, examples of misfortune, in the hope of reassurance that should such misfortunes come in real life, they too could endure and surmount them.

This they called beauty.

With so much preparation, our student of social history may view the film that was finally made from the book.

He will learn, that after three years of ballyhoo, it was, as it had to be, the biggest film ever made. Perhaps the version that reaches him will have been cut to a merciful three hours; but the first audiences to see the thing, he might as well know, were sandbagged by four solid hours of spectacle.

The first half of the film will have him constantly on the verge of discovering significance, and vindicating popular taste. Yes, he will be about to say—there was some meaning to it. *Gone With the Wind* was, at long last, America kissing and making up, after the Civil War. It was the South at last sobbing out its bitter heart, and the rest of the country listening in sorrowful sympathy. In magnificent picture postcard sequences, drenched in romantic pigment, he will see the "Old South" presented—as it looked to a producer named David Selznick, as filtered through the dream-wish of a literary-maiden recluse half a century after the fact. Plainly admitted by producer and author: a Southland that was the last moment in the age of chivalry, when men were knights and ladies were flowers.

And it will seem to him that this disputed character, Scarlett O'Hara, was intended to be a symbolic presentation of the South of that time, a calculating beauty, aflame with life, wasteful, yet charming, scheming and flirtatious and cold-heartedly ready to marry for advantage, and yet utterly and completely true to one love in her heart. A beauty who, when disaster came, was capable of the meanest labor, the most brutal energy, a maid whose despicable traits were entirely compensated for by her loyalty to her love and her land.

The student may well believe that it was the genuine beauty of this symbol, and the truth in it, that so gripped the public mind. For the first two hours of the film he will see Scarlett as that symbolic figure, actually subordinated to the history of her times. He will see the simpering, pleasure-mad girl awakened to reality by her service in a war hospital, will see her surfeited with suffering in the siege of Atlanta, finally screaming enough, enough, and fleeing the butchershop hospital, to find birth awaiting her at home—

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"But you asked me to bring my best friend"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 77

in Coxey's army and in the Klondike. At death-bed time he was a considerable ranchero whose debts were more extensive than his acres; he was growing soft on the beach at Waikiki; and in his predictable future there was nothing but more acres, more debts, more Waikiki, and the gradual triumph of the pseudo-Nietzsche in him—racial superiority complex, male superiority complex, glory of war, and might makes right. It is just as well he didn't live on to a Shavian age to be a pushover, with his great gift of gab on paper, for Mussolini and Hitler.

In the days when Jack London was thirsting to know, there were no short cuts. You went to Spencer and Darwin themselves and tried to work it out. There were no Van Loons and Durants to make learning palatable with easy words and pictures. Even in my day, considerably later than Jack's, the poor boy who had to go to work instead of to high school had no *Outline of History*. With a hunger to know like Jack London's I came out of the same kind of environment, and I remember the nights I struggled with Fiske's *Cosmic Philosophy* and Lester Ward's *Pure Sociology*, trying to make out, as a kid of fifteen or sixteen, what it was all about.

Since then a whole new class of authorship has come into being and now there are predigested outlines of everything. Of course an outline of philosophy which is little more than a biography of philosophers is something different from good hard mental toil over Spinoza, Kant, and James. But, as the people who take the short cut wouldn't go at all if they had to do the distance, it's all to the good.

Will Durant's *The Life of Greece* (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), 670 pages long, is hardly a short cut, however. It's a massive book and brilliantly executed. Knowing little Greek history, my only criticism of Mr. Durant's monumental job is an accident of book reviewing. Last spring Professor Winspear of the University of Wisconsin demonstrated in a small volume, *Who Was Socrates?*, that the antique sage was not a liberal who died at the hands of the unthinking mob, as has been assumed for a couple of centuries, but the spokesman of the fascistically inclined. Mr. Durant seems not to have heard of Winspear's thesis.

A sturdy popularization is J. D. Ratcliff's *Modern Miracle Men* (Dodd Mead, $3), which abounds in anecdotes and lively remarks. Ring Lardner called his home at Great Neck, Long Island, "Goiter." Hens produce five per cent more eggs when there is music, but they dislike speeches. The U. S. contains about one rat per person. Only the female mosquito bites people. Warm weather gives eaters a taste for tomatoes, cold weather for cabbage. Crystal City, Texas, in the heart of the spinach belt, has a large statue of Popeye.

Mr. Ratcliff explains the work of Dr. Carrel and Lindbergh—the first clear explanation in my experience. He communicates the latest news of chemical triumphs, and writes an excellent chapter on the too-little-known work of the U. S. Public Health Service. There is a good piece on farming without soil.

An equally serviceable job is done for the field of mental healing by John K. Winkler and Dr. Walter Bromberg's *Mind Explorers* (Reynal & Hitchcock, $3), a biographical history of the art and science from the phrenologists and mesmerists, through the birth and development of psychology, to Freud and the mental hygienists.

Of these books on science, though, my special enthusiasm is J. D. Bernal's *The Social Function of Science* (Macmillan, $3.50). The first part, on what science does, is enlightening enough, but Part II, *What Science Could Do*, is really great stuff. Dr. Bernal, an English scientist, sketches the scientific possibilities of building a new civilization, and gives particular examples of the immediate future in food, clothing, housing, health, power, engineering, chemistry, new substances, the elimination of drudgery, and so on.

March 15th may be Income Tax Day but it will seem like Christmas when you see the "plus" features in the April issue—out March 15th.

It was Lincoln Steffens who said schools and colleges should emphasize less what has been done and more what remains to be done. Agreeing, I think Dr. Bernal's book ought to be prescribed reading. The objection is that as soon as you begin outlining the kind of world that scientists could make if they were let, you run into territory where large No Trespassing signs have been put up by people we will gently call Vested Interests. But at least the ideas can get as far as a book—we have that much freedom of action.

The alcohol and allergy problems are neatly laid bare in *Liquor the Servant of Man*, by Walton Hall Smith and Dr. Ferdinand Helwig (Little Brown, $2), and *What's Your Allergy?* by Dr. Laurence Farmer and George Hexter (Random House, $2).

The liquor book will do good to anyone who bends his elbow, but also it would be nice if the WCTU and all the souses would read it. The main message is a cheering one: that habitual alcohol intake by a healthy adult causes no organic injury.

The authors take an ounce of alcohol on a trip through the human system. The saliva tries in vain to make an impression on the ounce, the stomach doesn't know what to do with it, and 21 per cent of it gets into the blood. The rest distributes itself among the duodenum (9%), the jejunum (5%), and the ileum (17%)—science's names for the minor gut.

Interesting fact: "Incidentally, if instead of swallowing, it were injected into the rectum it would hit you so fast that the amount required to jingle you slightly in the ordinary way would, in this less conventional method, pass you out cold." Drink the rectum way and save money!

Alcohol is a depressant. It does not step up your brain or other powers, but takes the edge off, and kids you into thinking you are stimulated.

Why do people keep on drinking this excrement of a germ that causes fermentation? My own guess is that we get tired of the personalities we have to haul around, and have discovered that alcohol passes a few amendments—all the way from the minor changes in the two-cocktail guy who needs to de-inhibit himself a little, to the fellow out to get drunk and to forget himself entirely.

While Dr. Helwig and his collaborator Smith say some interesting things about alcoholic deaths, the U. S. Census Bureau reports that the "alcoholism" death rate has dropped 50 per cent in the last thirty years. While they ponder alcohol and colds, the newspaper says that exhibitors at the annual bird show protected their pets from draughts by putting whiskey in their water. Science is still up against some puzzlers where alcohol is concerned. The stuff is a poison and yet it isn't. Science doesn't know why some can get pickled on two bits while it costs others five dollars, or why some men go maudlin, some riotous, some poetic, and some blotto on the same drops. It has discovered how to lessen the hangover impact, but if the book is right, few of my friends are using the right system.

Anyway it isn't alcohol but the stuff it's mixed with that causes breath odor; it doesn't raise blood pressure, doesn't make fat, doesn't increase urination, doesn't truly warm you. It does decrease efficiency by from six to four per cent.

This book, written with snap and sanity, deserves a place abaft the liquor cabinet.

I learned a lot from *What's Your Allergy?* The main author, chief of the allergy clinic of a leading New York hospital, throws a lot of light on a subject which has been almost kidded to death. The allergies, as you probably know, are a group of diseases, including hay fever, asthma, hives, eczema. A generation ago they stumped doctors. Here you get the story of the accidents and experiments which led to a spectacular medical triumph. The book should help a lot of people who are suffering from an idiosyncratic nuisance disease—the estimate is that fifteen per cent of the American population is allergic to something or other. Aside from the information it packs, *What's Your Allergy?* is interesting in its own right, what with case histories and humor.

* * *

Worthy successor to Frank Craven's *Men of Art* is Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock's *Men of Music* (Simon & Schuster, $3.75), an evaluation of the great composers from Palestrina to Stravinsky—which takes in Bach, Handel, Mozart, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, Rossini, Haydn, Gluck, Beethoven, Weber, Schumann, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Verdi, Debussy, Strauss, Sibelius. *Men of Music* is more than fascinating biography. It is criticism that bristles with keen comment. Every chapter is reinforced by a list of phonograph recordings which, taken with the book, constitute the best guide to music appreciation that I know.

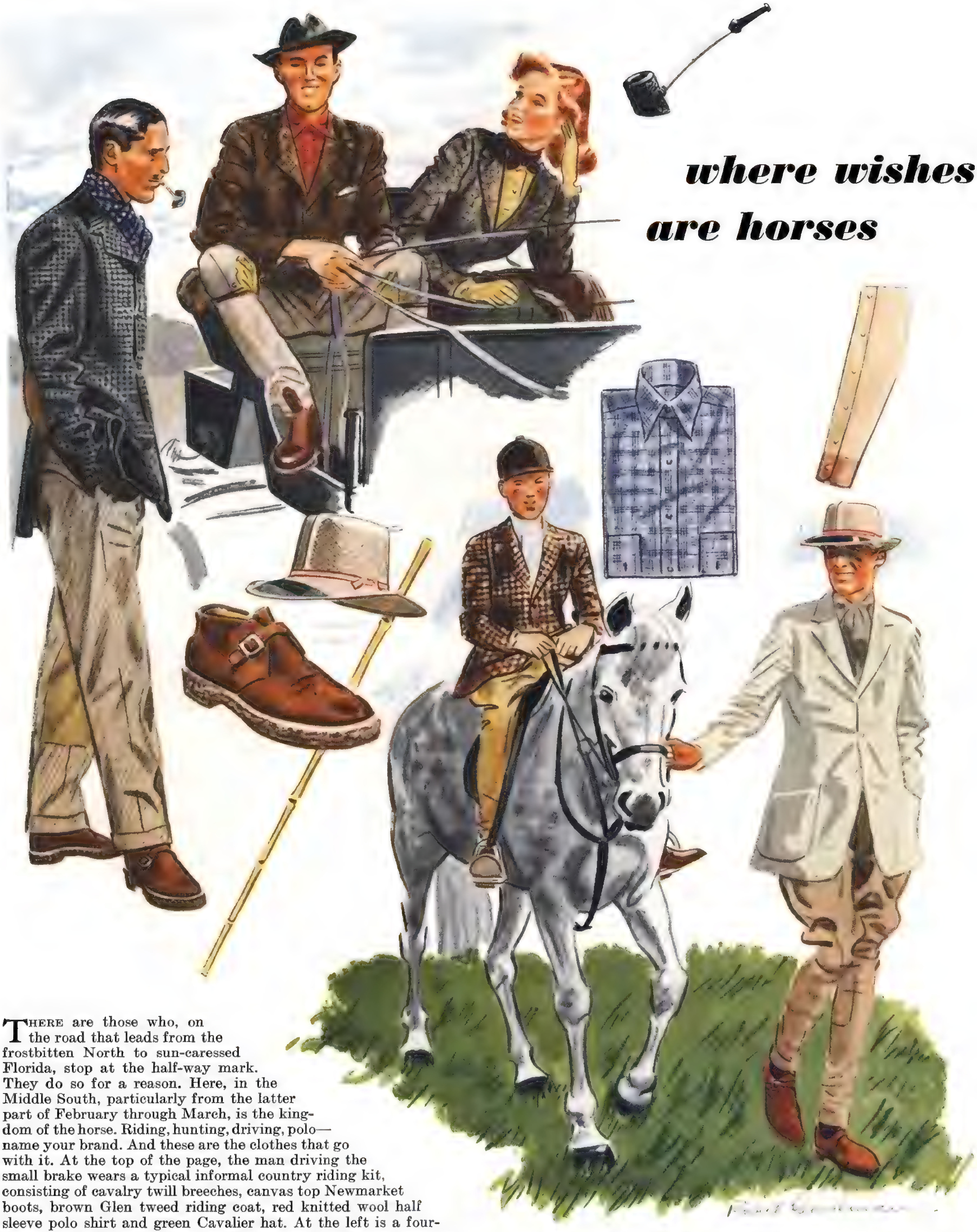
If it's music facts you yearn for, two other books may interest you: *Jazzmen*, edited by Frederic Ramsey Jr. and Charles Edward Smith (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75) and *From Ragtime to Swingtime; Fifty Glittering Years of Stage and Song*, by Isidore Witmark and Isaac Goldberg (Furman, $3.50). *Jazzmen* tells the story through the musicians who created the stuff, with additional chapters on hot record collecting and on white-collar criticism of jazz.

The style of the Witmark tome has the taint of the house organ about it, and large chunks of that peculiar maudlin prose in which the boys and girls of the theatre lather each other's cheeks. I gagged a little over the hero's courtship and marriage. Am I a snob or a lily, or is it true that these "fifty glittering years of stage and song" reek with self-satisfaction and American success vulgarity?

Well, these are the people who rule, and probably tyrannize, over Tin Pan Alley, Broadway, and all the provinces where regimented songs are sung. In spite of my seemingly hostile remarks, I found the book rich in fact and anecdote about the careers of the great, such as Sousa, Cohan, Weber and Fields, Willie Howard, Victor Herbert, and about the songs Ameri-

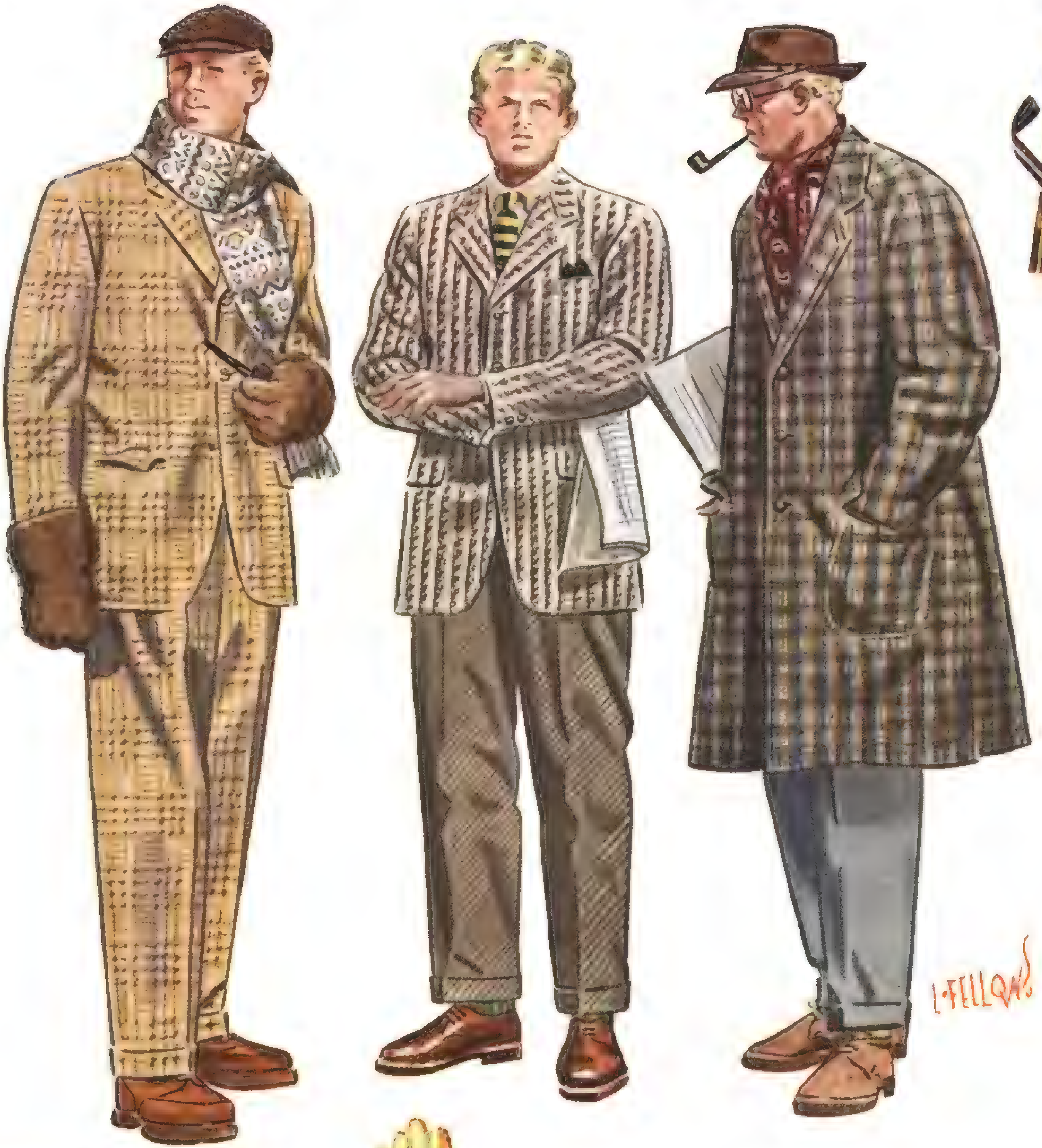
Continued on page 95

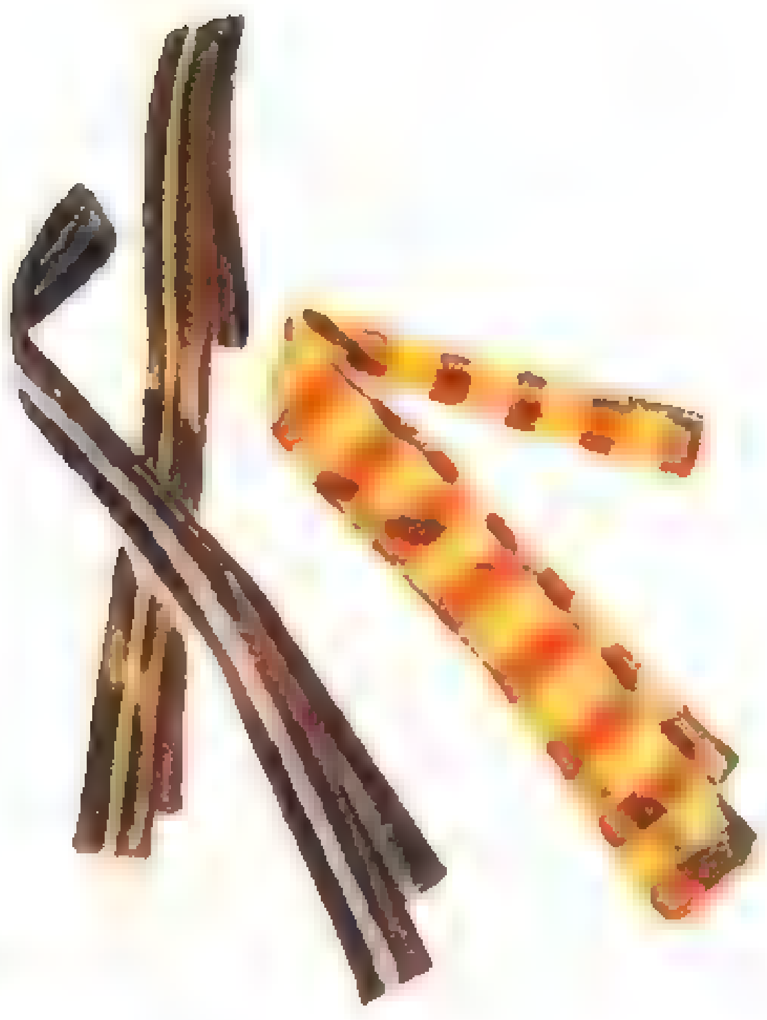
where wishes are horses

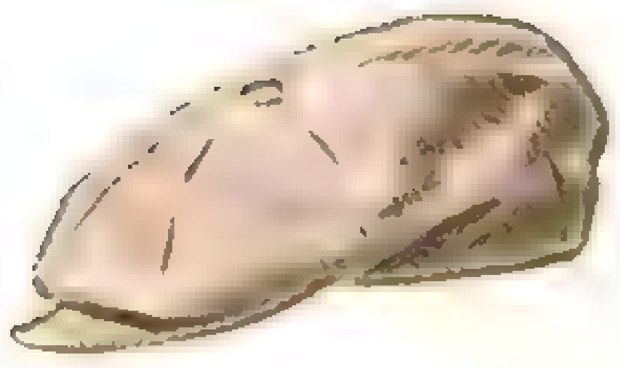


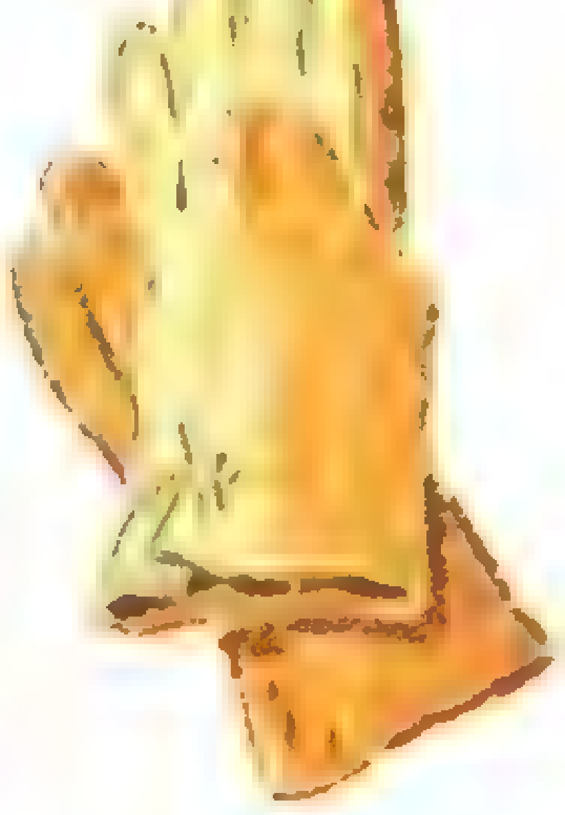
THERE are those who, on the road that leads from the frostbitten North to sun-caressed Florida, stop at the half-way mark. They do so for a reason. Here, in the Middle South, particularly from the latter part of February through March, is the kingdom of the horse. Riding, hunting, driving, polo—name your brand. And these are the clothes that go with it. At the top of the page, the man driving the small brake wears a typical informal country riding kit, consisting of cavalry twill breeches, canvas top Newmarket boots, brown Glen tweed riding coat, red knitted wool half sleeve polo shirt and green Cavalier hat. At the left is a four-button single breasted black and white shepherd check shooting jacket with leather elbow pads and long side slits, narrow cavalry twill riding trousers with leather reinforcements and reverse calf chukka shoes. The man at lower right wears a white saltsack riding coat, lightweight gabardine jodhpurs, brown reverse calf monk front shoes, brown oxford shirt and stock, and straw hat. Incidental accessories on this page include a whangee riding cane, monk front chukkas, straw hat showing eye shade in front brim, Newmarket pipe, blue Glen oxford shirt and canvas leggings.

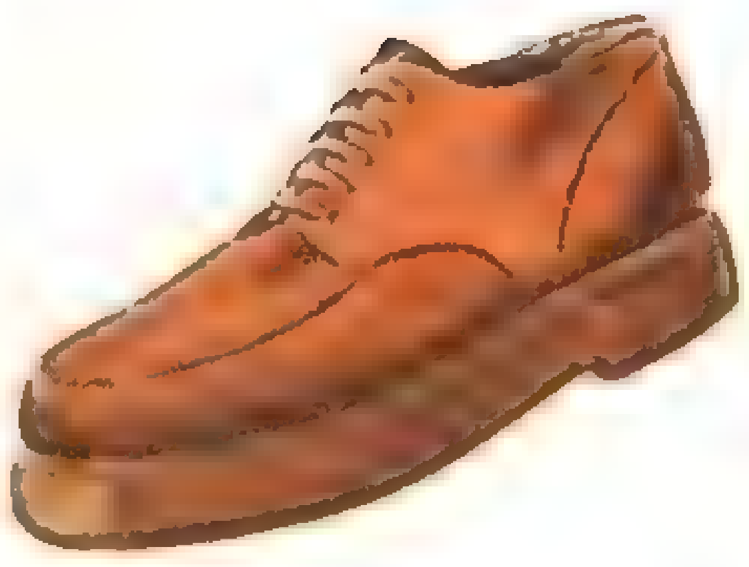
(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

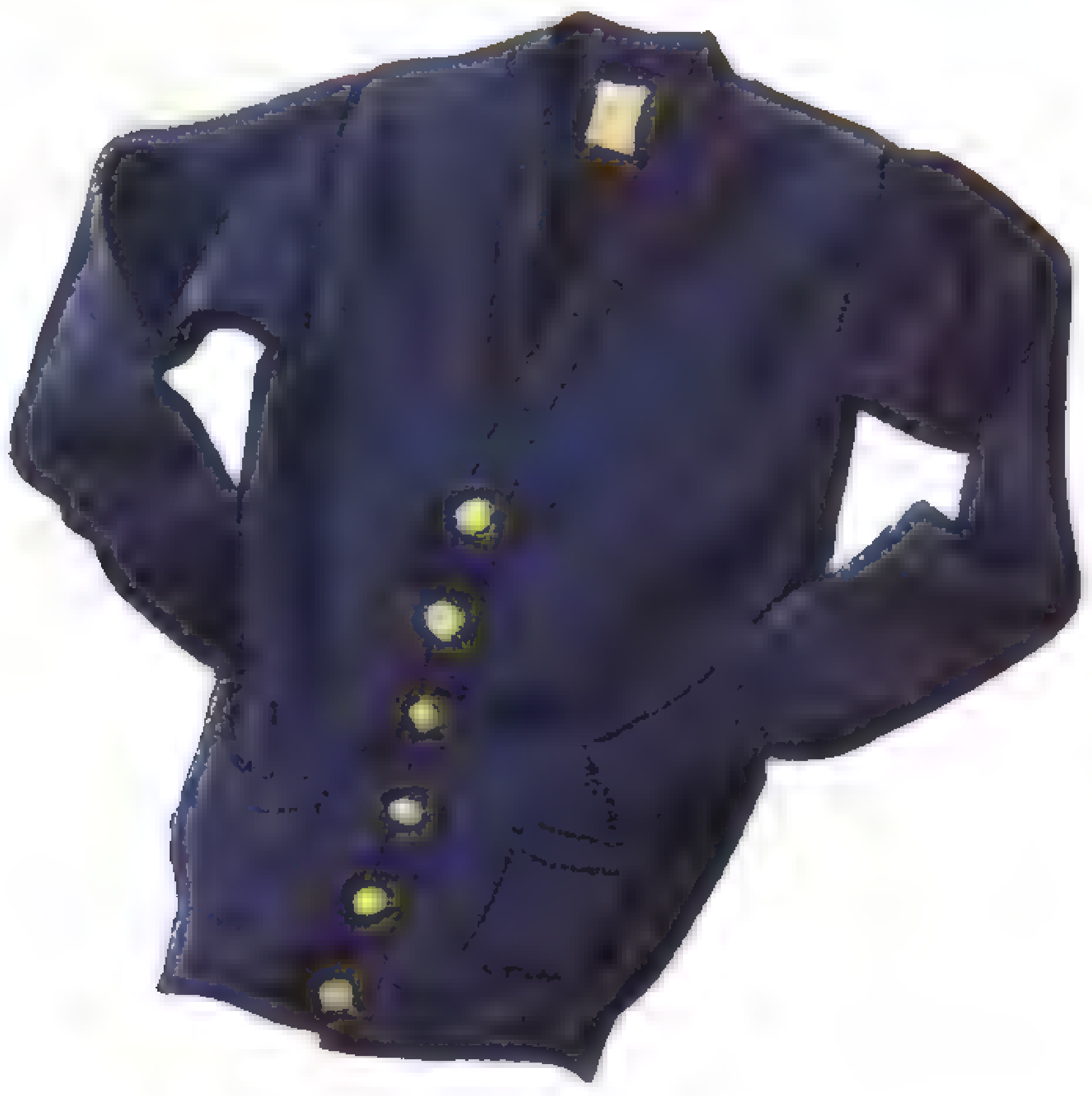












springtime, campus version

University undergraduates dress like normal people, only more so. Consequently, in looking at this spring preview of university fashions, you needn't be surprised to find yourself staring smack into both barrels. At upper left is a single breasted fawn color Shetland suit in a large Glen Urquhart pattern, with the two top buttons of the jacket worn closed, varsity shape cap, Fair Isle sport scarf, fur pile gauntlet gloves and the new reverse calf "gummies," with inch and a quarter crepe soles. The undergraduate in the center wears a striped effect Shetland sport jacket made in a three-button single breasted notch lapel model with seven-inch center vent, Devon cord narrow trousers, green wool hose, brown calf shoes with crepe soles, tan candy stripe button down collar-attached oxford shirt and club stripe silk knit tie. At the right is a single breasted raglan checked Harris tweed topcoat, flannel trousers, reverse calf chukka shoes, semi-sports hat and Paisley foulard muffler. Accessories, some of which are already established on campus and others that are definitely new, are sketched all over the page. At the top are two ribbon shape bow ties and an English club stripe knitted silk tie. Below are a dune color velvet cord varsity cap, the new "gummies" again, fur pile gauntlet gloves with sheepskin palms, blue knitted cardigan with gilt buttons and a Cherrywood Newmarket pipe.

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

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cans have been singing since the middle eighties.

The book I most enjoyed reading this month is Wolfgang Langewiesche's *I'll Take the High Road* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). This amateur aviator tells how he learned to fly, and where he flew, and all about how it's done. It's a lively and not technical account of interesting adventures in the air by a man who communicates a warm personality through his words.

For the outdoor and camera enthusiast, *Hawks in the Hand* by Frank and John Craighead (Houghton, Mifflin, $3.50), is the book of the month. These lads have been playing around since boyhood with the hawk family of birds, from owls to falcons and eagles. They write well of their adventurous hobby, and the pictures are excellent. Incidentally a man can learn a lot about the techniques of bird photography and the art of falconry from *Hawks in the Hand.*

* * *

On the fiction side, Arthur Davison Ficke and Manuel Komroff are not unknown to Esquire readers. Ficke's stories, *Mrs. Morton of Mexico* (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50) tell a lot about Mexico and about human nature in an easy style and from the serene point of view which distinguished the author's articles as well as his stories.

Komroff says of his *The March of the Hundred* (Coward McCann, $2.50), an allegorical fantasy: "Peace can be as fantastic and as lethal, at least to the spirit, as war . . . I have painted the picture of a generation which survived war, only to be shattered by the chaos of peace." He conceives of this peace-shattered generation as a small army of a hundred men who have lost the main body and wander through a no-man's land beset by physical and psychological terrors. The hundred represent the sum of almost any man's friends and acquaintances. Around this Komroff builds cosmic meanings, and philosophizes about society, poverty, art, science, and whither mankind. He ends on a hopeful note. The Hundred find themselves as a unit in the broader world order, and determine to work for all men by publishing a small newspaper that exposes dirty doings the world over.

The poet laureate of England, John Masefield, escapes from grim reality with another melodramatic novel, *Live and Kicking Ned* (Macmillan, $2.50), a sequel to last year's *Dead Ned.* A powerful yarn, done in Masefield's rich prose, with never a dull moment.

Prize Stories of 1939 (O'Henry Memorial Award) edited by Harry Hansen (Doubleday Doran, $3.50) is the 21st annual volume. The fifteen stories are all good. First prize went to Faulkner for *Barn Burning*, second to James Still for *Bat Flight*, third to David Cornel DeJong for *Calves*—all with rural setting and concerned chiefly with character. My own favorite for clarity and vividness is Irwin Shaw's *God on Friday Night.* That man can write. One horror story gets in, Ellis St. Joseph's *A Knocking at the Gate*, and a lulu it is.

In *Dark Patrick* by Seumas MacManus (Macmillan, $2), a dark mountainy man who in the long and far ago went about solving troubles that had Ireland by the ears, is celebrated in the whimsical style that has got itself associated with Celtic legend. A light and fanciful group of stories. On the other end of the see-saw is Leslie Charteris' *The First Saint Omnibus.* (Crime Club, $2.50), 639 pages of the exploits of a modern Robin Hood.

The fallacy that the American Revolution was a great popular movement still lingers. Frank O. Hough in *If Not Victory* (Carrick & Evans, $2.50) does a little setting right in his story of the Westchester Guides, a group of men who directed the raw rebel troops through the country around New York when the British were busy taking it. Abe Kronkhyte was the first of these Guides, and became their leader. But leader and led, they didn't know what the war was about, and didn't much care at first. When men came around reading and posting the Declaration of Independence, the countryside had no idea what it meant. The language was too highfalutin, and it hadn't, to its knowledge, suffered the oppressions there enumerated. All it wanted was land and peace. When war came to their doors, many helped the British. Hough is torn between not liking that, and making it clear that after all they had no quarrel with the Redcoats. Abe Kronkhyte became a thorough rebel at the end, but more because he suffered British jails than because he had an idea what the fighting was about. A book that reads easily, and it's only when you close it that you remember the author hasn't bothered to give Abe romance.

Another well-told tale of a neglected patch of history is *Bride of a Thousand Cedars* by Bruce Lancaster and Lowell Brentano (Stokes, $2.50). Before the Civil War, Bermuda was an island of old families, genteel and poor, who considered work not very respectable and had no ambitions. Came the War Between the States, crowding its ports with Confederate vessels hungry for goods and profit. Bermuda boomed. The genteel caught the fever and speculated. Peace left them high and dry.

Bride of a Thousand Cedars has a good time with Civil War Bermuda and the Cottrells—willful Sally who falls in love with a blockade runner, naïve father Geoffrey who provides an entertaining portrait, sleepy sister Beth, and strait-laced mama. Bermuda's awakening is lively and amusing, Sally makes an admirable heroine and Trevor Wyeth a good hero. The story moves on ball-bearings and there is a good tone about the whole business.

Moses: Man of the Mountain by Zora Neale Hurston (Lippincott, $3) will remind everybody of *The Green Pastures.* It's Moses, Jehovah's great Voodoo man, as felt by the Negro. When I read Freud's *Moses and Monotheism*, I muttered that there was a novel in the grand old man that made Pharaoh let his people go. Here it is, and a fine combination of great seriousness and the plain language of simple people.

Moment in Peking by Lin Yutang (John Day, $3) is a monologue of 815 pages. It is unpolished, sometimes naïve, often boring. At the same time it is an absorbing saga, and the first modern novel from out of China itself. Taking three Chinese families from the days of the 1900 Boxer Rebellion to the Japanese war, it reveals the Chinese mind more clearly than anything on that puzzling subject.

In a way the Japanese war has been good for the sprawling Oriental provinces that called themselves a nation only by courtesy of a throttling heritage of manners. Lin Yutang deals with individuals only as parts of the whole, the family. China was a country of clans and the individual who revolted from the family became an outcast in the social system.

The Yaos, Tsengs and News of *Moment in Peking* are wealthy families. The Yaos are the best of China, liberal, tolerant, harmonious, living beautifully but remotely. They have no social sense outside of the family itself. The Taoist father dreams of retiring from the world, and finally does. The beautiful, intelligent daughters are concerned with being women in accordance with the ancient customs.

The News are the worst of upper-class China, corrupt politicians, also in accordance with the time-honored ways of the country's bureaucracy. The Tsengs are between the two, led by a narrow conservative father, the sons brought up to think only of being correct and loyal.

This, then, was upper-class China, the fruit of centuries of culture, living pleasantly and indifferently between an impoverished peasantry and a rotten government. Lin Yutang describes their lives with meticulous detail, the loves and quarrels and intricate family adjustments. He describes their slow emergence into modernism and ends in a burst of glory: fleeing before the Japanese, losing sons and daughters in the war, the best of these families, for the first time in their history, feel themselves one with all China. They rise above family to think of the nation and its good. They, and China, are reborn.

Nebraska has George W. Norris, and it has Mari Sandoz. The former was a peck of trouble from the beginning, but who expected the warmhearted author of *Old Jules* to run amuck and do a Steinbeck? Her new novel, *Capital City* (Little Brown, $2.50), laid in Franklin, state of Kanewa (Kansas-Nebraska-Iowa?) is a forthright wallop at fascism's beginnings in the Middle West, the Gold Shirts, the Christian Crusaders, and their moneyed backers. Mari Sandoz has given the American Legion Auxiliary and the women's clubs something to tsk-tsk away.

* * *

William Steig's book of symbolical drawings, *About People* (Random House, $2.50) has 105 pictures and 272 words, every picture a combination of a tickle and a sock. The stuff is cosmic and Freudian. While your face smiles, deep down inside you something begins to wither as you recognize another aspect of yourself. Every enjoyer of it should go immediately to the library or someplace and look up that neglected classic of Clarence Day Jr.'s, *Thoughts without Words.*

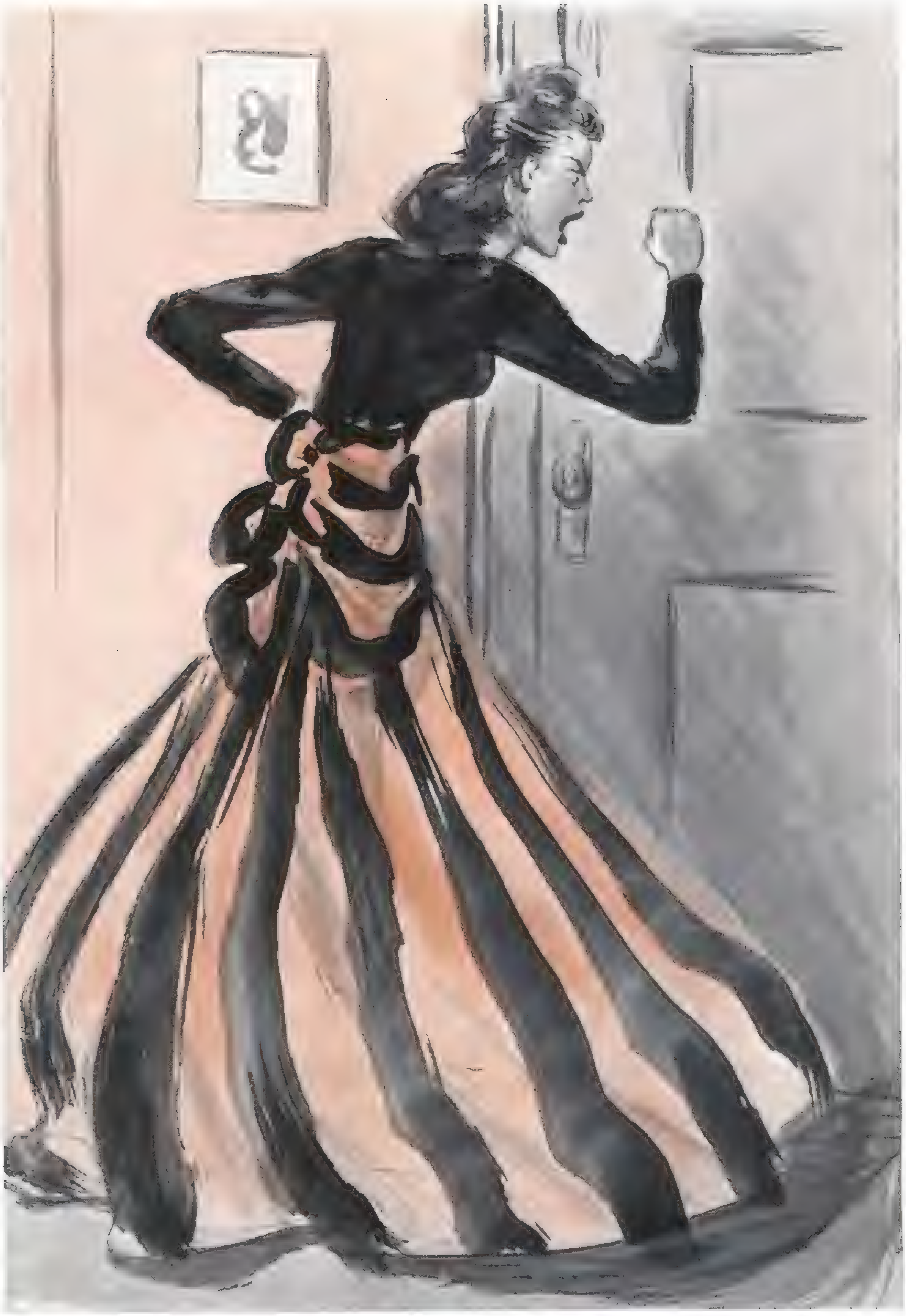
Eleanor Graham's *For These Moments* (Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vt., $1.25), with introduction by Arthur Guiterman, is a book of short poems crisply written on simple, everyday themes and informed with humor. Edgar Lee Master's *More People* (Appleton-Century, $2.50) contains 60 poems, of which the last one, *Land's End*, is by far the best. I found too much of the stilted, the prosaic, and the "I-can-rhyme-anything" in it.

The communists abandoned the United Front idea when it seemed to have no future for them, and embarked on a more adventurous life. The socialists, who wouldn't slide down the communists' cellar door, seem now to be working on a United Front of their own. At least Norman Thomas and Bertram D. Wolfe wrote *Keep America Out of War: A Program* (Stokes, $2.50) to show that "men of differing backgrounds can and must work together on this all-important task."

Well, it happens that the commies are in the same back yard after all, but even so the idea might be a good one. Thomas and Wolfe work earnestly at it, telling what the war is about, what will happen to the land of the free if we go in to save democracies that aren't democratic, and so on.

On that last point, I am half through a corking good book, Helen Kirkpatrick's *Under the British Umbrella* (Scribner, $2.75) which just came in today. The review will have to wait, but my point will be that it's the best explanation of how things go on in England which these tired eyes have seen in many a year.

And if it's words about fartheraway places you want, two first raters hand-made for you are *Caribbean Treasure*, by Ivan T. Sanderson (Viking, $3) and *Land Below the Wind* (Borneo) by Agnes Newton Keith (Little Brown, $3). But more of that later. ⧺



"I don't care if you ruin ten rolls of film! Open this door and send the maid out"

Job for the Liquidators

Continued from page 69

we have a pretty good idea of what is going on—"

Torretta picked up a pen and wrote. Crussard had drawn a chair near, and commented on his replies. Beyrol had picked up a newspaper, and paid no more attention to the scene. The big fellow on the chair had filled a pipe and relaxed: All was going well.

"Have they our patrol schedule on Plan Four? Yes. Who obtained it? A woman who is the mistress of a naval lieutenant. Was money paid for it separately? Yes, four hundred francs to the woman." Torretta checked names: "Never heard of Captain Z. . . . Alterations on this ship were noted by someone in Toulon, merely checked at Bizerte. Two hundred and fifty francs to a machinist for it."

"A cheap Judas," Crussard said.

"One must live," Torretta declared.

Crussard sent down for food and beer to the café below. And the four of them had a cold luncheon, the conversation turning on local topics. Torretta felt comfortable, unafraid. He was helping these people, atoning for his past. When he resumed work, he rather enjoyed it. The collaboration gave him a sense of closeness to Crussard, who seemed so powerful and clever.

"That's all," he announced at last. "I may think of some other details later. Perhaps, I can be useful—"

"Sure, sure," Crussard gave him another cigarette, the third since he had started to write, even held the match for him. "That's good stuff."

"How soon can you help me get away?"

The man in black gestured vaguely.

"As soon as we have settled with your friend here. We don't want to let him get off. We must have something on him, so we can arrest him. He has no papers in his baggage—none of any use to us, that is. You'll help us fix something—"

Torretta shook his head.

"Oh, no—you do not understand. That man—the one who is looking for me—he does only this sort of work. He carries no papers. He just—"

There was a pause. The atmosphere grew chill again.

"He is an intelligent man, an officer," Crussard resumed as if he had not heard the protest. He opened a folder, drew out a number of typewritten sheets: "Look at these. I know you can tell what they are. Embarkation schedules for troops. For regiments sailing for Europe in the event of a war. You note something interesting at once, don't you?"

"Yes." Torretta nodded: "Sure, concentration points for the active Oranese Division, for the reserves. And—" he looked up at Crussard with surprise: "This figures on the use of the port at Nemours for the first three days of mobilization—"

"Submarines, perhaps cruisers, will be watching outside Oran harbor," Crussard agreed. "So Nemours may be used."

"Are these genuine?"

"Genuine?" Crussard indicated the official headings, the stamps. As genuine as can be. Not the latest plans, of course. But new enough to attract attention. What is important, you understand, is that the possession of such documents by a foreign subject would be basis enough for arrest and conviction on an espionage charge. Your Consulate could not gracefully intervene. You are to say that you bought them from a secretary-sergeant at Divisional Headquarters, that you spent your last money for them. That you are willing to turn them over for nothing, to make amends, but that there are others which you can obtain."

Torretta was dripping again. The thought of facing the man dispatched to execute him was torture.

"Suppose he is not fooled, decides to—"

"To cut your throat? Defend yourself." Crussard shrugged. "It will be all right, I shall be somewhere near, will come at the first call. If he attacks you, we can arrest him on an assault charge, the carrying of concealed weapons, something or other. If you're worried about consequences, I'll fix it—" he took a red card from a wallet, wrote in a name: "An inspector's pass for the town police. Have you a pistol?"

"I had one. But I got rid of it to avoid suspicion if searched."

"Take this one—" Crussard laid a small automatic on the desk. "You won't need it, I'll bet. Be careful: If he doesn't take the papers, don't shoot until he draws a weapon. It must be a plain case of self-defense, in case the town police come on the scene."

"Where will I meet him?"

"In the Reserved Quarter, Theatre Street. You write him a note to meet you in Rachelle's house, Room Fourteen. Write him at his hotel, make the appointment for nine o'clock tonight. Just tell him that you know he is here and that you would like a personal interview before he makes a certain deal. He'll understand."

"Will he come?"

"Why not? If he has had you watched, as is likely, he knows you haven't seen the police. Your presence here?" Crussard picked up the paper Beyrol had been reading, pointed out an advertisement: 'This office needs a translator for legal documents.' Beyrol's place isn't covered by your people, I don't believe they know his connection with us.

"Your 'friend' has been in town several days and he is growing impatient. There is a ship sailing for his country in the morning—he will figure that in the place you are to meet him—which cannot arouse his suspicions as you two cannot meet at his hotel—he will have a chance to work quietly.

"It's up to you to interest him in the documents. No need to name the sergeant—you wouldn't if he existed, as he would be your find. Know what I think? He'll be glad of any excuse to duck murdering you. Probably, six or more men drew lots for this assignment. He doesn't like it, as he's not the assassin type. Too much temperament—he's been thinning visibly. Now, Guillaume, over there—" Crussard indicated the big man: "An order's and order, and he never worries."

"Right, Chief," said the fellow in a shrill voice.

"He'll go for those papers. And we'll pinch him in the morning, when he boards the boat."

"Will you see that I get clear after?" Torretta asked.

"After, after?" Crussard laughed. "One thing at a time. Moreover, you will have to decide carefully where you wish to go. They have people everywhere, as you said yourself. Oh, you'll never be bored, old man, never. Now, sit down quietly and write him the note. I'll see that he gets it. Write it in your language. By the way, I read it quite easily. Then Guillaume will stick around you until it's all over. With him on the job, well—nothing bad can happen to you."

* * *

Room Number Fourteen at Rachelle's was small, with only one window. A dresser, with photographs stuck in the frame, a washstand bearing an enamelware basin and a pitcher. A sagging bed with a multicolored, faded cover. It smelled of soap, perfume and talcum powder. Torretta lifted the dingy curtain, looked down into the narrow, cobbled street two stories below. It was crowded with women, with soldiers in uniforms, with merchant seamen in shore clothes. Downstairs, the mechanical phonograph was playing, endlessly, first: *Ah qu'il est beau mon village, Paris, mon Paris,* then a tango, always the same.

The night was warm, stickish. Torretta washed his hands in the basin, poured the dirty water into the pail at one side. Crussard did things well: The owner had shown him into the room, asked no questions. He had noticed that no one came into the rooms next to this one, although doors were opening and closing all through the building.

No need to worry, no one would disturb him. But Guillaume was downstairs, in the main room, between him and the door leading to the street. Automatically, Torretta walked about that room, and pushed his clenched fist against the walls from time to time, as if he were seeking some secret opening. He was like a rat in a trap, with a man coming up to kill him. Those papers?

He laid them on the table, read them. They were all right, with proper seals and stamps. But if that fellow were not a fool, he would surely wonder why Torretta had free-lanced instead of using the money to run further. An odd detail struck him fully for the first time: He had known his pursuer by sight for almost two weeks, yet he did not know his name! It would have been so easy to find out, at his hotel, quietly, discreetly.

But why did the name matter?

Steps on the floor outside. They stopped before the door. There was a knock. Torretta held the pistol in his trouser's pocket. It felt very small, inefficient.

"Come in."

The door opened. And the man stepped inside, turned slightly to push the door to. He was quiet, tall, with blondish, almost white hair and very light blue eyes. He wore white, from shoes to hat, with a blue necktie. He was quite evidently a gentleman. His full lips smiled, his chin was soft, but the whole upper part of his face seemed drawn tightly, stretched on the bone.

"Good evening, Torretta."

"Good evening."

"I am instructed to discuss a refund."

Torretta sighed with relief. This chap did not seem so formidable. He was willing to discuss money. And he did not waste words. He knew that Torretta knew who he was, what he was to do. He swung a chair, sat down, and rested that white hat on the table, after brushing the cloth absent-mindedly with the edge of one hand.

"Well?"

"Where would I get so much money?"

"Then why send for me?" The blond man shifted easily in the chair, to look at Torretta who was standing: "This is a trap, isn't it? You know I must bring back that money. You have paid men to watch over you."

"No." Torretta sat down on the other side of the table, indicated the papers with his left hand: "Look at these." And as the stranger scanned the sheets, holding them with both hands as if he had not a thought in his head save curiosity, Torretta told his story. "You can take them. And if you are interested in more—later ones, I know how to get them." He lowered his voice, added: "Listen, I've gone to the French. They gave me these to trick you." Aloud, he said: "Yes, of course. They are not as careful here as in Tunisia. But the man knows what he has—and that he can't keep it up for long—"

"But these are certainly old—look at the date—almost without value—"

"If you harm me, you'll not go far. Take these back to the hotel. Burn them. They intend to nab you at the steamer." Torretta and the stranger discussed prices aloud. And the traitor was whispering while the other spoke: "They found me. I had to talk. Most of the stuff I told they knew already. I could

Continued on page 98

Job for the Liquidators

Continued from pages 69-97

tell. I was a fool. A crook. But see if you can't fix it for me. It was the money—"

"At the boat?"

"Yes."

"Look here," the blond man said, quite loudly: "I'm willing to believe you. But these are worth nothing, nothing. I give you three days to get something better. Perhaps you are fooled yourself. Now, look at this—" His head was very near Torretta's: "Thanks. I didn't like the job. You're a fool."

"I'll need more money—"

"That's none of my concern. You know I cannot offer such a lame explanation. I'll take these, all right. That will give me an out. I feel that I have been watched for the last five days. My baggage was searched. I had threads, found them broken. You know. You're lucky. Know what you had best do? Return home of your own will, confess your guilt and take what's coming. Back there, it won't be death, perhaps not even prison. I'll stay three days more, then go on to Morocco."

"In three days, I'll have something."

"I hope so."

"Have a drink? I have a bottle here—"

"No, thanks."

The blond man rose. Torretta was not sure of him as yet. He kept some distance away, ready. But the man nodded a last time, winked, and went through the door.

His steps followed the hallway, sounded on the stairs. He had the papers with him. Torretta felt that even if he was not safe, he had gained a reprieve. Crussard had foreseen everything—everything except this. This had been one way to redeem his head—saving that fellow's head.

He went to the window, pulled back the curtain, and puffed on a cigarette: Crussard said someone would be watching for his signal that all had gone as expected. But there had been someone planted in one of the adjoining rooms. There must have been. However, why not play the fool to the end?

The street was almost deserted. A few drunken men leaned against the walls, moved slowly. The others were in the houses. The bellowing and the music would go on until midnight. And there was his "friend," the blond Northerner, conspicuous in his white suit. He was reaching the corner where he must turn toward the theatre, the open place—and his hotel.

Two men came around the corner. And a third, a policeman, with the small cape over his shoulders, his cap badge and buttons gleaming in the lamplight. The blond man stepped aside to avoid them. They spoke to him. There was hardly a space, then as the man in the white suit lifted his hand, as if to bring his identification from his pocket, an orange flame winked. Although he was watching, Torretta hardly heard the explosion.

Remember the gatefold color pages that "glorified" the December Esquire? The April issue will feature double-spread color gatefolds, as added attractions to the usual number of pictorial pages. Don't miss the super-charged April issue!

The noise below did not abate, not a single door opened.

One of the two men in civilian garments stooped to lift the form in white, the other searched the pockets. Then the policeman alone remained near the body. The others came up the street toward Number Fourteen. There was no use running, they would be at the door before Torretta could get downstairs.

So he waited, near the window.

His knees were shaking under him, and his stomach heaved. And when the door opened, he held himself erect by holding on to the window frame. Crussard entered, followed by Guillaume. Both were smiling.

"You saw?" Crussard said at once.

Torretta nodded.

"It was best that way. You see, luck played our way. The civic police got a report that a well-dressed man was here," Crussard winked. "So we were looking for him, to warn him, in case he had money. Strangers often get held up in this street. We start to speak to him when we meet him, and he acts suspiciously. I thought he was reaching for a gun—but it was a knife he had under his coat, in a scabbard—look at it—" he showed Torretta the weapon: "His gun was in his pants pocket. Let's see the one I gave you—thanks."

Crussard laid the two guns on the table, lighted a cigarette.

"Remarkable coincidence, eh? Just alike." He smiled with evident satisfaction: "Very remarkable—because we switched guns on him—during our search. He has an international permit for the one you have. Numbers check and everything. See, if you had had to shoot him, it would have been a point in your favor—you had taken the gun from him as he threatened you. Good, eh?"

"Splendid," Torretta agreed, very white.

An unreasoning terror gripped him. But these two did not seem ready to harm him. Guillaume had picked up the guns, slipped them into his coat pocket. Crussard had the papers again, and was writing something in the margin on the first sheet.

"Going to get the cop to sign this," he announced. "And I want you to sign that you handed them to him—just in case there is a back kick. His Consul may ask for an investigation, and this sort of thing will shut him right up." He rose, stretched and grunted: "I'll be glad when this is over and we can turn in."

Guillaume had gone to the washstand and was wrapping a thick towel around his right hand. Torretta wondered why, whether he had been hurt in the brief struggle outside. That was impossible, the blond man had not been given a chance to draw that blade clear of its scabbard. That blade—the blade that had been meant for him, Torretta! It was laughable that he was so upset now over what had happened to his enemy!

He took the chair just vacated by Crussard.

"Where do I sign?" he asked as he reached for the pen.

"Hadn't you better read first?" Crussard said.

His voice had an odd ring. Torretta was aware that Guillaume had come very near, was standing behind his chair. He could 'feel' the mass of those muscles near by. This worried him, and he tried to rise. But Crussard rested one hand on his shoulder, a heavy hand with fingers as steel. The voice repeated quietly:

"Read."

Pen poised, Torretta read. And the words started to dance before his eyes, refused to assume meaning. He muttered them, trying to fix them in his mind.

"You have belonged to two nations. You proved a traitor to both. There is no reason for pity, none for mercy. The punishment for espionage and for treason: Death."

Torretta sat hunched in the chair, and the words twisted and whirled. What did they mean? Two nations—traitor to both—no pity—no mercy—espionage, treason: *Death!*

Why, it was clear: They were going to—no, it could not happen. He must move, do something, say something. They must not—

"Just a moment," he started. His brain was enormously active, seethed with arguments. He had talked his way out of danger earlier this evening, he could do it again. But his tongue seemed to swell, clung to his palate like a dry sponge. His bowels squirmed and he felt nausea. But he must, he must: "eheh—"

Then his head bobbed bruskly. He settled over the table, easily, gently, without the least fuss. Guillaume had fired the spy's automatic through the towel, and a bullet had crashed into the base of a traitor's skull.

* * *

From the newspaper *Nouvelles Oranaises:*

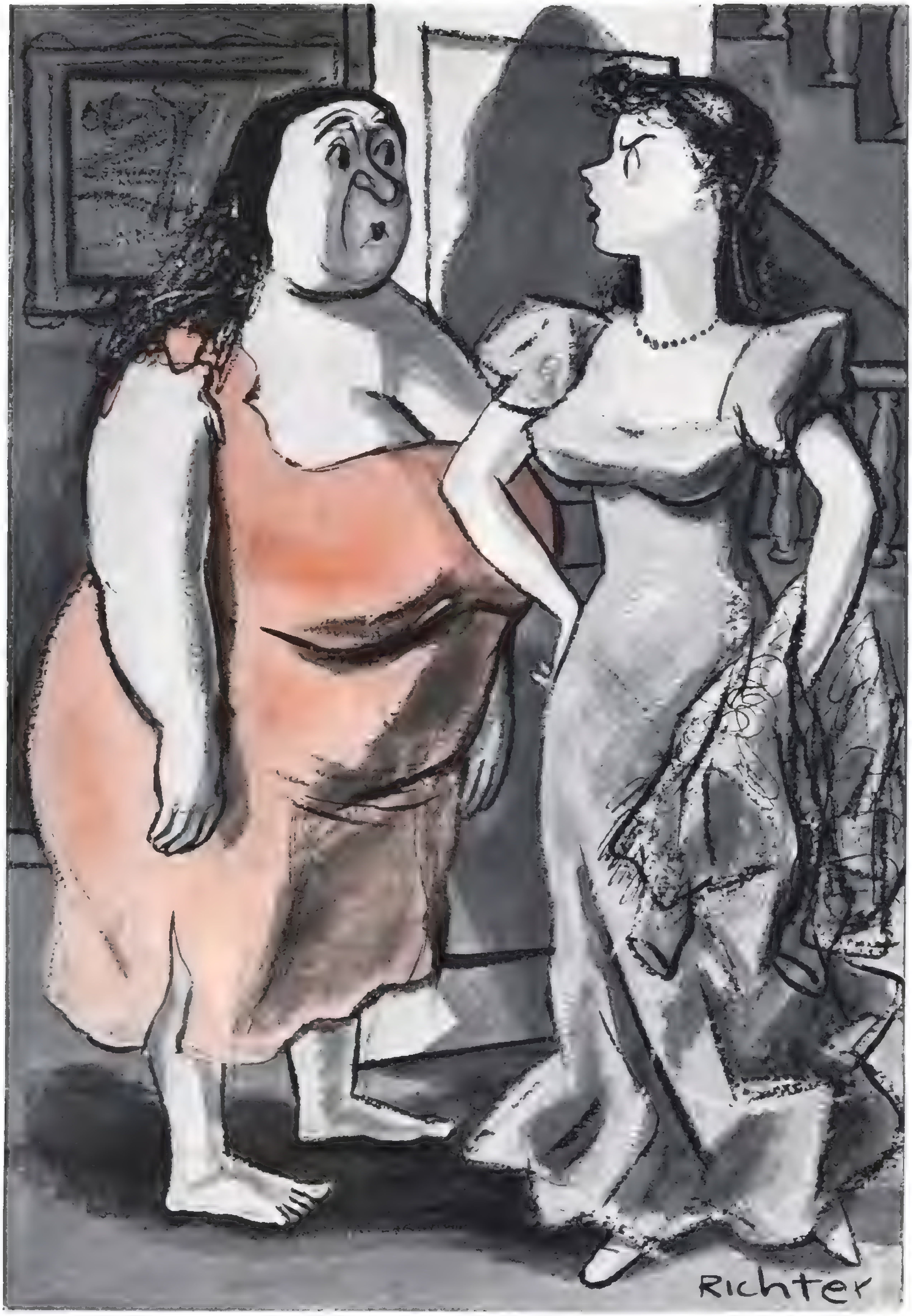
"A mysterious drama occurred last night in the Rue du Théâtre. The manager of a notorious house reported to the local police station the presence of well-dressed strangers acting suspiciously. Policeman Salvadez, Henri, was ordered to investigate. On his way, he met two inspectors of the Security Service's Special Brigade, who joined him when informed of his mission.

"One of the suspected men was leaving the establishment when they arrived. They halted him for questioning, asked to see his identification papers. Without a word of warning, he reached for a knife concealed inside his coat and attacked the policemen. It was then that Inspector Guillaume, a well-known member of the Brigade, stepped back and fired a shot. The man was killed on the spot.

"Cautiously, the policemen entered the building and proceeded to Room Fourteen, on the second floor, where the manager told them they would find the man's accomplice. When they entered, they found the body of a man. He had been killed instantly also, shot through the back of the head as he was about to sign something: A pen was held in his hand.

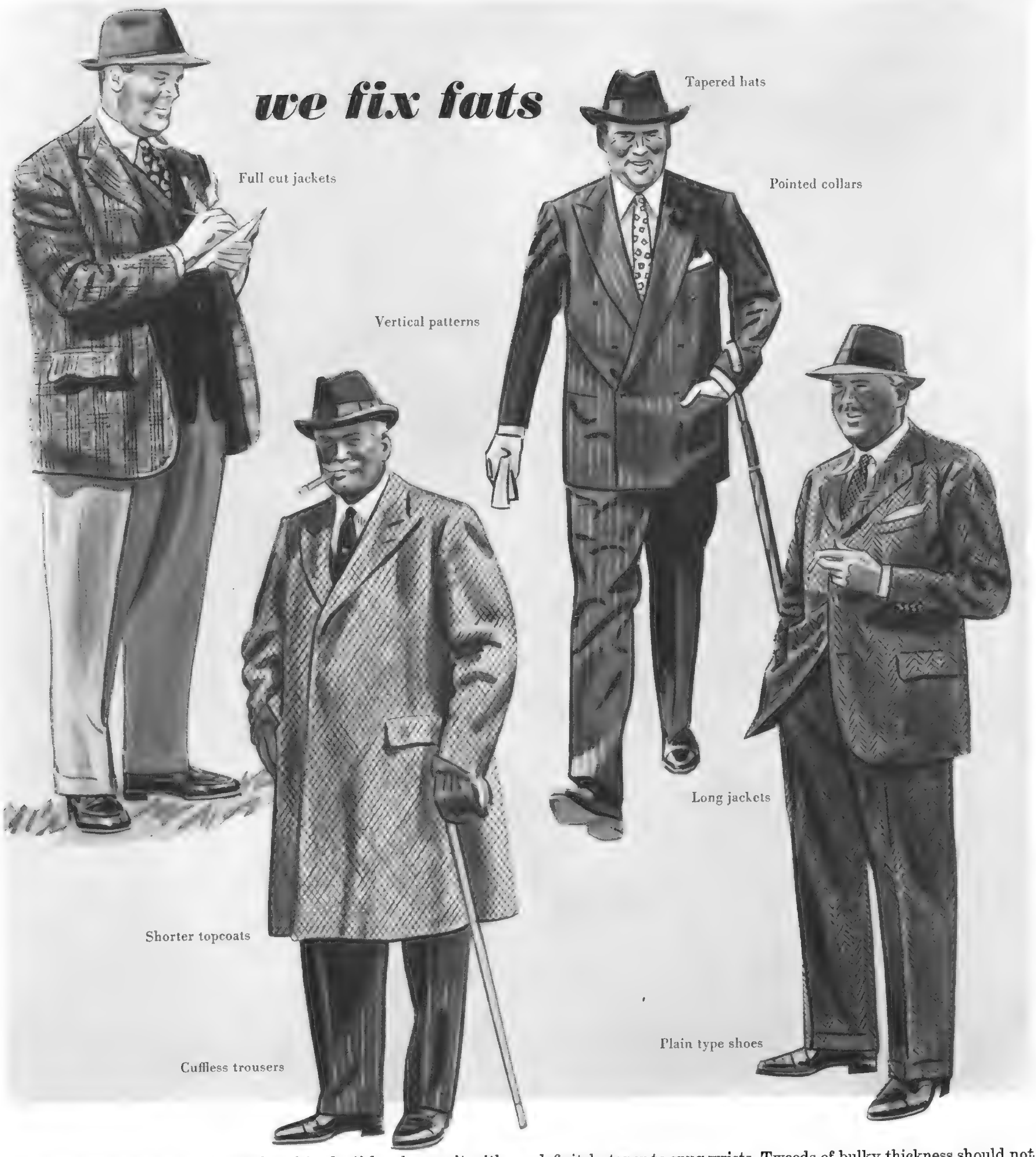
"Papers on the murdered man revealed his identity as Vincent Torretta, French citizen, resident of Tunisia. A passport was found on the individual slain by the police, but the Consulate of the nation which had issued it has informed us that the document was probably a forgery, and we have been requested to withhold the name while telegraphic inquiries are being made. There is reason to believe that Torretta was also using forged documents.

"The police announce that the case has been filed, as there is no purpose to an investigation, the murderer being beyond reach. They opine that the killing was undoubtedly the result of a vendetta of long standing. The usual rumors have been circulated, to the effect that both slayings were caused by espionage activities. But that is the easiest way for this city's authorities to cover up the shameful inefficiency which allows nondescript foreigners to circulate and reside as they please in our Colony. Once more, we state that Oran and Orania should not be the dumping-ground for the Mediterranean Area, etc. . . ." #



"Sure! I know—when you were a girl you would have walked home, but you didn't have white satin slippers"

we fix fats



Apparel can be a fat man's kindest friend—if he chooses it with knowledge of a few simple principles of cause and effect. Excess weight need be no penalty on trim appearance. For well covered skeletons have the edge on gaunt angular frames. Rules are based on visual form—the aim being to unbroaden and elongate at the same time. Blatant color and bold patterns must be avoided. Color is an eye attracter and in quantity becomes circus-like instead of decorative. The gag about Omar the tentmaker as tailor to Titans is apt only when poor judgment dictates fabric, design or color choice.

But we don't mean plaids are to be shunned as plague by the portly. Here is an obese optimist in well chosen country clothes. The plaid jacket emphasizes the grouped vertical stripes which are heightening agents. No belted back cuts his broad backview. The buttons of his plain color cardigan stress the vertical, as do the lines in his Bedford Cord breeks with narrow bottoms. The simple patterned Norwegian shoe and tapered crown semi-Tyrolean hat are also elongators. Fat men should avoid rounded shirt collars and wear long points leading away from round faces. Jacket sleeves should definitely taper to snug wrists. Tweeds of bulky thickness should not be worn, as cheviots and Saxonies are better rough cloth choices.

The be-herringboned hefty shown here again illustrates the value of vertical lines, as does the chalk stripe pattern of the double-breasted business suit. While single-breasted jackets are better adapted to stout figures, the double-breasted model, when rolled to the bottom button, also gives a lengthening lapel line. A narrow tie also is recommended. And the vest can well be omitted. Hat crowns should always taper, while medium width brims are preferred over wide ones. Shoes are best when simple in design, avoiding over-decorative punching pattern. Cuffless trousers for business wear are another addition to the up and down motif. All clothing should be cut generously, as nothing stresses bulges and bigness more than skimpy coverage or straining fabric. Topcoat fabrics had best be plain patterned—simple tweeds, dark fabrics or covert cloth. Shortness in all outercoats should be the stout man's axiom, but the suit jacket should be fairly long. Suspenders should hold trousers well up to waistlines, and trouser pleats will afford pocket accessibility without strain.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Bohrod: Chicago's Gift to Art

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no more economic security, rather less, than any petty bourgeois employed as a minor executive in a small shop or plant who can never hope to get his name in the paper, much less in a magazine like this, unless and until he has committed a crime of passion.

But aside from his standing in art, how may one describe the quality of Aaron Bohrod's painting? To begin with, one may say that he is one of the best artists in America in the use of water color and gouache. He belongs to the descriptive rather than to the abstract school. That is, when you look at a picture by Bohrod you can't be in the shadow of doubt as to the nature of the scene described. The thing painted is no less clear than the way in which it is painted, and Bohrod paints with a rich, luscious quality that communicates to the thickest-skinned among us something of the pleasure the artist gave himself in working on that particular canvas, panel or sheet of paper. Tom, Dick and Harry will understand immediately what Bohrod has painted; the cognoscenti, Hyacinth, Percival and Anatol will extract the rarer pleasure of realizing the transmutation of the scene into paint. Bohrod is not a subtle painter; he answers the questions of what and how clearly; he spreads his nets wide; he is not a debatable painter, either in his qualities or his defects.

He can make a swell picture out of a shantytown, a derelict asleep on the front step of a slum tenement, a cluster of crumbling wooden houses, a vegetable market in the pushcart section of town, a thoroughly depressed street beneath the curve of a viaduct and the ugliest section of the Chicago River. He has explored and painted every section of Chicago, except the glossy and the genteel, and in his travels throughout the country made possible by the Guggenheim Foundation subsidies he naturally chose city and country views that were definitely on the wrong side of the tracks. He has painted from Mississippi to Massachusetts yet he has been most successful, because most matured, in his Chicago paintings and gouaches, not because these had their origin in his home town but because they were done later, and more knowledge went into them. His *View of Ludington*, which is in Michigan, and a most beautiful lakefront harmony, is proof enough in itself that the cunning of his hand is not mortgaged to Chicago. *Louisiana Town at Night*, which was exhibited in his 1937 New York show, and *Evening in Roscommon*, shown in October, 1939, exhibit almost equally his great gift for making light come through an interior to penetrate the night gloom of a street. If there is one state to which he is most deeply indebted above all others, it is not Illinois, but Wyoming. In 1937 his *Wyoming Landscape* won for him the Logan medal and the $500 prize that goes with it at the Chicago Art Institute and two years later, at the Carnegie International in Pittsburgh, the judges found his *Deserted House, Wyoming* worthy of third honorable mention, and the accompanying check. He is faithful to Chicago and has done well by her but the leash by which he is bound is a long one, allowing extensive departures and adventures.

Bohrod's art isn't all beer and skittles. He is still weak in the human figure, in which department he is still close to his student period. He uses lazy shortcuts in color, unmodulated intensities of blue and green, in pictures in which surf, sky and grass take up a large part of the surface. He has painted figures on the beach which look as if they might have been drawn from magazine covers instead of from life. There are summer landscapes and one or two snow scenes which are definitely on the sugary side, and certainly *Frame Houses in Winter* is a set-up for a Christmas card for the not too discriminating public. But Bohrod is only thirty-three. He has already made terrific advances over his work of even five years ago. He has shown tremendous capacity for growth and is growing. The weak spots of today simply indicate the trend of his near-future development.

Aaron was the third of four children, of parents who had come to Chicago from the same village in Bessarabia. His elder brother, Milton, was destined for medicine and has since become a noted pathologist, stationed at Peoria, Illinois. It was their mother's fond hope that Aaron would pair off with his brother in some allied profession, such as dentistry or pharmacy. His father, who kept a grocery store, had no particular preference for his son but hoped that he would make a living. His own art impulse was expressed and exhausted in the ability to draw a quick bird, of which he was very proud. Although at first deeply disappointed in his son's choice of a career, he later became militantly loyal and up to the time of his death in April, 1939, hoarded every scrap of criticism about his son and violently took his part against those who neither understood nor appreciated him.

Aaron Bohrod was in his early teens when he felt that he wanted to be some sort of artist. Using crayons, he would copy the comic cartoon characters of the day and later he copied on beaverboard panels the designs on the dinner plates from which the Bohrods ate. His brother was most sympathetic to Aaron's ambition, for he bought him a small water-color set when the potential artist was twelve years of age and, later, a set of oil colors, with which Aaron executed a series of "primitives"—everything under the sun. One mustn't suppose that the young man's entire life was whittled down to art. He fulfilled other functions; he was a normal boy of his age and class. He attended school and had as much of the devil in him as of the good boy. He studied the violin and resented studying the violin. At the age of ten (1917) he wrote and delivered a four-minute speech which set his teacher a-twitter and made her suggest the career of lawyer to him. During 1917-18 he did several Liberty Bond and War Savings Stamps posters which were hung on the walls of his classroom and of the school corridor. In his father's grocery store Aaron waited on customers and delivered orders, his errands providing him with his first experience and knowledge of those shabbier sections of Chicago which he was later to organize in art forms.

When Aaron was fourteen he expressed a desire for specialized art instruction. He had been reading correspondence school advertisements and their promises fascinated him. A filled-out inquiry form brought a high-pressure salesman who did not leave the store until the elder Bohrod had signed on the dotted line. Aaron Bohrod was now an art student by mail and he would have continued indefinitely had not a clerical error revealed to him that he was receiving form criticisms of the work he was submitting. He quit after the third lesson, but by that time he had learned a few commercial art tricks which were to be useful, such as the process of enlarging a drawing for reproduction, something about lettering and the elements of perspective. There was a little gloating at home at Aaron's expense when he gave up; his art interest definitely subsided and he devoted his leisure to sandlot ball.

He was a good student at Crane Technical High School during his first two years when he made honors in all subjects and was particularly fond of mathematics and English composition. His last two high school years were restless ones, devoted to subjects not on the curriculum, such as baseball and girls. It was during this period, while he was delivering groceries, that he first became acquainted with the girl who is now Mrs. Bohrod and the mother of their six-year-old son, Mark. When the families of the young man and young woman later exchanged memories they discovered that both groom and bride had been brought into the world by the same midwife. During the summers between high school terms Bohrod worked at both of the Chicago baseball parks selling score cards and became so well acquainted with the players, he could recognize and greet, even in their street clothes, such stars as Babe Ruth.

At high school graduation he proposed to put away childish things and the only state of mind he was able to achieve was indecision. After sleeping through the first year of Junior College, he quit with the intention of grabbing himself a job and saving enough from his wages to pay for art school. It was in 1926 that his working life started. He became messenger for a brokerage house. This job lasted six weeks. Then he became a mechanical draftsman for the Yellow Truck and Coach Company and in the fall of 1926 left to enroll in the classes of the Chicago Art Institute. He took the routine elementary course preliminary to specialization and in this way prepared himself to earn something in commercial art later on. He had been an Institute student for a year before he caught sight of the paintings in the Institute's collection and the only honest thing he could say about the modern pictures was that he couldn't make head or tail of them.

It was about this time that he itched to become a successful commercial artist, to make a lot of money. Maybe those modern paintings he didn't understand put a sword between him and the practice of the fine arts. Maybe he wanted to show a certain young woman that he could bring home the bacon, as well as deliver the groceries. In the summer of 1927 he found himself on the payroll of a large printing house for which he designed, among other things, book jackets, maps and a type

Continued at top of page 102

Nine Petty Pictures next month! Remember the cartoon portfolio in the October issue? April brings another—27 added cartoons in full color; past favorites selected by readers' requests. Nine of them are Petty girls. There'll be a rush for the April issue. Reserve yours, now!

Bohrod: Chicago's Gift to Art

Continued from pages 62-101

face still in use. In the fall, when school opened, he divided his day between job and Institute. He was then offered a scholarship which gave him a full day's free tuition and he dropped the job, and shortly afterwards dropped the Institute to work for a year, part of the time in a department store where he specialized in advertising layouts. He was on the high road to big money but the young woman who was to become Mrs. Bohrod induced him to drop commerce entirely in favor of fine art.

In 1929 he arrived in New York to learn what the teachers at the Art Students' League could give him. They gave him plenty, especially John Sloan, who in a few well-chosen, hard-hitting words shook the smug young Chicagoan out of his self-conceit with those slick commercial short cuts which enabled him to slapdash a picture more quickly than any other student in the class. John Sloan taught Aaron Bohrod to try to look for the quality of things for himself and instilled in him the feeling that it was a worthy ambition to hack out an original, a personal, path in painting. For the first time in his life Bohrod began seriously putting paint on canvas and began looking at the works of living Americans in galleries and museums. It is plain that Sloan threw enough verbal rockets at Bohrod to blink him into consciousness of factors vital to his subsequent development. That year he married secretly in New York and the marriage was subsequently ratified by a religious ceremoney in Chicago. Still shuttling between art and commerce, he returned to Chicago in 1930 to become art director of the department store for which he had been working and after a year revisited New York and the League where he studied lithography with Eugene Fitsch in the evening and spent most of the day in his own studio, painting. In the spring of 1932 Bohrod returned to Chicago, but not to commercial work. From now on it was to be the fine arts, or bust.

The Bohrods began with a hitch-hike trip to Santa Fe. They were back in eleven days, minus eighteen dollars. Coming and going Bohrod had made pencil sketches. These he exhibited in an open air art market organized soon after his return and was surprised to find people willing to spend up to five dollars for a little sketch by an absolute unknown. This gave him a little hope. He went on working. The Bohrods were using their reserves sparingly. The same year a little Chicago gallery, no longer in existence, gave him his first one-man show. Score: no publicity, no sales. In the spring of 1933 he sent an oil to a show of local painters at the Institute and won his first recognition, a prize of one hundred dollars, a vast sum. Then one day there trooped into his studio a procession of curators. They were the late Robert Harshe, director of the Chicago Institute; Daniel Catton Rich, his associate; Mrs. Juliana Force, director of the Whitney Museum in New York, and Karl Free and Herman More, also of the Whitney. That afternoon Mr. Harshe selected a Bohrod for the Century of Progress art exhibition, and the Whitney contingent chose a group of lithographs, a water color and an oil for exhibition. The Museum bought the prints for itself and sold the water color to a collector. From now it was clear sailing, not to moving picture fame and fortune, but to a relative success.

In 1934 followed the artist's one-man display in New York and his first representation in the Whitney Museum biennial, after which the museum bought its first Bohrod oil, *Landscape near Chicago*, one of those hard, deliberate, leaf by leaf descriptions. The following year the Whitney bought several Bohrod Water Colors and, in Chicago, he won the second purchase prize in the International Water Color Exhibition, *Road in Peoria* being the picture which the artist gratefully exchanged for a four hundred-dollar check. In 1936 the Guggenheim Foundation gave him a fellowship with which he traveled through the South and through New England as far as Provincetown, making sketches wherever he stopped. On a renewal of the fellowship he went on a sketching expedition as far south this time as New Orleans and as far west as Wyoming. These journeys refreshed him in his mature view of Chicago and although the bulk of his latest, and most extensive, exhibition was devoted to his native city, he does not like to be written down as a one-subject painter—and he isn't. He strikes the bucolic note no less authoritatively than the urban.

He finds physical relaxation in preparing his gesso panels and in the making of frames. He used to play baseball and tennis, but he too is going the way of all flesh; he is now down to poker, pinochle and ping-pong. He used to play the violin but only so long as his young son was pleased. It was for him that the artist painted *Still Life with Ferdinand*, his first still life since art school, in which he made a grouping of the toys his son wanted him to make a picture of. Young Bohrod has built remarkable things in clay, by paternal report, and has threatened to become an artist, seeing how easy it is. *He* should know.

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 70

more estimably affecting than the antecedent moonlight and honeysuckle species.

* * *

Ghosts.—The moment a dramatic critic these days hears that a new play is coming along with a ghost or two in it, he makes a date for that evening with a girl over in Newark. The classics aside, he appreciates not only that ghosts are usually the last resort of a playwright who can't think of any more inventive device for his opus and who in despair puts them into it with an oh-the-hell-with-it-I'll-take-a-chance attitude, but that when the ghosts finally show up on the stage they generally seem like nothing so much as embarrassed actors at a dress rehearsal.

The chief concern of the unimaginative playwrights who rely on ghosts to implement their dramatic action, to say nothing of the playwrights' abashed stage directors, is, once they have confected their ghosts, to work like the devil trying to figure out a way to make them as little like ghosts as possible. This makes for some woebegone monkeyshines. Stage ghosts are no longer privileged, as in the old days, their old white sheets or, if female, their robes of pale gauze, but are metamorphosed into creatures that no more resemble ghosts than Mayor La Guardia resembles Tilly Losch. The new stage fashion, it seems, is to deny at least visually that they are ghosts at all and to present them in the realistic bodies of actors dressed in the latest creations by Finchley or Bergdorf-Goodman, often smoking Racquet Club cigarettes which they light with the *dernier cri* in patented igniters and, when not speaking, either reading the latest John Steinbeck novel or listening to Orson Welles on the radio.

It has all got to be so confusing that the only way one can often any longer distinguish between the living and dead characters on a stage is to note the somewhat greater apathy of the actors playing the supposedly alive ones.

The dramatic critic who doesn't make the date with the baby over in Newark and who remains on the job only learns again for his pains that nine-tenths of the modern plays with ghosts in them are pretty poor stuff. He has learned it again twice in recent months, first in the instance of Robert Ardrey's *Thunder Rock* and secondly in the instance of Paul Vincent Carroll's *Kindred.* Of the twain, the latter is by long odds, and in every particular save the damned ghosts, the better; in point of fact, it is unfair to the otherwise distinguished Irishman to couple him with any such inferior writer as Ardrey. But ghosts are ghosts and I decline to let him down any farther than that.

Ardrey's exhibit had to do with the spooks of a squad of pioneer immigrants who persuade an American cynic that they weren't the brave humans he imagined them but measly escapists, thus inducing the sourball to desert his own ivory tower and go forth to crusade for the betterment of humanity. The play was juvenile claptrap.

Carroll's exhibit has to do with the spooks of creative artists who try to persuade the living that the world would be better off if its management were left to artists instead of to business men and politicians. It's a cute idea and I am all for it, even though it doesn't make much practical sense. Somehow, mule though I am in my respect for the artist as opposed to any other species of human animal, I think I'd rather live in a country presided over by Franklin Roosevelt than in the same country presided over by e. e. cummings or even Munro Leaf. God knows, the world isn't altogether satisfactory operated as it is, but I have serious doubts that the job presently negotiated by Chamberlain, Daladier, Ciano and even Stalin and Hitler would be immeasurably improved if left to A. A. Milne, Salvador Dali, Eddie Guest, Jean Cocteau, Beverley Nichols and Walter Damrosch. Nor am I entirely convinced that Clifford Odets or Mike Gold would constitute a better Secretary of the Treasury than Henry Morgenthau, that Ludwig Bemelmans would make an ideal Secretary of the Navy, and even that Frances Perkins is a piker at her job whereas Gertrude Stein would be simply wonderful. The day that Carroll's dream comes true and the affairs of nations are left to the control of André Maurois, Ivor Novello, Vicki Baum, Ezra Pound, Leopold Stokowski, Lloyd C. Douglas, Greta Garbo and the Jooss ballet, I, for one, go out and get drunk.

Carroll, not only in this direction but in many others, has written, I regret to report, a very infirm play.

* * *

Musical Show Books.—One of the main critical stencils has it that musical show books are generally bad. The stencil is legitimate. The great majority of them are. Why they should so regularly be bad is something of a conundrum. The libretti of opera do not suffer any such acute pain; those of operetta are usually pretty good; and even the revue form is generally quite satisfactory. What may be the explanation of the conundrum? I have the sagacity to report that I don't know. But, like most persons who don't know what they are talking about, I venture to express an opinion anyway.

Perhaps one reason lies in a powerful conviction on the part of musical show bookmakers that they must periodically be funny, whether the immediate nature of

Continued on page 104

U.S. ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION OFF FOR YEAR'S SURVEY

SLED DOGS...YEAR'S SUPPLY OF SLOW-BURNING CAMEL CIGARETTES ACCOMPANY ADMIRAL BYRD TO ANTARCTIC

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CAMEL
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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 70-102

their material calls for comedy or not. We thus are made to endure arbitrary injections of strained humor which not only violate the mood that has been strugglingly maneuvered but which, being arbitrary, jar the ear beyond subsequent recapturings of that mood. This is particularly noticeable in the case of sentimental passages where a bogus sophistication and fear of accusation of softness impel the book writers to protect themselves and seek absolution in facetious and sardonic interruptions. The wittiest criticism of these donkeys is to be discovered in the old book of Victor Herbert's *The Fortune Teller*, with its character assiduously searching for a joke around which to build a musical show but happily never finding it.

A second possible reason is the arbitrary conviction that there must be a more or less definite plot. Such plots have wrecked many an otherwise passable show. If exhibits without music can be eminently satisfactory without any plot to speak of, why may not exhibits with music be doubly so? Yet were such practically plotless and worthily amusing plays as *March Hares*, *My Heart's in the Highlands*, *The Time of Your Life*, *You Can't Take It With You* and the like to be converted into musical shows the responsible asses would doubtless inject plots into them and monkeywrench the works.

A third conceivable reason is the almost impossible business of dovetailing lyrics often written independently with the aforesaid arbitrary plots, resulting not only in making the plots seem doubly silly but the lyrics, however good, appear to be designed for an entirely different show.

The really good musical show book should probably be written around the music and lyrics rather than the music and lyrics around the book. There are exceptions, to be sure, as, for just one example, *Show Boat*. But for each such exception you will find at least a half-dozen exhibits like this season's *Too Many Girls*, *Very Warm for May* and *Du Barry Was a Lady* which, largely written in the opposite manner, enfeeble themselves as a whole. Rodgers and Hart, Cole Porter and certainly the locally matchless Jerome Kern deserve a much more considerate respect from their collaborators.

* * *

On Critically Keeping a Secret.—The program of Clare Boothe's murder melodrama, *Margin for Error*, contained a request that the critics not tip off the explanation of the murder mystery "lest the enjoyment of future audiences be impaired." Aside from seeming to take the enjoyment of such future audiences for granted, any such request—and it is frequently encountered in the case of the species of drama in point—strikes me as unwarranted and rather presumptuous, particularly when the murder mystery play under consideration is a poor one, which Miss Boothe's is. If the play is a really ingenious and in its field meritorious one, I am willing to string along with the playwright or producer and keep the secret for him, but when the play is neither and largely fraudulent, I deem it a critical swindling of future audiences to conceal the silly plot shenanigan from them.

Just why the writers of murder mystery plays consider themselves apart from and above the writers of other kinds of plays in this respect I can't make out. No other playwright requests of a critic that he not tell the how and why of his plot solution, whether the play be tricky in its nature or not and whether it be a good play or a bad one. It is the uniform custom of the great majority of reviewers, as every theatregoer knows, to give away all the ins and outs of play plots, and it has always been their custom. Thus, a bad play will be ridiculed out of future audiences' respect and patronage not only by a recital of its plot and its plot's final maneuverings but by a lot of very relevant and appropriate kidding of that plot. We accordingly get the critical beans waggishly spilled in large loads when inferior playwrights seek a thematic out for their characters in dubious suicides, equally dubious marriages, even more dubious self-exiles to sheep ranches, and other such bald subterfuges. Let us reserve the same treatment for the writers of inferior mystery plays.

Gags that had everybody goggle-eyed are among those revived, by readers' requests, for next month's gagfest of past favorites, consisting of 27 added cartoons in full color, supplementing the April issue's own normal number. Watch for it.

Miss Boothe laboriously builds up the mystery of a Nazi consul's murder and then cheats less undiscerning audiences with an explanation and solution far from shrewd and swallowable. Why keep the news from such future audiences and why, by keeping it from them, believe that their hypothetical enjoyment will be less hypothetical? If O'Neill, Anderson, Behrman and other such dramatists don't complain when criticism now and again betrays the fact that their solutions of their characters' problems are faulty and duly sets forth those solutions in cold print, why should the writers of spurious murder mystery spiels? Yet let a reviewer let the frowsiest cat out of the bag in the instance of the latter's exhibits and they will in turn let out a wronged and injured yell that can be heard as far away as the Hicks' Forks, Iowa, *Bugle*.

Check List.—The World We Make, by Sidney Kingsley. Brewed from Millen Brand's novel, *The Outward Room*, this is still another play dealing with a character's regeneration. The practical difficulty with many such plays is that the moment you sniff the regeneration thematic slant you pretty well know everything that is coming. Unless, therefore, the dramatist is able to bestow a palliative poetic embroidery upon the doings the latter suffer from an audience's over-familiarity with them and from its consequent anticipative indifference. Mr. Kingsley has treated the time-honored regeneration materials too literally and without sufficient writing nicety to regenerate them into critically acceptable drama. There are isolated moments when he strikes a melodious chord, but for the rest all we get are dramaturgical chopsticks. The young Mexican actress, Margo, contributed a capital performance and Kingsley's stage direction called for some pleasant words.

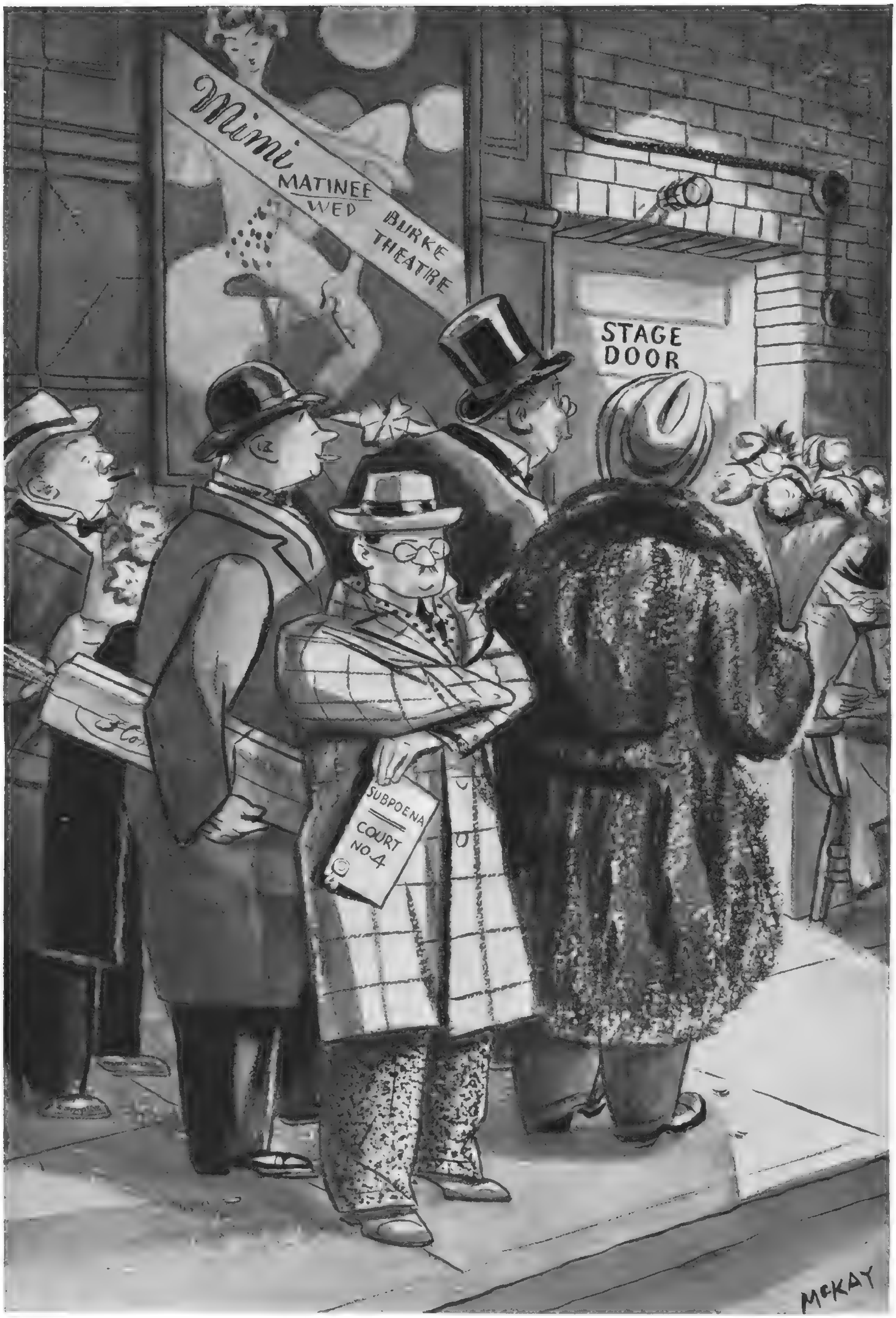
Ring Two, by Gladys Hurlbut, along with *See My Lawyer* before it, hinted that George Abbott is slipping. A seedy chestnut about a character who goes to live in the country in search of peace and quiet and finds only the opposite, it demonstrated not only an increasingly poor manuscript judgment on Mr. Abbott's part but a dangerously increasing reliance on old comedy formulae that are rapidly becoming wan. Surely the business of low-comedy servants, the middle-aged bachelor who wearies of the youthful exuberance of an admired cutie (shades of Hubert Henry Davies' *A Single Man!*), the divorced husband who learns that his erstwhile wife is the one woman he really needs, the elderly goat who goes foolishly spry in an effort to make an impression on the younger generation, the sophisticated young girl who says she wants an affair with her beau before she marries him in order to make certain she isn't making a mistake, and the dry-faced, tight-lipped blonde who stands or sits to one side discharging acidulous wisecracks is no longer bait for anybody's box-office money.

Key Largo, Maxwell Anderson's latest effort, again shows that otherwise estimable gentleman listening in fascination to the sound of his own writing at the expense of drama. Setting forth to compose a play about modern man's baffled quest of a faith to live by and die for, he often substitutes pretty blank-verse and linguistic intermezzi for direct and forthright drama, with the resulting impression of a music box desperately debating a machine gun. Some of these tonal exercises are ably written, even though their philosophical content may be on the decrepit side, but they are like bouquets thrown onto a stage at a play whose curtain doesn't go up.

Shaw—to quote again his oft repeated observation of Sardou, said that it was the latter's habit to keep his drama sedulously offstage and to have it announced periodically by letters and telegrams. Anderson frequently follows suit and simply substitutes blank-verse valentines for the letters and telegrams. The literatus in Anderson remains the superior of the dramatist. Paul Muni, long condemned to the Hollywood cans, returned to the living stage in the play and through a good performance of the leading role indicated, probably to his own no less than to almost everyone else's pleasurable surprise, that Hollywood apparently had not done his talents the usual dirt.

Farm of Three Echoes, by Noel Langley, offered Ethel Barrymore a second opportunity to show herself as an ancient. Last year in *Whiteoaks* she played the role of a woman of one hundred and one; in this, she played one of ninety-seven. That such old character roles are the easiest in the histrionic catalogue is a critical platitude. It is pretty difficult to fail in them. But Miss B. brings to them considerably more than the usual white wig, crick in the back, and cackling voice. What she brings is a kind of critical humor that at once admits the old acting hokum and ribs it. Without her, such awful three-act claptrap as the Langley play would have died at the fall of its first-act curtain. In the circumstances, it didn't die until the fall of its second-act curtain.

Morning's At Seven, by Paul Osborn, deals with the meditations, activities, peccadilloes and acerbities of several families of very old folk, with incidental relatively youthful comic relief in the shape of a loving couple of forty. It has momentary flashes of amusing observation, but on the whole is repetitious, over-garrulous and depressing. #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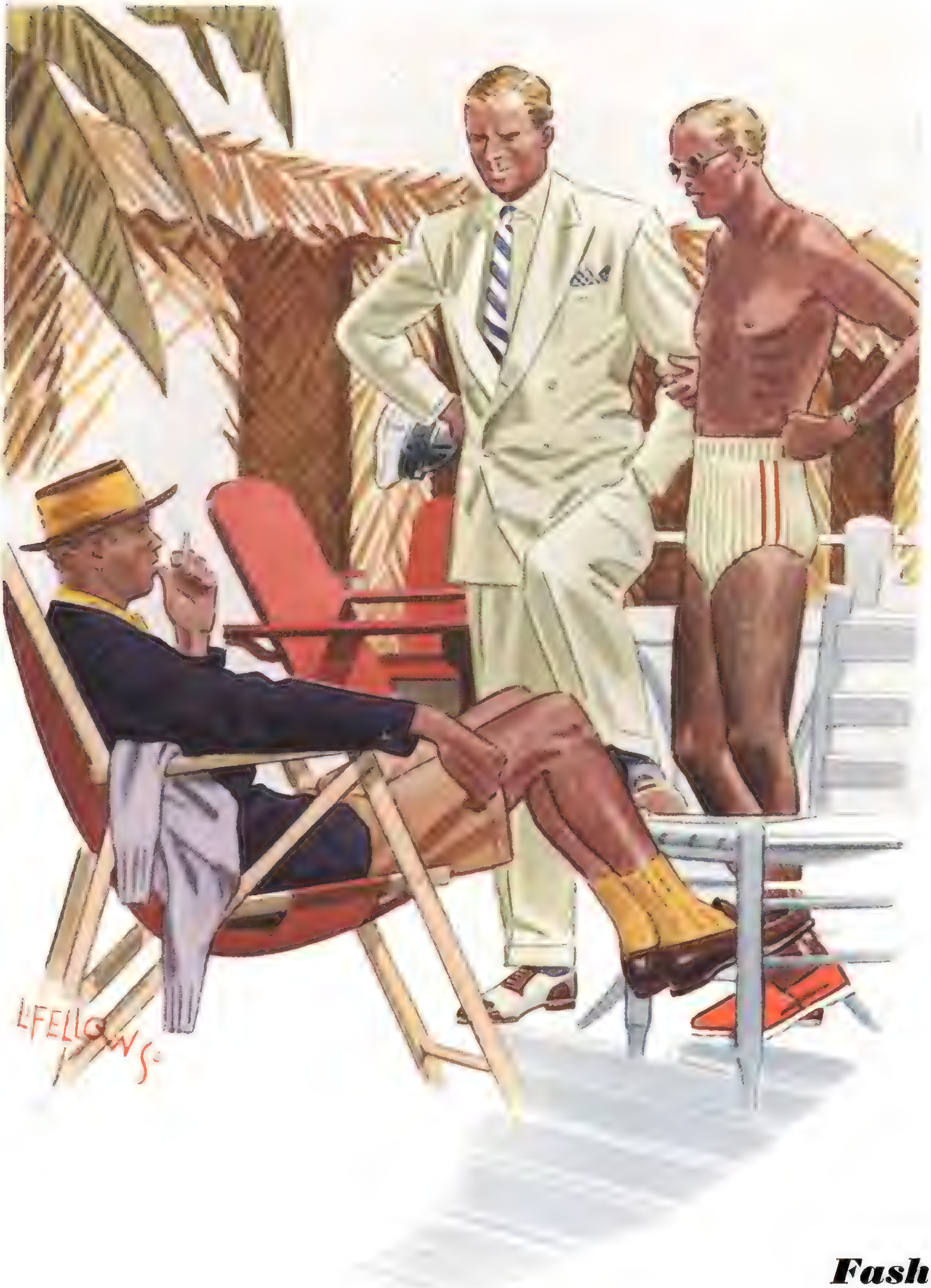

Fashion quorum . . .

A MEETING of minds, if not of temperaments, seems to be in progress here at the Emerald Beach Club at Nassau. The man whom nature has so thoughtfully cast in the contour of a beach chair is the lounge type. He is suitably attired in a single breasted blue flannel blazer with brass buttons and patch pockets, tan gabardine shorts, coconut straw hat with yellow puggree band, yellow wool anklets, brown polished Norwegian slippers and yellow silk scarf. If he ever gets out of that chair for a round of golf or a spot of sailing, he has but to doff his hat and coat and he's all set. The man in the center is the gadabout type. He is therefore less informally dressed, wearing a double breasted white suit of worsted flannel, Palm Beach cloth or similar lightweight material, made in a two-button model with lapel rolled to the lower button. For accessories, he has chosen an ivory color silk shirt with cutaway collar, blue and white regatta stripe tie, blue lisle hose, brown and white shoes, blue and white pocket handkerchief and white top yachting cap. The third member of the trio is the Weissmuller type. He wears knitted swim trunks of ribbed wool, cut very short, with a double red stripe at the side that harmonizes with his bright colored canvas espadrilles.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Arrow's choice for this month... Bedford Stripes

ARROW BEDFORD STRIPES are in line with the shirt trend, but a couple of giant steps ahead of it.

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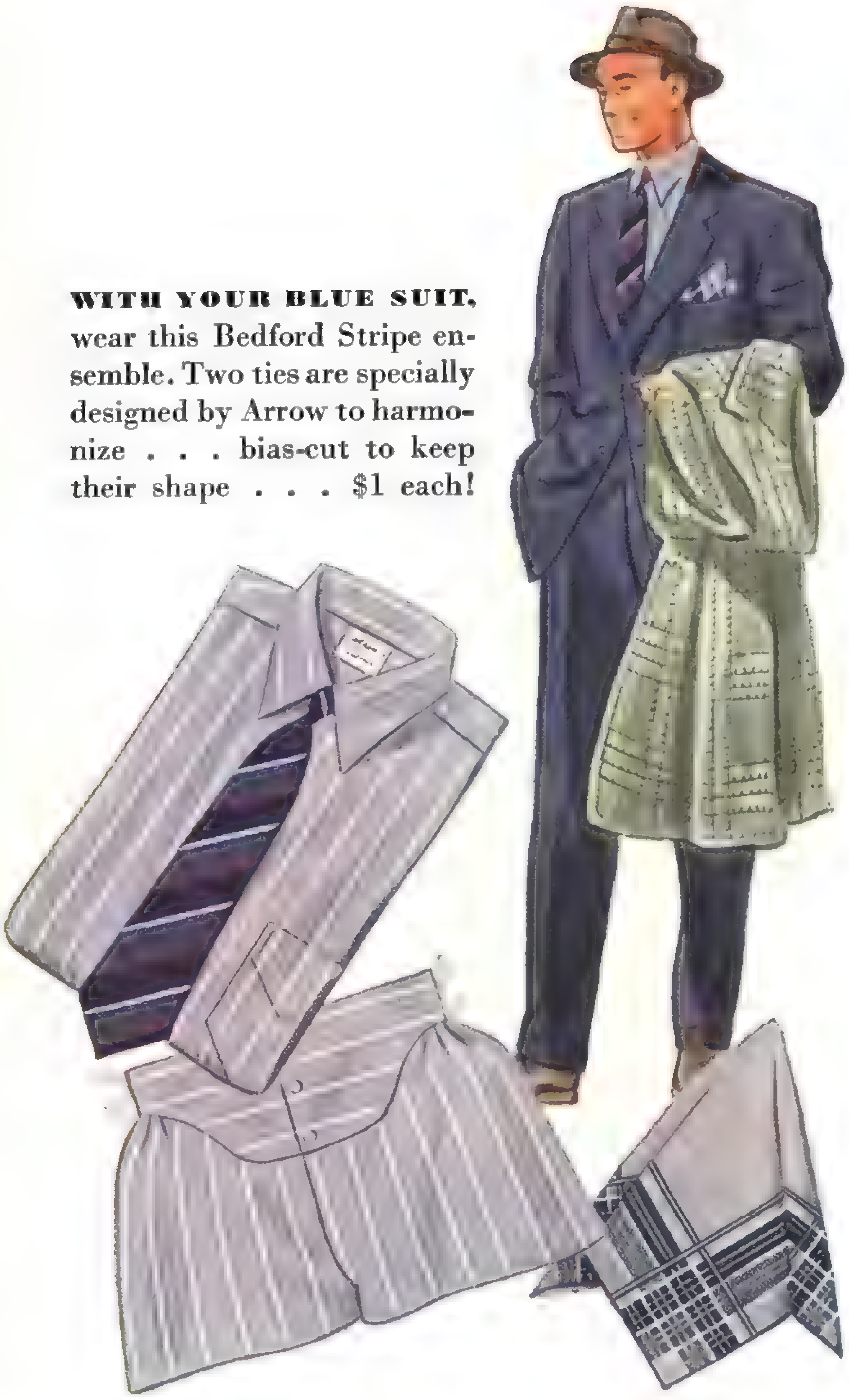

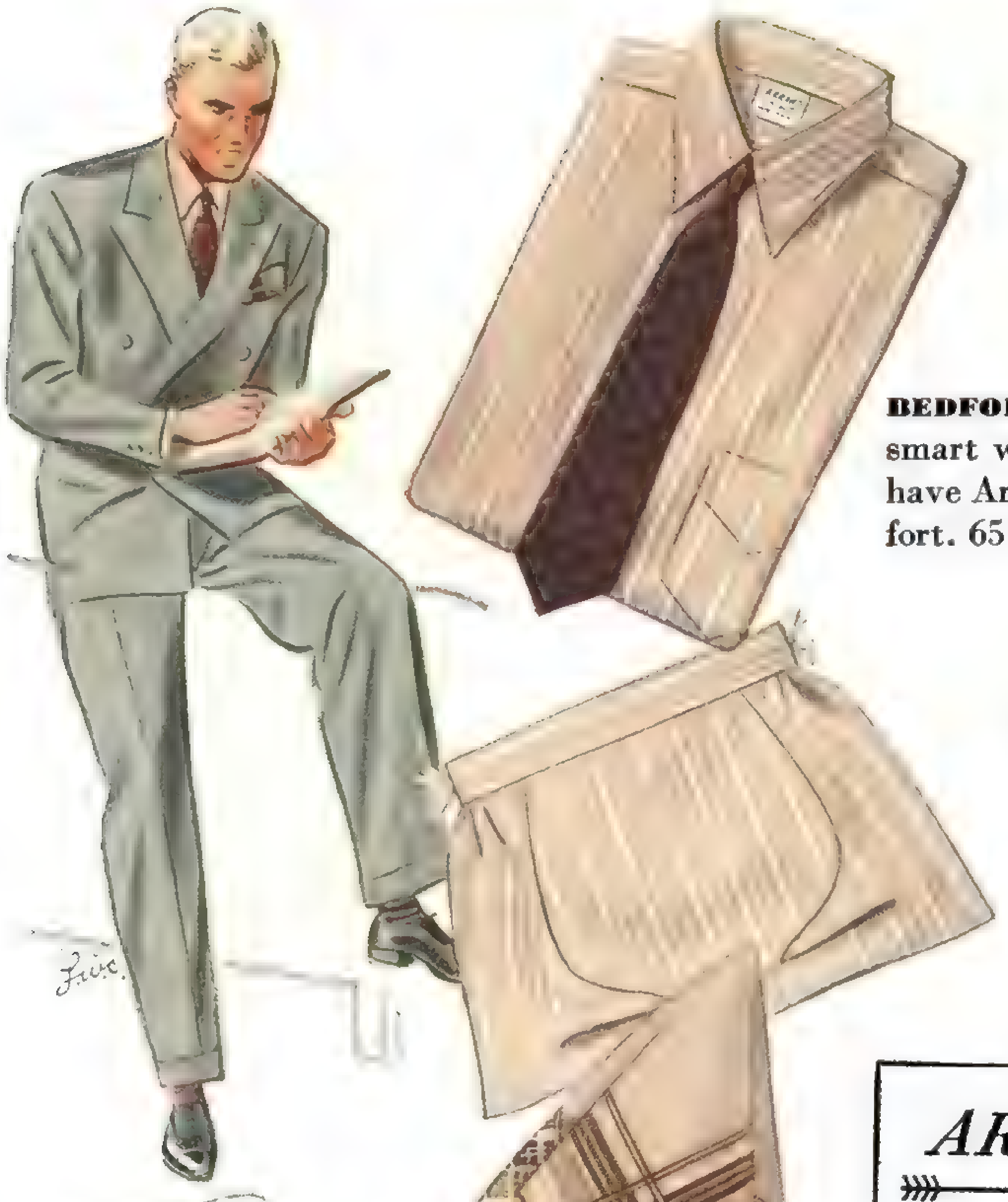

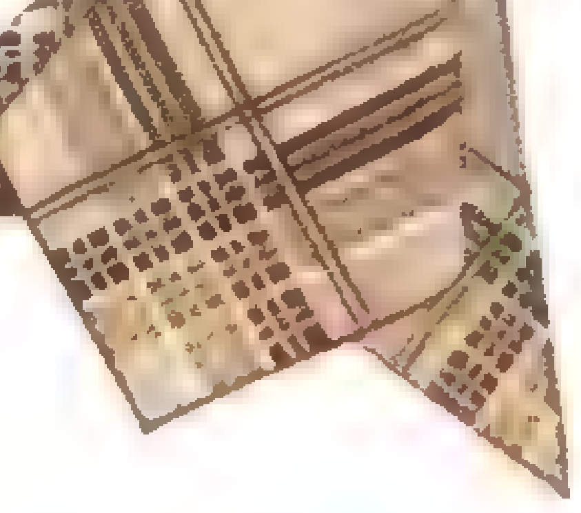

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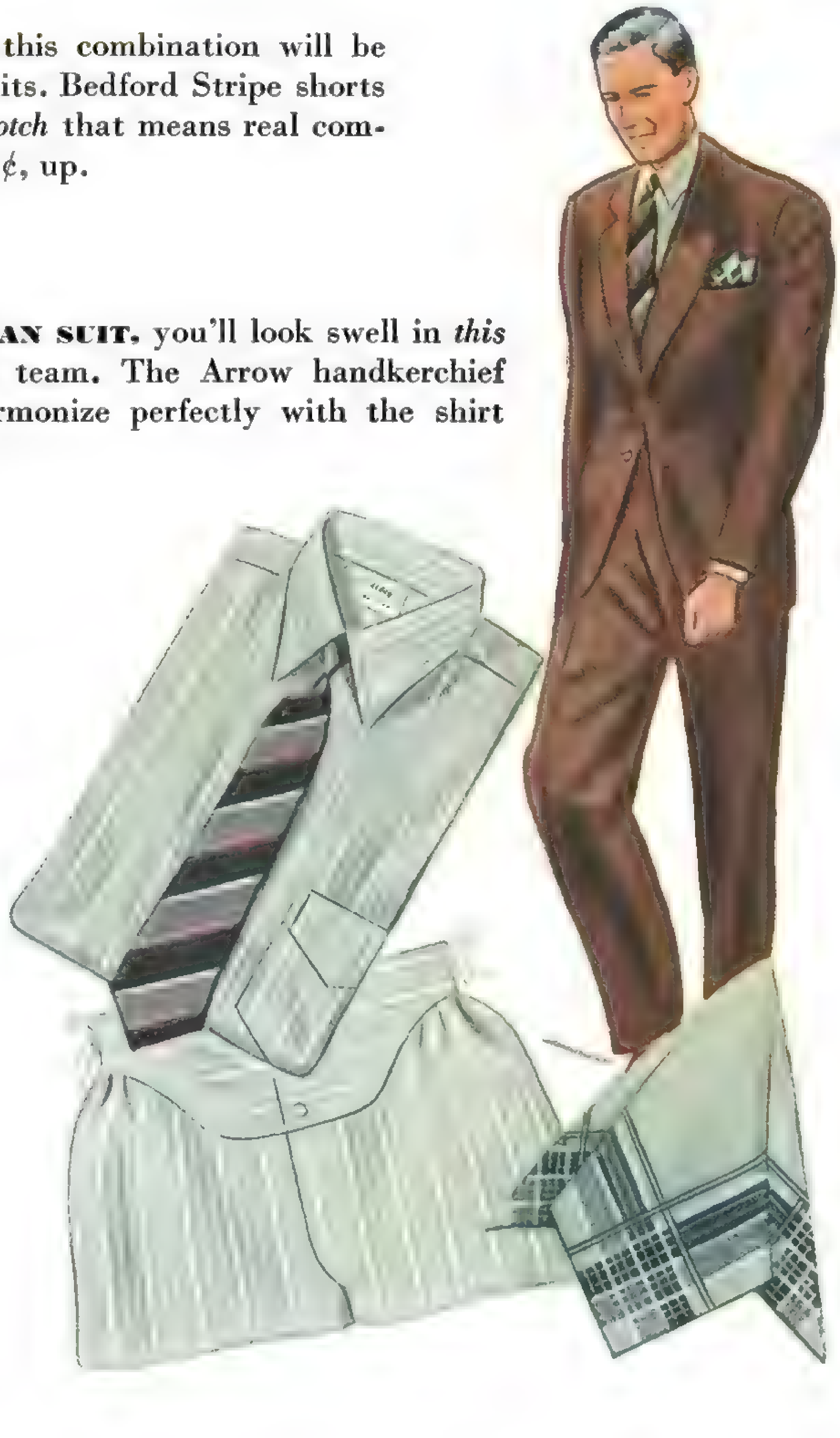

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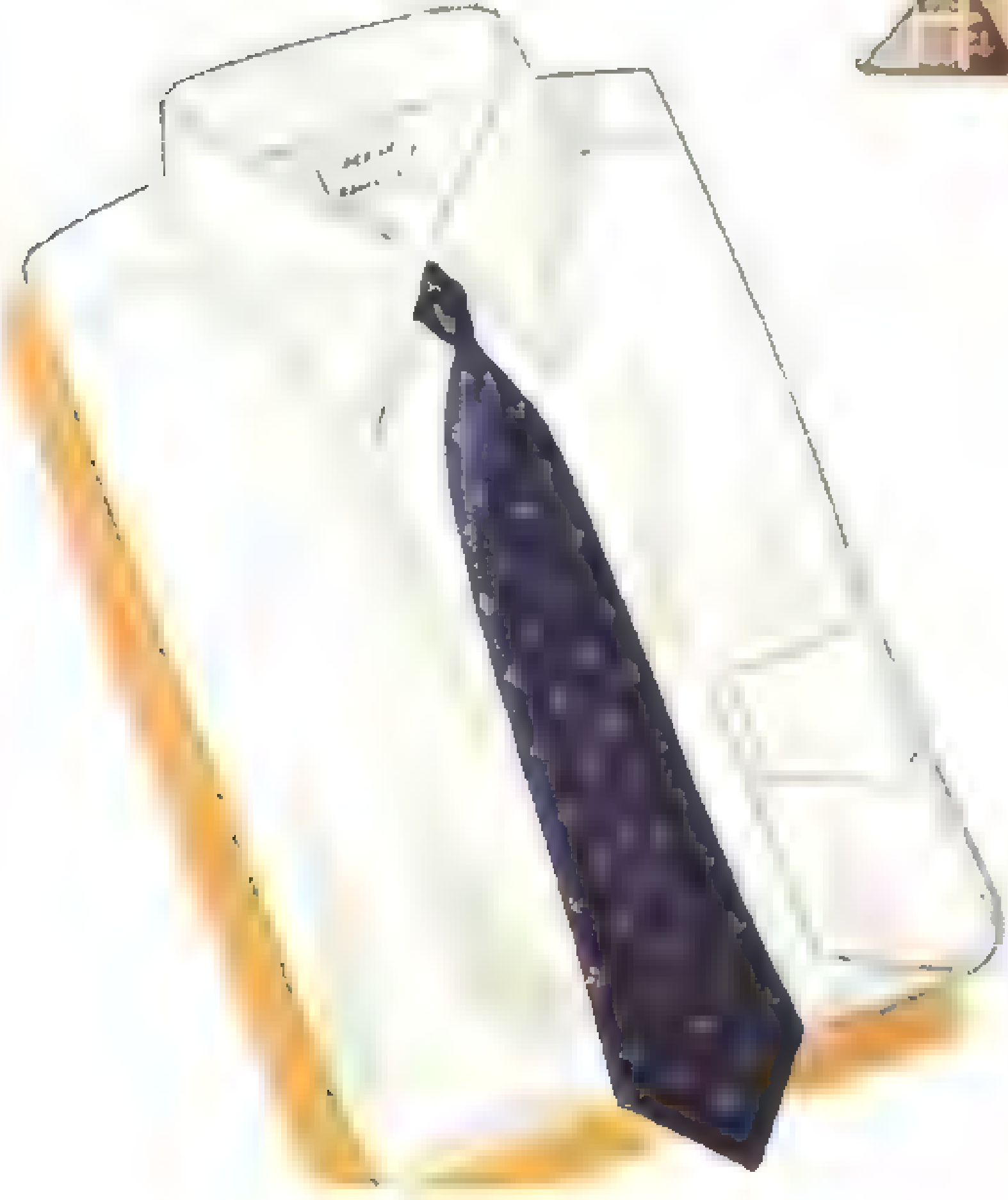


ARROW DART should be in every white shirt wardrobe because of its unique collar—a non-wilt, non-wrinkle collar that, in tests, outlasts ordinary non-wilts by many launderings. $2.25.

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

All Is Not Golf That Glitters

Continued from page 36

to indicate that he was a boy prodigy quite a few years before Morrison's life-giving touch moulded his mortal clay. Unless my recollection is badly at fault, Picard was a member of an American Ryder Cup Team before he became the subject of the Morrison instruction which we are told boils down to "roll your feet and keep your chin back." As a member of the team chosen by the American pro golfers' organization to compete against the British pro team, Picard obviously was considered by a jury of fellow professionals one of the ten best American-born performers.

Having seen Picard develop as a professional I long have thought of him as one of the world masters. Why he had never won a major title prior to his extra-hole victory over Byron Nelson in the 1939 Professional Golfers' Association championship finals really puzzled me. But Macdonald Smith, a finer shotmaker than Picard or any other golf star of the past twenty years, never won a major title, either. Mac couldn't get his putts down at the right time. Picard does.

Five years ago such veteran expert golf critics as Hagen, Sarazen, Cruickshank, Hutchison and Diegel—as well as a fellow named Armour—considered Henry Picard the logical successor to Bob Jones. Pic had one of the finest swings in the game. He was a magnificent iron player and his wood shots were things of delight. His crisp iron shots were uniformly better than irons of Jones when Bob was master.

Suddenly fifty per cent of the accuracy of Picard's game to the green vanished. He hits more wild shots now in one round than he used to hit in ten trips around.

Our potential superman disappeared.

Solving this mystery may supply entertainment for golfers who miss the amusement of the Montague legends.

Picard and Byron Nelson both went 10 under par for 37 holes in the final of the 1939 P.G.A. championship. Of the two, after the first three holes, Nelson played by far the most accurate game up to the green.

On the fourth hole Picard made an outstanding shot from beneath overhanging branches of a tree to get down in one putt and a birdie. On the eighth he had a superb recovery and a great putt to halve the hole. On the ninth he holed a long chip for a deuce. On the twenty-seventh two of his shots were so wild they hit spectators. He holed a twenty-five footer on the thirty-fourth. A seven-foot putt after he'd had a free lift from a truck-wheel rut on the thirty-seventh hole, gave Picard the championship.

I don't mention these excursions to rough and traps far off the beam to the hole in any disparagement of Picard's game. Those phenomenal recoveries are a part of golf and they pay off on them. However, I do submit that their vital necessity to Picard's game plainly indicates that the "teachers' teacher's" star pupil is not a brilliant example of the effectiveness of the "roll your feet and keep your chin back" holy writ.

Before we go any further, let me correct a misunderstanding. I was quoted by my good friend Mr. Rice as identifying Morrison as one who can teach professionals. We will get that out of the way politely by putting into the record that under no conditions have I so far flown in fancy that I have stated that Alex could teach golf professionals golf. Possibly he can teach several hundred of them who actually are sound and resultful instructors how to get their own superior merits heralded far and wide, but in truth I could not say that he could teach golf professionals golf because I never have seen any professional who has been improved by his teaching.

I will give you a clue to the foundation of consistently successful golf. You can get other clues from hundreds of expert instructors. I will tell you—as will these others to whom I refer you—that one of the first things to learn is to keep the feet firm. In instructing nine national champions and the winners of perhaps fifty sectional titles, I have followed no system that might be called the Armour method. I teach the same way as other experienced, competent golf instructors and, like them, teach that golf is played from inside the feet. Incidentally, have you noticed that many of the great golfers are knock-kneed? That helps them play from inside the feet and reduces a tendency toward rolling the feet.

Morrison, who makes use of motion pictures in building up his theories, plainly has misinterpreted the pictures in getting his "roll the feet" line. Other professionals, who have made extensive studies of motion pictures of swings of their own pupils as well as films of the tournament notables, have confirmed their belief that rolling the feet sacrifices accuracy and power. Their close observation of foot action, and their own experience, originally taught them the value of firmness in golfing footwork.

The old line about keeping the eye on the ball is far more valid than the Morrison chin reference in resultful golf instruction. The eyes at least enable the player to draw a bead on the ball by the process of triangulation subconsciously managed by our visual organization and its connections.

Far better, as sound advice for the physiology of shotmaking as an aid to concentration is the advice suggested by my friend, Dr. Robert Dyer, "keep your ear on the ball." Within the ear is the mechanism that controls equilibrium. You subconsciously turn and cock your head to listen intently, thus nature prepares you to act quickly without destroying your equilibrium in the event the sounds are interpreted as an alarm.

It, of course, is essential that you maintain your equilibrium in making a golf stroke. The necessity of precision in contacting a comparatively small section of the clubhead with a small part of the ball, at the right angle and at top speed and with the union between club and body more than three feet from the ball, demands delicate co-ordination. Rolling on the feet and holding the chin back to such an unnatural degree that compensating errors are encouraged, are, according to my observation, among the first mistakes to eliminate from the performance of the inconsistent duffer.

I am by no means alone in the conviction that Mr. Morrison justified, by the two major points of his doctrine, the title given him by Rice's story, *The Malignant Morrison.* If I were deliberately to "wish ill to others" who wanted to play pretty fair golf, I could think of nothing that would carry my malice any more destructively than the two principal items of Morrison's golfing advice.

That same opinion is held by countless pros who have valid records of instruction success. These are fellows who have no "out" of hit-and-run or remote control instruction. They are the successful instructors who have kept their jobs at their clubs for years by virtue of their instruction of those members who are willing to learn golf in the effective and more or less formal fashion on the lesson tee. Incidentally, there are about 3,500 pros in the United States and I venture to say that the entire lot doesn't average 200 lessons per pro a year, although individual pro lesson books range from about 1,800 to 50 in the course of a year. You might contrast that annual total of 700,000 lessons, many of them to the same persons, with the claim that Morrison has taught a million golfers, malignantly.

One thing that I will hand to Alex Morrison, and at the same time hand with equal endorsement to at least 800 other professionals, is credit for using the motion picture camera to make deliberate studies of players' swings. There are certain professionals who either have not been gifted by nature with the faculty of quick and analytical vision, or who can make excellent use of motion picture films in confirming what they think their eyes saw.

Films also make it possible for the player to see and criticize himself. Here Horton Smith, Morrison's other prize pupil of the moment, comes in. Horton has definite unorthodoxies in his swing. He, like Picard, is a magician in the short game where innate delicacy of touch and keen co-ordination of vision and touch are essential.

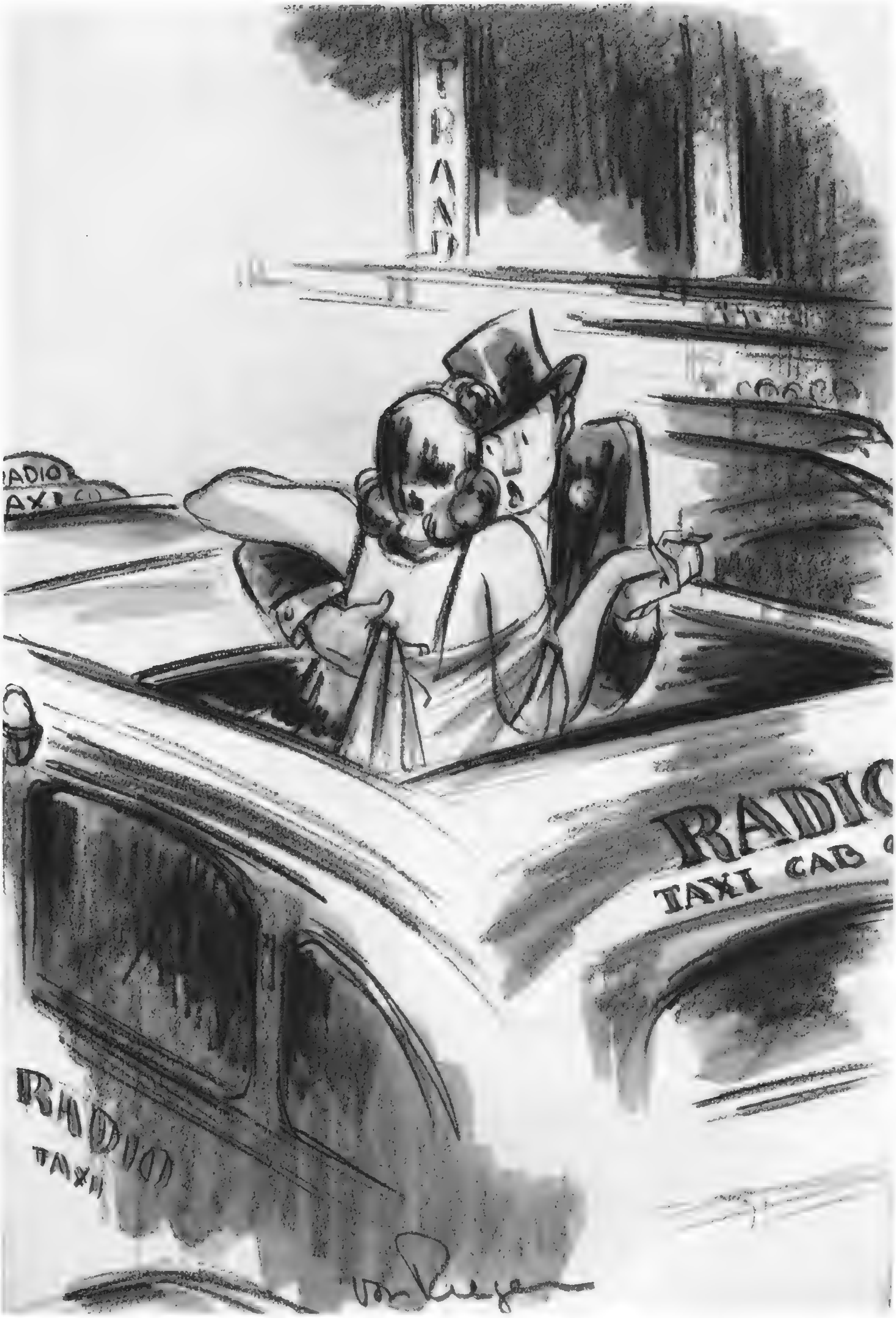
Horton is an intense student of golf, and as a teacher, by any valid rating considerably the superior of Alex. Thus, when Horton goes over pictures of his own swing with Morrison, or any other pro who can spot significant details of the swing in slow motion and comment on the difference between the pictures and Smith's recent performances in competition, it is plain that Horton must profit. What actually has happened is that Horton has taught himself. That is exactly what happens, for the most part, when other professionals make use of motion pictures in teaching; they encourage the pupil to teach himself. That, I have been given to understand by educators, is a simple, fundamental aim of all expert pedagogy and no novel method brought out by the Morrison genius.

In a way, I am dismayed that my friend Rice should have made so much of Morrison's knack of knocking golf balls off the brows of prostrate stooges without accident. It shouldn't be a bad guess to estimate that for every one of these trick shots Alex has made, Joe Kirkwood has made three and under conditions far less favorable than those on the stage. Jack Redmond, the trick shot golfer, like Kirkwood, has gone around the world making these shots and has made them from all parts of the human form divine in America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia. Jack has made them from the ledges of skyscraper peaks, and jovial character that he is, has made these shots ballasted with drinks of all countries' native liquors. He has missed none of them. If you want to rate golf instruction on a mystifying trick shot basis, give the contestants ten drinks apiece and I will take Redmond. He can even use my nose as a tee. I am sorry, but I can't express the same confidence in The Malignant Morrison.

I heard Alex on a radio program early in the winter, and before he spoke his piece he was introduced as the man whose method is used by 90% of the leading golfers. The man who introduced him was a comedian. The comedian would have made more than 90% of the leading golfers laugh, and laugh, and laugh, had they heard his introduction of the "man who has taught a million golfers" and whose name inevitably is mentioned "before the second highball."

Maybe I just don't get around, only seeing and hearing a few thousand golfers a year, or maybe I don't take "the second highball," but I'll have to confess that the Malignant One's marvels as told by Mr. Rice was news to me.

It probably was news to you, and might have made you, with your hope eternal, think you had been missing your chance to become another Mysterious Montague by taking lessons from the Malignant Morrison. Don't fret, pardner; you haven't.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Step inside a new Plymouth Convertible Coupe and notice how utterly comfortable are those big seats of genuine leather. Flip a switch on the instrument panel and watch the power-operated top go up or down. Try out the wide, auxiliary rear seats.

See what tremendous space you have in the rear deck compartment. Most important, take this 117-inch-wheelbase beauty out on the road and get the feel of Plymouth's thrilling Luxury Ride!

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PLYMOUTH'S BEAUTIFUL 4-PASSENGER COUPE—New, wider body makes it the roomiest coupe in the low-price field. The big auxiliary seats fold conveniently out of the way. A car of great distinction—the Low-Priced Beauty with the Luxury Ride!

1940 PLYMOUTH

THE LOW-PRICED BEAUTY WITH THE LUXURY RIDE

George Hurrell: Glamour-Monger

Continued from page 89

a legitimate excuse for going insane right under the intended victim's nose. Victim would smile. Hurrell would press bulb. Hurrell would continue to make his noises, victim would laugh, Hurrell would continue to press the bulb at the unsuspected moments and the photographs always came out right.

After several years of refining the system he knows that Norma Shearer will give him a four-star performance if he plays sentimental ballads during a sitting. Joan Crawford will have nothing but Bing Crosby. Bette Davis is adaptable under any obbligato; she can relax to rumbas or rhapsodies. Ann Sheridan will bounce around only to a rumba, or to something called a samba, which is a blood relation on the downbeat. Paul Muni will listen to nothing but the classics. Hurrell's record library is so large he can soothe any savage breast.

His theory about a sitting is simple: "Keep the sitter keyed-up until he begins to radiate self-confidence. Keep him excited. Throw him off his guard."

If you keep this theory in mind you have no trouble believing an inside story about Hurrell. It is told by a friend who is still trying to drink off the effects. Hurrell was one day photographing a famous female star on the MGM lot and his friend figured it an excellent opportunity to meet the lady. He walked into Hurrell's studio on some foolish pretext, expecting the introductions to follow quite smoothly. But when the friend walked in he forgot about the lady. Hurrell was dangling from one of the rafters, giving an imitation of an ape. He was swinging on one hand and bellowing like Johnnie Weissmuller in order to get the lady keyed up to the point where he could take a picture. The lady was yawning.

* * *

The portrait photographer in Hollywood is one of the more interesting paradoxes of the city. The movie magnates are primarily concerned with pictures that move, yet they pay good money to portrait photographers who stick to still life. There is good reason for this, of course, else the money wouldn't be so good. The first good reason is publicity. The movie magnates find it to their advantage to have pictures of their employees printed in newspapers and magazines. Editors are somehow partial to good portraits rather than bad ones, and this—in a quick flash—is reason Number 1 why the movie-makers hire the best photographers they can get.

Hurrell is king of Hollywood portrait, or "still" men. The position has been securely his for about ten years, ever since he delivered a series of portraits of Norma Shearer to the MGM lot. The position makes him Grand Exalted Emir of the craft that is so common in Hollywood—the process of gilding the lily. In a poetic word, he must beautify the beauteous, and sometimes the not-so-beauteous. Through the portals of his studio pass the most beautiful women in the world, sometimes on knock-knees. Sometimes their ears are bad, or their profiles, or their second chins. These are the great secrets of Hollywood, kept from the public by skillful maneuvering. It becomes the still photographer's job to protect the public from these deficiencies. He casts his lights upon a lady, erases faults and photographs fine points so that editors stare at the results, gulp once or twice, and then stop their presses in order to print reasonable facsimiles in their periodicals. Sometimes the still photographer must work his miracles with ladies under whose eyes the crows are beginning to walk. For example, the public may be almost fed up with the photogenic outlines of Dolores Delisch. Dolores has been a standard commodity on the movie market—almost a surplus product—for years. Hurrell may be asked to examine her once again, to discover new possibilities in her lips, her hips, or in any of the stray knolls and hillocks that only the trained surveyor can uncover. Then he must imprison these possibilities in a series of photographs that will make Dolores once more digestible to a public that was on the verge of developing an allergy towards her.

Christmas comes back with April! Added features, including beautiful gatefold double-spreads in color, make the April issue a "must."

This is one of the reasons for Hurrell's preëminence. The established stars of Hollywood like a Hurrell sitting because they know he can discover four or five new personalities for them. The newer young ladies in the cinematic market prefer Hurrell because he can spot a wasted opportunity at a glance; he may find signs of wolfhound in a poodle. There is, for instance, the case of Rosemary Lane, who came close to being known as the outside one of the three Lane sisters—the one with the sunny smile—until she had her pictures taken, purely as a routine studio gesture, by Hurrell. The master bandaged her in tight silks, cuddled her in baby spots, and produced a series of photographs which convinced the executives at Warner Brothers that they had been hiding a bombshell under a bushel. Miss Lane was forthwith cast in roles with more come-hither in them. Hurrell did the same sort of favor for Geraldine Fitzgerald, who was being similarly cultivated as the domestic type. Hurrell squeezed her into two feet of evening gown and photographed her in a semi-blackout. One side of the lady came out in the light, and it was pleasant to behold. But the side that came out as a silhouette could bring vivid memories to anyone who has traveled across the country in a slow train. If this photo is held in the right position it gives an excellent impression of the hills around Salt Lake City. It was this photo, among others, that convinced Miss Fitzgerald's trainers that she was meant for triangles and divorce plots rather than for home and fireside and such regrettable incidents as *The Mill on the Floss*.

When Vera Zorina went to Hollywood every schoolboy in the nation knew she sported the most devastating figure since Aphrodite. When she went to Hurrell's studio for a series of photographs that was to prove the fact once and for all, Hurrell turned all his attention to her face and almost neglected the most highly publicized contour of the decade. It was a rude awakening to the trade. Everybody but Hurrell had forgotten that Zorina had a face.

This is another reason for his huge success. He may see something that nobody else sees.

The third reason for his high position is much more abstruse. He is a good photographer.

His colleagues are apt to shout "overdevelopment!" when confronted by a typical Hurrell study in light and dark meat. This is because his shadows are, like most shadows, darkish. His admiration for the photographer Edward Weston may have something to do with the fact that his apparatus is far from elaborate. He has used the same 16-inch Goerz-Celor lens for ten years. His lens opening is usually F16 and he shoots mostly at 1/25th or 1/50th of a second. The shutter on his camera is silent so that the sitter never knows when his picture is being snapped. He has thirty feet of line attached to his bulb, so that he can climb all over the studio and still take his pictures.

The whole technique was all set about ten years ago. In 1925 Hurrell went to Hollywood for his health. (That alone would set him off as an individualist. Any man who goes to the Vale of the Perpetual Headache to build up his metabolism is a man apart.) He did not go out as a photographer. He drove over from Chicago with Edgar Payne, the landscape painter, and landed at Laguna Beach, which was, even then, an artists' colony. Hurrell, being twenty-one at the time, and fresh from studies at the Chicago Art Institute, was all set to become a painter. But he had studied a little photography with Eugene Hutchinson and he owned an old Verito lens, so he opened a studio, the best he could scrape together. (He even scraped some pans from the ten-cent store and used them for reflectors.) After a year and a half of photography on a shoestring he moved to a slightly larger studio in Los Angeles and bought himself two small lights.

His first glamorous customer was Ramon Novarro. Hurrell's pictures of the Mexican star turned out to be so interesting to Novarro that he showed them to his friend, Norma Shearer. Miss Shearer was impressed and she arranged for an appointment. She pulled up to the little makeshift studio (it was mainly a hangout for a hysterical crowd from Laguna) in a cream-colored Rolls-Royce. Her maid, her hairdresser, and her press agent were with her. Hurrell got so excited, beyond his usual range of excitement, that he made two breaks. First he knocked over his camera and broke his viewing glass. Then, because his lens was so slow, he turned his lights on full blast and gave Miss Shearer a case of klieg eyes that lasted two days. She had to retire to her yacht to recover.

But when Hurrell delivered his prints to MGM his career was born. Miss Shearer had until then been typed in Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire roles, and she was rebelling. The studio executives, among them her husband Irving Thalberg, refused to listen to her pleas for a chance to prove she had sex-appeal. Hurrell, however, had turned the juice on full force. When the studio executives saw his portraits they quickly admitted that their prize Pollyanna might be turned into something very glandular. Miss Shearer was given a role that was being coveted by every oomph actress in the studio—the title role in *The Gay Divorcee*—and from that triumph emerged the new, or super-normal pulse Norma.

Hurrell was invited to take his place among the official MGM photographers. In a short time he was head man, at one of those Hollywood salaries. Three years of this. Then, when he got tired of the time clock he resigned and opened up his own place in Hollywood. For six years the stars came to his studio, when they could get in. For six years he kept his own books and then he decided that an exclusive contract with a studio was the best way to do business, so he signed with Warner Brothers, where he is at this writing. Nobody, least of all Hurrell, knows when he will again decide to play the game of the Lone Wolf. He

Continued at top of page 112

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George Hurrell: Glamour-Monger

Continued from pages 89-111

swears that the next time it happens it will be goodbye to glamour. He will paint and he will take pictures of homely people.

Meanwhile, he will find his antidotes where he can. He paints. There are friends who testify that after he had spent a day photographing the oomph girl in all her glory he spent nine hours painting the gnarled trunk of a pine tree. He has his music. When he isn't playing swing records for his clientele he is playing Cab Calloway records for himself. He plays a decent game of chess, he likes to fish. He and Ted Cook, father of the *Cook-Coos* column, once spent six weeks in Mexico taking pictures and painting. Though many of those Mexican photographs and many of the Cook-Hurrell week-end photographs are frequently exhibited at the Chouinard Art Institute, Hurrell has just about retired from the exhibitor's class. The only cash award he ever won was a $10.00 first prize at the Arizona State Fair in 1926. Hurrell is never anxious to discuss the super-esthetics of the camera. Neither does he complain about his success. He just gives his all every day to the Muse without a whimper, and he doesn't sound off. Sometimes, in a relaxed moment, he will praise another photographer and then you know where his true sentiments lie. ("Photography is still in the hands of commercial buyers, because as an art it has no collector's market. If that art market should come, there will be more men like the master, Edward Weston.") But usually it is hard to draw from him those pearly words which most successful photographers are so willing to throw into anybody's teeth. Hurrell says Edward Steichen gave him the two most important pieces of advice he ever received. In the early days Steichen paid a visit to the little studio. Hurrell apologized for his limited apparatus. "Some of the best films I ever made," said Steichen, "I made under a rug." The second piece of advice was more in the form of advice. "Be master of the situation," he said, "at all costs."

On his busman's holidays Hurrell likes to photograph landscapes, rural types, and gaucheries like cow skulls nailed to a barn door. He and his wife like to go off to the desert and fool around with kodachromes in a $25.00 camera. His wife was Katherine Cuddy before their marriage six years ago. She was once selected by Rudolph Valentino to be Miss Seattle in a nationwide search for Miss America. She sometimes poses for her husband's pastels.

Throughout most of the civilized world—that is, the movie-going part—Hurrell is known as the great photographer of women. His efforts on behalf of cow skulls and men are quite unknown. For this reason men are sometimes afraid to pose for him. There was the case of Paul Muni. It took the combined persuasive efforts of everybody of any importance at Warner Brothers to get their No. 1 male star into Hurrell's studio. Muni considered Hurrell a Professor of Female Biology, quite unsuited to rugged male portraiture. When he finally put in an appearance at the studio he had the air of a man from Missouri. Hurrell put on the act. In a few minutes Muni was laughing and joking. When the sitting was really under way, Muni did something for Hurrell that he does only for his closest friends. He made baboon faces. ⧺

Beauty Is a Bore

Continued from page 27

were almost always preferred. The owner of one of the smartest millinery shops in the country went on record as follows: "Ninety per cent of a woman's supposed ability is based on the impression her appearance makes the first time you meet her. Whenever a woman comes into direct contact with the customer—as, for example, in selling—she must look good. I can't hire anyone for a sales job, no matter what her capabilities, if she doesn't come up to a certain standard. But for every job in which good looks are needed I can get fifty girls. The only homely person I want in my place is my book-keeper, because I figure she's honest. A good-looking book-keeper might need money to keep herself attractive."

When it comes to secretaries the problem is rather involved. Apparently charm, personality and appearance count most with employers. "I want a girl who is easy on the eyes," most of them say. But there is another side to the medal. Here is the tragic story of a secretary who was too beautiful.

"I did not realize that my first boss hired me because I have long eyelashes (she said). He thought it would be fun to flirt with me. I lost that job when I turned down his dinner and theatre invitations.

"The next man I worked for honestly fell in love with me. I admired and respected him, but I didn't love him, so I had to leave.

"It's not a very nice thing to say, but the next two times I was fired because the wives didn't like my looks. Before I had been in the first job a week, the wife made a special trip to the office to look me over. I could tell from her frosty little smile that I was through.

"The next man was very frank about it. He told me point-blank that I was a good secretary, but that he didn't have the time or the energy to convince his wife of it."

This girl wanted a business career. She is now a mannequin in a Fifth Avenue shop and hates it.

For mannequins and models

looks are naturally of prime importance. On the surface it would seem that photographers' models, advertising models, artists' models, etc., earn a good living on their looks. Advertising models, for instance, get from five dollars up for an hour's sitting. But the competition is fierce. In New York City alone, which of course is the modeling center of the nation, there are according to one estimate five thousand, according to another only one thousand models. Be that as it may, there are only two hundred to two hundred and fifty working regularly and getting good pay. The rest make from five to ten dollars a week.

But all models don't want to be models for the rest of their lives. In fact, for most girls in what we may call the "beauty" professions, their work is only a steppingstone. This is the great paradox. There are professions in which beauty is an asset, but those whose beauty wins them success in such professions feel that it entitles them to something better.

Take the chorus girl. Of course the golden days of Ziegfeld, who would pay a chorus girl fifty to seventy-five dollars a week and a showgirl three hundred, are gone forever. Today a chorus girl can consider herself lucky if she gets forty dollars a week—in fact, if she gets work at all. But that wouldn't be so bad, except for the fact that a chorus girl doesn't want to be a chorus girl all her life. She wants to become a star.

From the exceptionally small percentage of chorus girls who have ever become stars in the theatre, one might conclude that beauty really doesn't matter when it comes to acting. This is more or less a matter of opinion. The critics don't seem to be able to agree on this point. One of them, Mr. George Jean Nathan, doesn't even agree with himself. In 1937 he was quite cheerful about the lack of beauty on the stage and wrote: "Beauty . . . is valuable chiefly to dumb chorus girls, dress models, debutantes who haven't any money, movie actors and gigolos." In 1939 he makes an about-face and writes: "The producers should remember that we not only have to listen to actresses but we also have to look at them. And for our $3.85 they might throw in at least 85 cents' worth of something good to look at."

It seems that Richard Watts of the *New York Herald Tribune* agrees heartily with this latter opinion, while John Mason Brown of the *New York Post* happens to be on the other side of the fence. But there are facts, and the facts show that all great actresses, American or European, cannot boast of more than, to put it gently, problematical looks.

There is a profound meaning to this. The essence of acting is to portray emotion. Emotion itself, whether joy or sorrow, happiness or despair, is not beautiful to watch. When we see it on the stage it may make us laugh or cry, may excite or depress us, but it does not appeal to us in terms of sheer beauty. A beautiful face is something statuesque, and therefore static. It hardly ever shows any expression at all.

For this reason the most logical profession for a beautiful woman is that of a moving picture star. And for the same reason a model, chorus girl or screen star can rarely stay at the top of her profession for more than five years. You can't bear to look at a statue for very long. This basic fact is demonstrated by the constant fluctuation of the popular conception of what beauty is. Fashions in beauty don't change as rapidly as fashions in dresses, but they do change as radically.

However, women, even those who want to be beautiful for other than professional reasons, don't want to realize this. They are too thoroughly convinced of the importance of being beautiful. Beauty is their religion.

They believe that a beautiful woman merely needs to enter a room and everybody will be at her feet. They say: "A beautiful woman is always forgiven anything because of her looks."

True enough. All she has to do is enter a room. But that is all she ever does. Because she is beautiful she thinks her sole function is merely to be beautiful. She doesn't care to learn about life in general or love in particular. She isn't even very much interested in the pursuit of happiness; it might give her rings under the eyes or spoil her complexion. Even when she indulges herself, it is a matter of form. Surrounded by men and all sorts of amusements, she renounces life more staunchly than a nun. The only thing she really cares for is the pursuit of beauty.

Why? For the sake of men? If that is the case, women defeat their own purpose. They think they are forgiven everything on account of their beauty, and in fact they are—at the beginning. But soon enough we men get terribly bored. Somerset Maugham once said, in another connection: "Beauty is a bit of a bore." All men feel that way at one time or another. Beauty is dull on the stage because it cannot express anything; in real life it cannot feel anything.

It is said that women are becoming more and more beautiful all the time. I am afraid that they are, and they are also becoming more and more boring. All world's records in beauty are smashed anew every year, and they will continue to be for some time. And then one day it will be all over. Because even the truth which we hold to be self-evident that women must be beautiful will be discovered to have been merely a fad. Ugly women will come into fashion. They will be sought after, admired and loved. I look forward to a time when there will be "bathing ugly" contests and "ugly queens." When that time comes, beautiful women may become bearable again. In fact, quite bearable. ##

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THIS SURE IS THE BIG NIGHT OF THE MARDI GRAS, DON!
YES, NEW ORLEANS LOOKS FORWARD TO THIS NIGHT, JUDGE. MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE, CHUBBINS?
JUDGE, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE BAND-LEADER WHEN HE FINISHES THIS NUMBER
FINE, I'LL BE GLAD TO MEET HIM
AFTER THAT HOT MUSIC YOU CERTAINLY DESERVE A COOL SMOKE
AND YOU BET I'VE GOT THE TOBACCO FOR THE COOLEST SMOKING THERE IS, JUDGE!
I'LL SAY YOU HAVE! PRINCE ALBERT IS FAMOUS FOR COOL SMOKING THAT LETS THROUGH GOOD, RICH TASTE AND KEEPS DOWN BITE
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED
86 DEGREES COOLER
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!
HAVE YOU EVER KNOWN A TOBACCO THAT LOADS UP AS NICE AND DRAWS AS EVEN AS P.A.?
CAN'T SAY I HAVE. AND FOR MELLOW MILDNESS, THERE'S JUST NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT, EITHER!
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HOT SMOKES BITE THE TONGUE. P.A. SMOKES COOLER—AND THAT MEANS MILDER!
RICH TASTE WITH MELLOWNESS—THAT'S P.A. ALL OVER!
ROLL YOUR 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES THE FAST WAY—WITH CRIMP CUT P.A. MILDER AND TASTIER TOO!
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert
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CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
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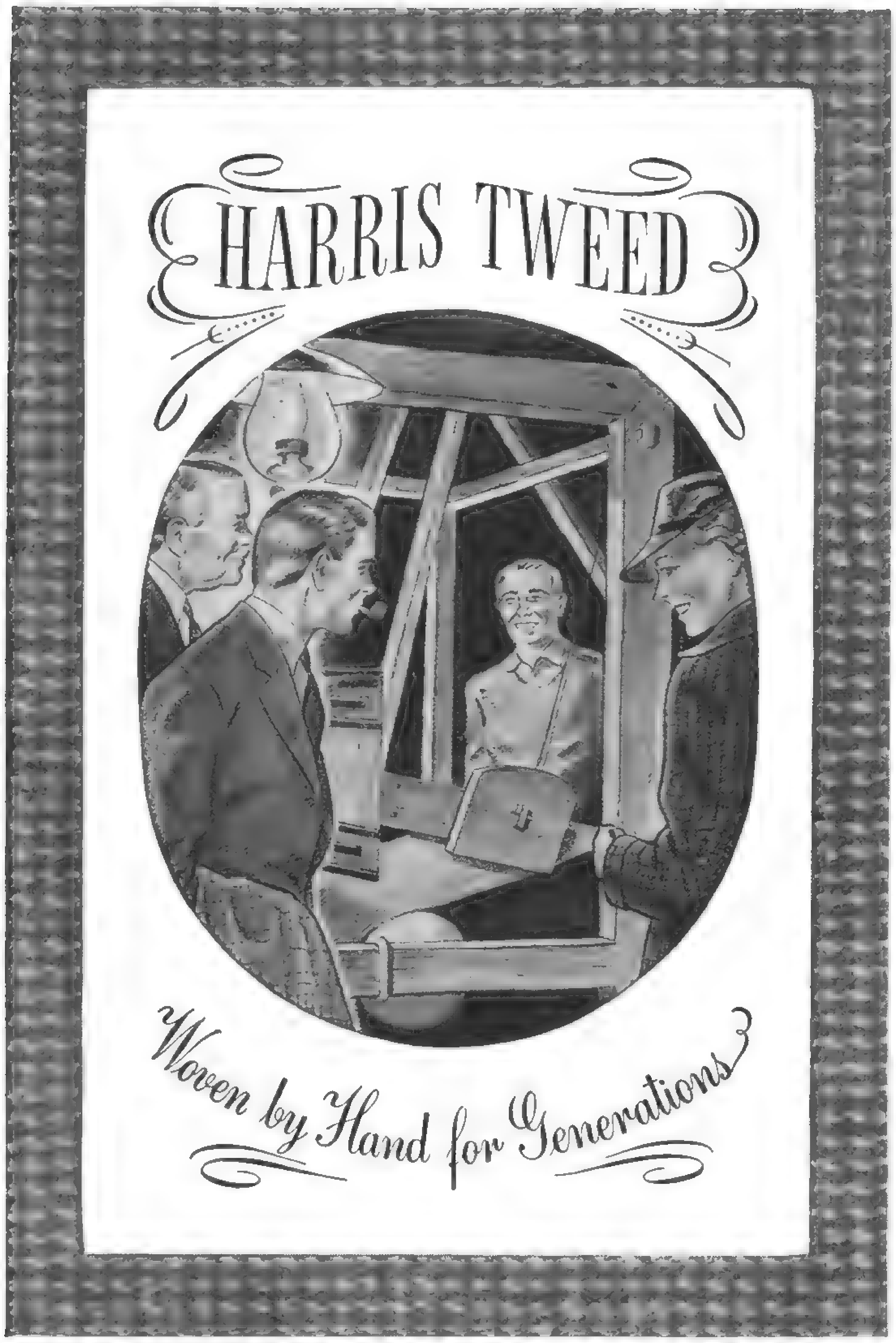
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE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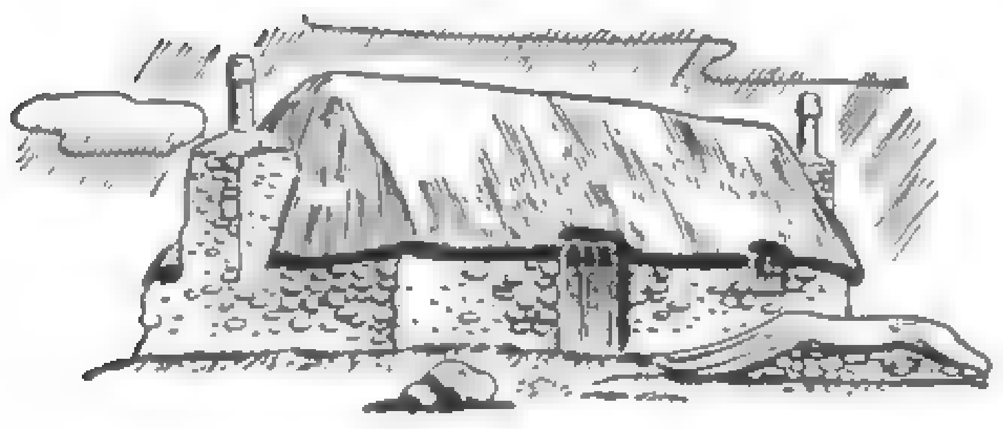

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The Prodigal Father

Continued from page 47

enjoying their second glass.

"Not bad stuff," remarked the host—"The Emperor's cellar y'know."

In such casual fashion did the members of the Senior Ragoon impress upon their guests the fact that they had been blessed by the acquisition of the Imperial Cellar of the Third Napoleon—Emperor of the French.

"Not bad stuff at all."

"Ripping," came the hearty endorsement.

"Glad to hear you appreciate it. Understand most of you young fellers drink whiskey nowadays—rubbish—cabman's drink—damn bad for you—stick to wine. We've got some Madeira here that will astonish you, I fancy."

The cub would not have admitted for the world, of course, that he was already a little astonished at the effects of two glasses of the Emperor's sherry.

"Fine looking old buck—the Governor," he was thinking. "Wonderful for his years. What an eye—bright and blue—and so jolly." Jolly?—he never remembered thinking him jolly before. Funny how he'd always felt awkward in his father's company—all hands and feet. Of course it was a long time ago and he was a man now—

"Oh, thanks, Governor, I don't know whether I ought—" his glass was being filled for the third time.

"Bosh—starts the day off right—gives you an appetite."

The headwaiter and Satellites approached. "Ah, capital—here we are—luncheon—and after the soup I'll value your opinion of our curry. Got our own private recipe. Old General Blood brought it from India. It'll warm the cockles of your heart, me boy." He was right—the boy's cockles were warmed.

The sherry, the curry, the Madeira all combined to warm them. But the most warming thing of all was this new-found father. A father who listened with flattering attention to one's stories of college life. A father who laughed at one's jokes!

"And what did you say to the Dean then? . . ."

"You did—young rascal. Ha, ha. They sent fellers down for less than that in my time. Dashed funny though! And now tell me about that boxing blue of yours—" And the fight was refought over another glass of Madeira—round by round—never to a more appreciative audience. Of course the room was going round and round, too, a little. But he mustn't risk the scorn that might darken those blue eyes, that regarded him so intently. How bright they were now! What a man! The Governor. A two-bottle man! Well, here was a son who'd keep up with him—till the cows came home. Another glass! Certainly. "Here's lookin' at you, Governor!"

And now it would seem he had narrated every incident of those four years at Oxford and somehow it seemed, too, that it had been four long years ago since they had met on the sunny side of Bond Street. He felt terribly drowsy all of a sudden. What was that? His father was rising. He must rise, too. Careful now! No lurching! Ah good—up's a-daisy—There we were—perfectly steady—though feeling tremendously tall somehow. What was the Governor saying? (Rather difficult to concentrate now.) Ah, yes, he could hear quite distinctly—but why were the Magdalen chimes ringing in his ears—or was that a clock striking three?

"Well—me boy (what a *jolly* voice the Governor had)—we've had a most interesting chat—don't know when I've enjoyed myself so much."

"It's awfully decent of you to sh—to say so, sir."

"Not a bit of it, not a bit of it, and now I'll tell you the proper way to top off a little luncheon like we've had. We'll toddle down stairs and have forty winks. Wake up fresh as a new born baby." He felt his father's arm slip snugly through his. He was walking (on air of course) arm in arm with the Governor for the first time in his life! What a man! And what a host! The Perfect End to the Perfect luncheon—Forty Winks—He felt himself sinking gratefully into what appeared to be a four poster leather bed. Forty blessed winks.

For a few moments after he woke he had the impression that the whole thing had been a dream. His eyes were a little misty and somebody was hammering rhythmically on the back of his neck. Otherwise all right. But as he sat up in that vast chair he beheld his father seated before him. Yes, there was the Governor, a little blurred in outline perhaps, but as large as life, the blue eyes as bright as ever, smiling at him reassuringly. All around him the flower of England's manhood dozed and slept in various postures of complete relaxation. The dignified silence was broken only by a snore or two and the apologetic chiming of a distant clock.

The Lion spoke. "Six o'clock," he said. "Time for an eye-opener." He lent forward courteously—"Will you join me in a little something. Personally I think a good stiff B and S would be in order." He pressed a bell. Once again the cub felt in perfect accord with his sire.

"Make it two," he said. "Two large brandies and soda." The command given and executed with a smoothness and dispatch that would have done credit to any genii of the lamp; they raised their glasses in silent tribute and drank.

Aah!

How right the Governor was, thought the cub. How utterly *right.* The hammering was already ceasing. The eyes were focusing. He felt bright and alert.

"To your very good health,"

said the Lion, drinking a toast.

"To yours, sir," replied the cub.

"Aah!" once again. The Lion chuckled gently—

"Funny thing happened to me today," he said—"might amuse you, perhaps?" The blue eyes looked up inquiringly.

"Please go on, sir," the cub said.

"Well, quite by accident, I ran into my boy—hadn't seen him for years. Quite a pleasant surprise, too, it turned out to be; last time I'd seen him he struck me as quite an ordinary young Poop—but we had a bite of lunch together and he turned out to be a capital young feller—though I say it as shouldn't, perhaps." The blue eyes twinkled. "Let me tell you the story of what he said to the Dean—ha, ha—I think you'll enjoy this."

A dreadful feeling of unreality seized the cub as he listened to his father retelling that story. He told it well. His memory was perfect. It would have entertained any member of the Senior Ragoon. But its only effect upon the cub was to leave him with a slight feeling of being in hell.

The Lion reached the climax. "HA, HA, HA," he laughed.

"Ha, ha, ha," feebly echoed the cub. "I thought you'd like that," resumed the Lion, "and here's another good one he told me—"

And so, for the next half-hour the cub listened to stories of his own life. Listened like some disembodied spirit condemned to revisit this earth in torment. Then the Lion finished his brandy and rose.

"Hope I haven't been a confounded bore," he smiled genially. "Never thought I'd come the proud father and all that sort of rot. Very decent of you to have been so patient. Good evening, sir," said the Lion with a little bow.

Dizzy and numb the cub watched his sire stride from the room. Then he rose like a sleep-walker and tottered in search of his hat and stick. He bumped into somebody's chair. "Sorry, sir." (He must get out in the air—he must have air.)

A mahogany face looked after him disapprovingly.

"Young fellers don't seem to be able to carry their wine properly nowadays," said Mahogany to a Crimson neighbor.

The crimson countenance nodded agreement and went back to sleep.

Peace reigned at the Senior Ragoon. # *This is the first of a series of London life sketches by Stanley Logan. Next month: The Adamant Crichton.*

What Life Will Be Like

Continued from page 39

heating may even be under the floor, to rob rugs of their last excuse for existence. But, if Mrs. Mañana is traditionalist enough still to want them, as many housewives probably will, both rugs and curtains can be imperceptibly fireproofed with a new German substance called Locron which makes any textile, cotton, wool or silk, the moral equivalent of asbestos. For that matter, the curtains may well be of woven glass. Or paper—fireproofed, of course, and feeling and looking as sturdy and handsome as any cloth. The paper business these days is definitely planning on giving both textiles and leather a real run for their money with tough and colorful new products. A paper curtain may well not last as long as a good modern textile. But that could be an additional selling point. The housewife will no longer have to put up for life with drapes she is tired of just because they cost a lot to begin with and are still in good shape.

Furniture has already broken away from wood into metal on a wide front and the consumer is gradually coming to like it. The next thing in line is furniture made of plastics—derived from soy beans or sugar cane or corn perhaps, but light, strong and beautiful and requiring no fussing about finish. The bathroom fixtures and, if present plans work out, a good deal of the piping, may also be plastics, which are already tough enough to rate serious consideration for car and airplane bodies. Being chemically inert, they never heard of corrosion. No detail is too small for the laboratory to have worried over and found a clever new answer to. Squeakless casters for your furniture will appear, made out of synthetic material impregnated with ever-present lubricating oil. And both laundry and toilet soap won't be soap at all, but wholly new substances technically known as "wetting agents" and "detergents" which will do everything soap does, only better, and laugh at the hardest water. Score another for the lady of the house.

That dustless, convenient, sanitary paradise may still mean more to your wife than to you. But remember that it also offers you stunning advantages as chief payer of the bills. Insurance and grocers' bills are only a few of the economy angles. Your walls, hemmed in by real insulation, will no longer waste much of the heat you pay for trying to warm up all outdoors. Your upkeep on painting, plumbing, housecleaning, furniture-reconditioning, will drop far toward nil. With the whole family healthier, the doctor's bills will be gratifyingly lower.

Like rugs and curtains, clothes would not be strictly necessary in such an environment. No drafts, no peeping neighbors, no changes of temperature from room to room, the thermometer always at a point where little loss of body-heat takes place—it would be perfectly reasonable for the family of the future to imitate the Eskimos and shed everything on entering the front door. Still clothes will always be indicated outside, with the wardrobe chosen in accordance with remarkable improvements in weather-forecasting. And inside,

Continued on page 116

Well-Groomed Hair can help your Business and Social Life!

Use VITALIS
and the "60-Second Workout"
1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance
2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

EVERY BUSINESS call you make—every social engagement you keep—means a chance to make a favorable impression. That's why well-groomed hair is so important. And why men everywhere use Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout". It's easy to keep your hair attractive, to make it speak well of you—with Vitalis.

Just apply Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Notice that pleasant tingle as sluggish circulation speeds up. Your scalp begins to lose its tightness... becomes more free and supple. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement the natural scalp oil—overcoming dryness—giving your hair a wonderful lustre. See how Vitalis routs unsightly, loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair, too. Now comb your hair. How easily it falls into place—stays put—and there's no trace of any objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Give your hair a chance to help you win the admiration and respect of others. Keep it well-groomed and help keep it healthy with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"! Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today.

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barbershop—genuine Vitalis comes only in sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Next time you go to the barber's, insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

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PETER DAWSON
SPECIAL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.

MEN! DEMAND

LOOK FOR THE DIMPLED DAWSON BOTTLE

Your father, your grandfather, and his father before him knew the pleasure that Dawson dimples promise. This handsome dimpled bottle holds a Scotch of superb quality. There's a lovely, light body with a mild but tangy aroma. Peter Dawson's own special blend is faithfully followed . . . the pleasure never varies.

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What Life Will Be Like

Continued from pages 39-115

natural conservatism will probably keep them socially advisable. Nevertheless the coming revolution will hit clothes like a cyclone.

It began long ago on your wife, when the laboratory made rayon out of cellulose into an increasingly popular substitute for silk, cotton, and linen in dresses and underwear. By now, competing fibres are being made out of coal, milk, reeds, wood pulp—for all I know, seaweed will be next. There is little question that Mrs. Mañana will wear stockings of a new and proved synthetic silk that is tougher, more sheer and more elastic than the real thing. Glass stockings are also confidently spoken of. Paper comes in on ladies' wear too. The efficient-minded have long looked with scorn on the economic paradox that the fabric in women's clothes is so often needlessly durable for what the lady wants. She throws or gives a dress away long before the material shows signs of wear. Paper, however, just as versatile and handsome in a pretty little frock as in a window curtain, will take it long enough in its new toughened forms—but not too long.

Since most types of women's shoes definitely make durability second to appearance, new paper substitutes for leather may do well there, in addition to book bindings and upholstery. Synthetic wools, derived from milk and wood pulp, are all over Europe and, by all accounts, are much more practical than you might think. In her milk topcoat, her cardboard hat, her paper dress, her glass stockings, her cellulose underwear and her paper shoes, Mrs. Mañana might well strike her great-grandmother, who never bought anything but pure silk and made it wear fifteen years, as something to sick the dog on. But she will look as charming as ever. Since her stockings wear longer and all the other materials cost less, she will be far less expensive to write checks after on the first of the month. Or much happier, because she can afford so many more changes of costume hanging in the closet.

Even if you stay old-fashioned and stick to actual wool off a sheep's back for your own suits and socks, recent discoveries in water- and shrink-proofing will make your life a lot simpler anyway. In both departments the details are much too subtle for me. I prefer to note the perfect logic in the fact that both were developed in England, where the climate probably gets more wool wetter in the course of a year than anywhere else in the world except Scotland. The water-proofing so concentrates certain imperceptible fats in the outer portions of a woolen fabric that water slides off and down, just as it does off a duck's oil-impregnated feathers. The shrink-proofing so alters the temperament of woolen fiber, without affecting warming and wearing faculties, that there will be a good chance of throwing your tropical worsted suit into the laundry along with your shirts and having it come back from the iron without losing either shape or size. That also means no more sudden rages over being asked to wear socks that would fit Charlie McCarthy.

Television comes first to mind when Mr. and Mrs. Mañana's amusements are brought up. There is no point in my adding my bit to the chorus of commentary on television. Particularly since the future will have several other novel strings to its bow after hours, equally intriguing ideas, such as, for instance, those audible books. Technicians are already fooling with the very real possibility of installing in homes the same sort of sound-track reproducing equipment that movie theatres use for talkies—only there won't be any movie to match the sound. A small spool of film will contain length after length of sound-track alone, automatically reversing itself when it comes to the end of the string, going on for a couple of hours at a stretch. Mr. Mañana will switch on the roll he wants out of his extensive talking library, sit back and hear famous actors going through Shakespeare or, if his tastes aren't quite so highbrow, let an expert voice read to him out of *Sherlock Holmes* or *Tom Sawyer*.

The Mañanas' car may not be so revolutionary. Changes there will probably be rather a matter of improvement than of total new departures. Streamlining has already been carried somewhat farther than the laws of dynamics show much justification for. Still Mañana's pocketbook, already surfeited with good fortune, will be further delighted to hear that 100-octane gas will be produced with astounding cheapness, and artificial rubber, rayon-corded tires will be guaranteed for 100,000 miles. If Diesel motors, using mere fuel oil or perhaps even powdered coal, turn out as well adapted to light pleasure cars as some engineers think they will, additional savings will appear. But the internal combustion engine will still be there in one form or another. Real air conditioning and sponge-rubber upholstery will make riding giddily comfortable and, when some grave installation difficulties are cleared up, polaroid headlight-lenses and windshield panels may completely remove the glare menace in night driving. Secondary roads will be immensely improved by the inclusion of artificial resins or cotton fabrics in their construction. Main highways will look like an engineer's dream of how to make traffic behave itself. But the fundamentals of exploding fuel, four wheels and a hard surface will still dominate the picture.

No doubt about it, the Mañanas, that young couple whose probable future has so interested me, will have made a fine investment and will live the life of Riley to boot. ⌗

HATS OFF!

to the man who reads The New York Sun

. . . because he's the *active* New Yorker—active in business, in sports and social life.

. . . because he knows the importance of owning the clothes, equipment and accessories his activities and duties call for.

. . . because he has the good sense to appreciate worthwhile merchandise, new styles and new ideas, both in necessities and in luxuries.

. . . because he is young in mind and spirit and has either attained economic security or is rapidly going places.

. . . because he realizes how important it is in his business and personal life to keep well-informed through a reliable and intelligent newspaper . . . a point in his favor emphasized each evening when he takes home . . .

The Sun
NEW YORK

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 85

cut up in pieces. In this stew the vegetable kingdom is represented by split peas, carrots, cabbage, lettuce, and various herbs. But what belongs to a stew and what does not is a relative matter, and a Frenchman would object violently to this Spanish stew; he eats a better sort—according to him—the classic *Ragoût Sardanapale*, which is made with various kinds of meat (lamb, beef, veal, fowl and pork) and in which no one kind of meat must outweigh the rest, nor any one of the accompanying vegetables predominate. *Pytt-i-panna* is the fancy name of a Scandinavian mélange, and *Gyuvecs* is the Serbian, or rather Yugoslavian. Hungarians are unbearably conceited about their *Goulash*, and are convinced that they originated the stew idea. They are wrong; goulash, just another form of stew, is a relatively recent discovery, not much more than a hundred and fifty years old, whereas stew was already a favorite dish in medieval England. Since they knew even less about cooking in England at that time than today they threw every conceivable thing into the stew-pot without stopping to think. Stew must have been crude and vulgar in the Middle Ages, and according to Dr. Mouffet, a sixteenth-century English food columnist, there was a Shropshire gentleman possessing a "nice taste and agreeable manners" who wore a little tongue-glove, so that he might eat hot stews without endangering the delicacy of his palate. But no matter how crude, food was all-important at a period when there was little else to think of. Stow (not stew) in his *Survey of London* says that Henry VIII granted a large estate in Leadenhall Street to "Mistris Cornewallis, widdow, and her heires, in reward for fine foods by her made, wherewith she had presented him." And to this day the manor of Addington, in Surrey, is granted in return for dressing the king a dish of stew at his coronation; the tenure dates from William the Conqueror.

The French were also sold on stews, and gave them flowery names. All *Mirotons* and *Salpicons* are old French stews, so old that no one knows what part of France they really originated in. *Poupeton au Sang*—a hare stew, with rabbit, pigeons, mushrooms, and truffles—is also ageless. This superb dish is supposed to have been first thought up in Bourgogne. There is a passage in *Cyrano de Bergerac* which reveals that the French lamb stew, *Haricot de Mouton*, in the days of the Durante-nosed and epic-making Gascon was made exclusively of red beans, chopped lamb and garlic; the legitimate and original red beans in this primitive ragoût were replaced by the upstart turnip. It was in fact not called Haricot de Mouton but *Halicot* de Mouton, the one letter making a hell of a lot of difference; *halicotée* means: cut to pieces, (*détaillée en morceaux*) while haricot simply accounts for white beans. So, when halicot was changed in a still unexplained manner to haricot a few centuries back, people wanted to live up to the name and put white beans in the stew; they have stayed ever since, usurping the place of red beans. However, they blend well with the carrots, potatoes and onions.

But to make a simple dish more confusing, Haricot de Mouton is also called *Navarin* de Mouton whenever the Maître d'Hôtel who writes the menu cards decides that changing a word or two here and there will make his task less tedious. And when he wants to be very fancy, or happens to be in love, and there are a few split peas in the stew, all of a sudden it becomes Navarin de Mouton à la *Printanière*. This is the longest and prettiest name I can think of at the moment for a simple lamb stew.

George Petty couldn't contribute to this issue, through illness induced by overwork. He will try to be back with another drawing next month.

To understand the stew situation fully you must remember that there are two separate divisions. One is the White Stew Family, including all stews made of lamb, veal, fowl or hare, sautéd with onions, bacon or butter, and salt and pepper; sometimes potatoes are cooked in these stews, and occasionally thickening is added. Beef, rabbit, mutton, cooked *with* carrots, turnips, onions, peas, and other vegetables, and herbs and salt and pepper, belong to the Brown Stew Family. In the latter category you have to add flour to thicken water, bouillon, wine or other stock. The white stews belong to the *poché* group, nevertheless they should not be put in the *blanquette* or fricassée class. The recipe of the stew at the head of this article—Boeuf Bourguignon—is a brown stew. To get things straight, here is the recipe of a white one, the deservedly popular Irish Stew:

Wash and drain the mutton, removing the skin, gristle, and excess fat. Cut meat in square pieces. Put them into the pan with half of the already prepared (quartered) potatoes, and onions. Add seasoning and water or stock, remembering that the liquid must not more than half-cover the food. Stew slowly. Add the rest of the potatoes one hour before serving; these will cook gently, and will not lose shape like those put in earlier. Serve hot, with the whole potatoes around the edge, meat in the middle, and the gravy poured over.

One often finds the best Irish Stew in some obscure French bistro on the Left Bank. But all decent, self-respecting French restaurants have at least one stew, and usually a perfect stew at that, on their daily menu, ordinarily for lunch. The curious thing is that the Maître d'Hôtel offers this daily ragoût only to steady customers. He tries to talk the less fortunate tourist into a made-to-order dish, usually more expensive than the modest and marvelous stew. If you happen to be a habitué, the Maître d'Hôtel does not even ask you what you want for lunch; as soon as he sees you coming, he disappears through the kitchen door, and reappears carrying the ragoût vessel, the *rondin*. This is a wide, shallow, shiny affair, with large bronze ears on the sides and a still bigger one on the lid. As the *patron* serves the stew you discuss the latest in Paris, hoping that amid these pleasant distractions he will forget to stop ladling the divine stuff.

There are so many excellent French stews that one does not know which one to talk about first. There is the famous Quails à la Marquis de Massa, in which the birds are stewed with green Muscatel grapes; two wineglasses of Madeira are added when the stew is nearly done. Just as I am deciding that there is no better stew, I remember Ragoût Talleyrand, which is made of kidneys, mushrooms, truffles, Madeira wine and cream. At Ciro's in Paris they used to have a luncheon dish, chicken stewed in champagne, that set you back a fortune in francs; whenever I can find someone to listen I talk about this colossal stew for hours on end, with quivering adoration in my voice, describing the way it was served, the tenderness of the fowl, and above all the myriad flavors in each spoonful. Unfortunately, I neglected to ask for the recipe.

And how about *Civet de Lièvre?* Or rather Jugged Hare. The English name is nicer, more interesting, better to roll on your tongue, more manly—and a delight on a staggering French menu card to anyone but a philological genius; for this is one of the few culinary terms that the French are willing to accept in English and are even willing to order as we manage their baffling names, by pointing instead of taking a chance at pronouncing. I say, how about Jugged Hare?

Remove the skin of the hare, draw it, and cut it up into twelve pieces. Salt and pepper, and then put the pieces in a stone jar together with one sprig of thyme, one sliced onion, two bay leaves, a bit of nutmeg, and a glass of white wine. Mix well, and leave the twelve pieces in the jar for six hours. Then take them out and put them in a pan with an ounce of butter and chopped bacon and onions. Cook on brisk fire for ten minutes, add two tablespoons of flour, stir well. Add a glass of red wine, a pint of broth. Twenty minutes before serving, add the blood and the chopped up heart and liver.

It is complicated; or at least it sounds so; but it is worth every bit of trouble. Beef à la Mode is equally, if not more, complicated for a lone man to concoct in a kitchenette, but it is high time I talked about other than French stews, so I will just give you a sketchy description of this grand dish; it is made of round beef—for other, lesser stews the shank is used, or the flank, plate, heel or short ribs—and there are a pair of calves' feet in it, bacon, carrots, onions and herbs, and it should stew for four or five hours.

The simplest and best stew to make in a kitchenette is the Hungarian *Pörkölt.* Before I go any further and attempt to clarify the Hungarian goulash situation, and a very involved question it is, I will give you the recipe for this remarkable pörkölt.

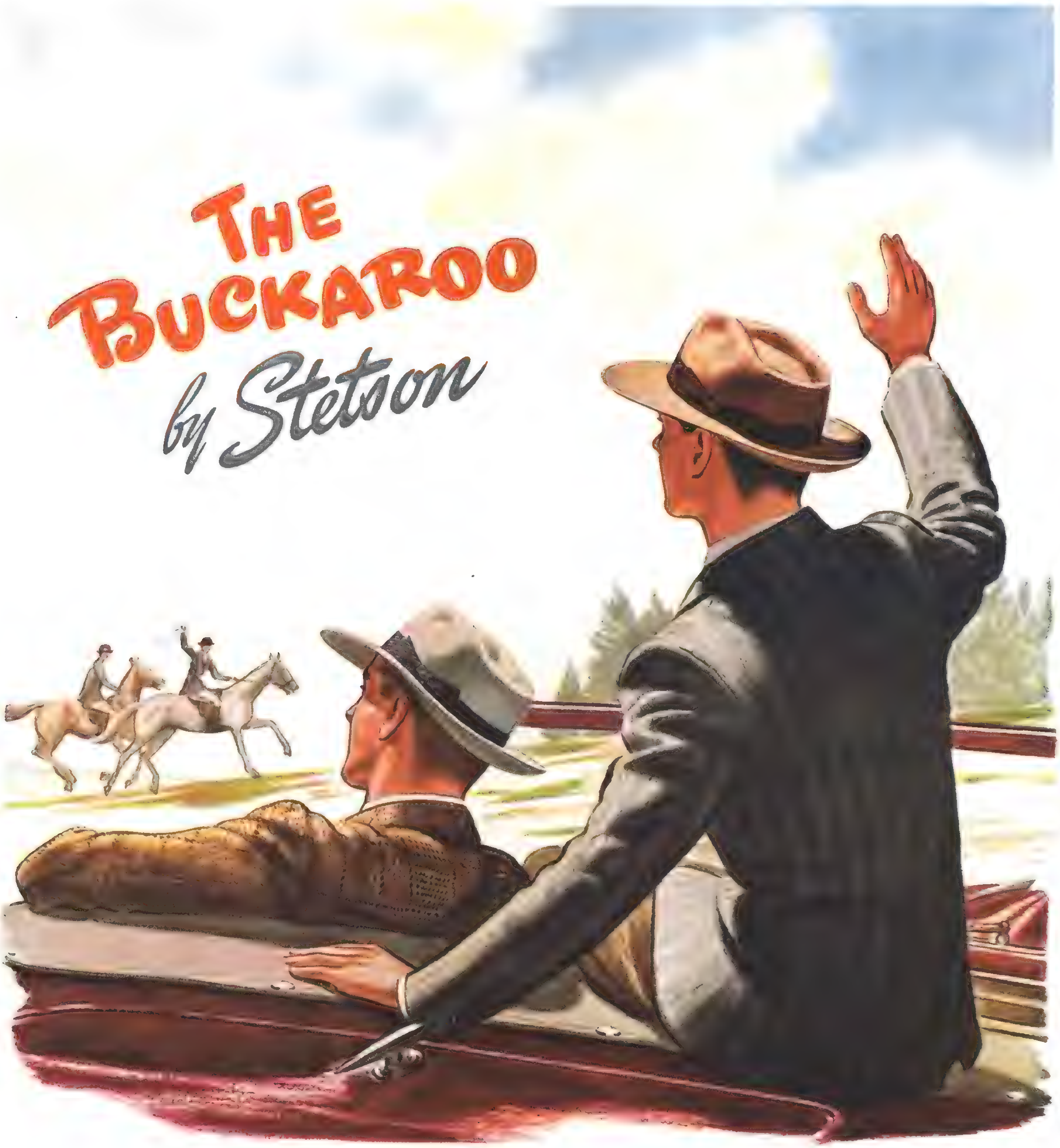
Get one and a half pounds of shoulder of veal, dice it, chop up two large onions, brown them in a pan with a tablespoonful of lard on a very brisk fire—do not burn—and add half a lump of sugar. Put the meat in the pan, and turn down the flame. After fifteen minutes add one tablespoonful of paprika, one tomato, one green pepper cut up, salt to taste. Let it simmer for one hour. Do not open the lid! Do not add any water or liquid! Serve with boiled rice or boiled potatoes.

This same pörkölt (which simply means singed, in rough translation) may be made with sucking pig, pork, mutton, fowl, duck, turkey and goose.

In the goulash category there are three specific branches: goulash, which is in reality a soup dish with beef and potatoes in it; the above described pörkölt, which is a paprika dish without cream, belonging to the white stew family; and finally paprikasch, which has sour or sweet cream in it. The well-known chicken paprikasch is one of this branch. There are several important points to remember in making goulash or its relatives; one is not to brown the onions too much, but merely to "golden" them in sautéing. It is also better to use lard than butter. It may be sheer imagination, but all goulashes feel happier with half a lump of sugar in them. If you want to get a nice red color, add the paprika not with the meat, but fifteen minutes after you have put it in the pan. For in the first quarter-hour the meat—beef especially—gives out a lot of blood, and if the meat juices mix with the paprika, the color will be brown. Lastly, do not stir; just agitate the pan gently now and then.

And don't think you can make

Continued at top of page 120



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Step Out with a **STETSON!**

75 YEARS OF LEADERSHIP

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 85-118

chicken paprikasch any other way than the following; I put my foot down in this question and dogmatically assert that most cookbooks and most chefs in this country are wrong about chicken paprikasch. Here is the real goods:

(Two spring chickens for four persons.)

Chop three large onions up fine, put in a pan with a tablespoonful of lard, and simmer over very slow fire for about an hour, until it becomes almost a jelly. Be sure that it does not burn. Add one tablespoon of paprika; let the paprika and the jelly simmer another ten minutes. Now put in the cut-up chicken and let it stew, well covered, for a half-hour; put in two green peppers, all cut up, and salt to taste. Let it stew another half-hour, then mix in a teaspoonful of flour and six teaspoons of sweet cream. Boil it for a split second; if you boil it longer it will become watery. Serve with dumplings or boiled rice.

Water should not be added except to goulash, which is actually a soup, as I pointed out before. Paprikasch and pörkölt do not need water; the natural juices of the meats will furnish the gravy during the slow process of stewing. And this is the proper time to tell you that dunking is a must in eating these Hungarian specialties. If you want to preserve your Emily Post table manners, what are you going to do with that exquisite sauce? You certainly can't waste it; on the other hand, you can't eat it with a spoon, unless it is goulash. So, if you care anything about your palate, you will have to imagine yourself a plebeian or a Hungarian, and nonchalantly submerge a piece of bread in that tempting little puddle on your plate, soak it, and eat it. After doing this once with Hungarian paprikasch and pörkölt, or with any other stew gravy, you will want to remain a plebeian forever. I won't say Hungarian....

Of course condiments are very important in the majority of stews, and Hungarian cooking owes a lot to paprika, the red spice that is made in the Hungarian paprika mills out of dried green pepper. Professor Szentgyörgyi, a Noble Prize scientist, proved that paprika is very healthy and contains many vitamins. But the paprika in this country mostly comes from Mexico or Central America and it does not compare with the Hungarian or Indian spice; in Hungary green pepper is small, sharp, aromatic, while in Mexico and Central America it is mild, weak and fleshy. I am at a loss where to tell you to get *real* Hungarian paprika. Perhaps on New York's Second Avenue, in a Magyar grocery store—unless you want to grow your own. This is no joke. I know a Connecticut gentleman, Maxwell Aley, who grows condiments instead of orchids. His hothouse is full of Green Peppers, Saffron, Tarragon, Shallots, Thyme, Sweet Basil, Rosemary, Sweet Marjoram and Common Marum.

If you are not accustomed to them, the spices of the Magyar country make you weep, and burn the roof off your mouth. Even Gene Tunney shed a few tears over a helping of goulash soup that I watched him eat in the restaurant of Budapest's Hotel Ritz.

"Do you like it?" I asked innocently, but with a great deal of inner satisfaction because I had advised Goliath on the menu, and now felt like David.

"Oh, yes," replied Tunney bravely, reaching out for a glass of water to ease his suffering, "it's a good workout."

Soop, Mon! Soop!

Continued from page 57

expense-account scandals, no pro-amateur distinctions. In fact, none of the ingredients of sports administration warfare is in the game.

The premier competition directed by the group is the Gordon International Cup series for a trophy donated by Robert Gordon of New York, one of the earlier enthusiasts. Matches are between picked Canadian and United States teams and, sadly, the Canadians won thirty of the first forty series.

United States curlers, though, still recall with pride that a Yankee team defeated Scotland's best when the Old Countrymen finally deigned to make their first trip here. That was in 1903, but the curlers still gloat.

Scotland has had its official governing body since 1834, the Amateur Curling Club of Scotland being founded with twenty-eight clubs, reorganized in 1838 into the Grand Caledonian Curling Club and, four years later, renamed the Royal Caledonia Curling Club after Queen Victoria sat in on a bonspiel and the Prince Consort became a patron. There are now over a thousand clubs on its rolls.

But Scotsmen were curling centuries before that. There is—or was, before the war—a stone of blue whinstone in the Smith Institute at Stirling with the date 1511 carved on it. Instead of a handle, there was a hole reamed out for the fingers to grasp it. An explorer named Cameron, who in 1528 inspected the Orkney Islands, reported: "They contain many excellent stones for the game of curling." In certain parts of Lanarkshire and Ayreshire it was called "kuting," a direct tracer back to a similar game played earlier in Holland which the Dutch called "khuyten."

First mention of curling in literature occurs in a volume entitled: *The Muse's Thenody*, which was published in 1638. This was the first of many essays, verses and songs written about the fascinating game, among them Robert Burns' *Elegy on Tam Samson* and Sir James M. Barrie's philosophical considerations of the oddly assorted crew on the ice of Rashie-Bog.

Modern mention is confined, for the most part, to rare little squibs well down on the sports pages of the *New York Times*, even the annual all-sports anthologies passing it over to squeeze in another All-America football squad.

With newcomers turning to the game and indoor rinks in New York and several large cities being laid out for curling, that is likely to change. Big-name coverage and national broadcasts of major bonspiels are not just ahead, of course, but public attention will boom with the game.

Why, another company may start manufacture of curling brooms! At present, there is only one in the world, located in Owen Sound, Ontario, Canada. Brooms from the corner grocer's satisfy most players and, since the required swish-ability lasts only a few furious games, are cheaper.

Stones, about which curlers are very crotchety, call for the largest initial outlay. And it is definitely initial, many players passing on their favorite boulders to sons and grandsons. Under present rules, stones shall not exceed forty-four pounds, thirty-six inches in circumference nor four and one-half inches in height. In the old days, when the limit was the curler's strength, they ranged from forty-five to one hundred ten pounds. Irons were often used.

Now they are made only of Scotch granite turned and polished at Mauchline, Scotland, and, extensive shopping reveals, sold only—in New York, at any rate—at Abercrombie and Fitch for about thirty dollars per pair. The game's ancient rules forbid substitution in the event of breakage, play being continued with the largest fragment. But there is no breakage now.

A stone to be really good must fit the player who is to use it, although experts go beyond mere weight and balance in appraising a stone. Vehement as the arguments between the steel-shafts and the wood-shafts in golf, are the quarrels about the merits of the Crawford-johns over the Burnock Waters or the Ailsa over either of them. Incidentally, the boosters of Ailsa stones are well-fitted to argue. They've already survived preliminary bickerings in selecting their own favorite red, blue and grey varieties of Ailsa and no mere Crawford-johns or Burnock Waters man can win them over or even prove his own sanity.

In fact, there is record of only one such dispute reaching a definite conclusion. A wealthy young Burnock Waters man, consistently outcurled by a mocking Crawford-johns booster, responded to the jibes by trading away, wicker basket and all, the pair of stones that had been in the family three generations. His father, prostrated, disinherited him.

Such sad tales have no place in this joyous sport, the only thing, with the exception of soccer, that will move a Scotsman to visible excitement. Reason for the excitement is obvious, since, despite its spread to other nationalities, bonspiels are always preceded by skirling of the bagpipes. And these are always a cinch to churn up a Scotsman's blood. Scores are usually close, teams coming from behind with a single stone to scatter their foes and slither into the lead. Then there is always usquebaugh.

Usquebaugh is the fine, old Scotch whiskey that is as traditional beside a curling rink as beef and greens sandwiches, which have been accepted fare since long before the first stones—Blue Hone Ailsas, they were—were carried reverently to the New World. So honored is the place of usquebaugh in the curling ritual that the medico with the pot of heather abloom on his desk imposed no restrictions.

"Curling is for sensible men," he pointed out. "Remember that aristocracy of intellect an' soop, mon, soop."

CURLING AT A GLANCE

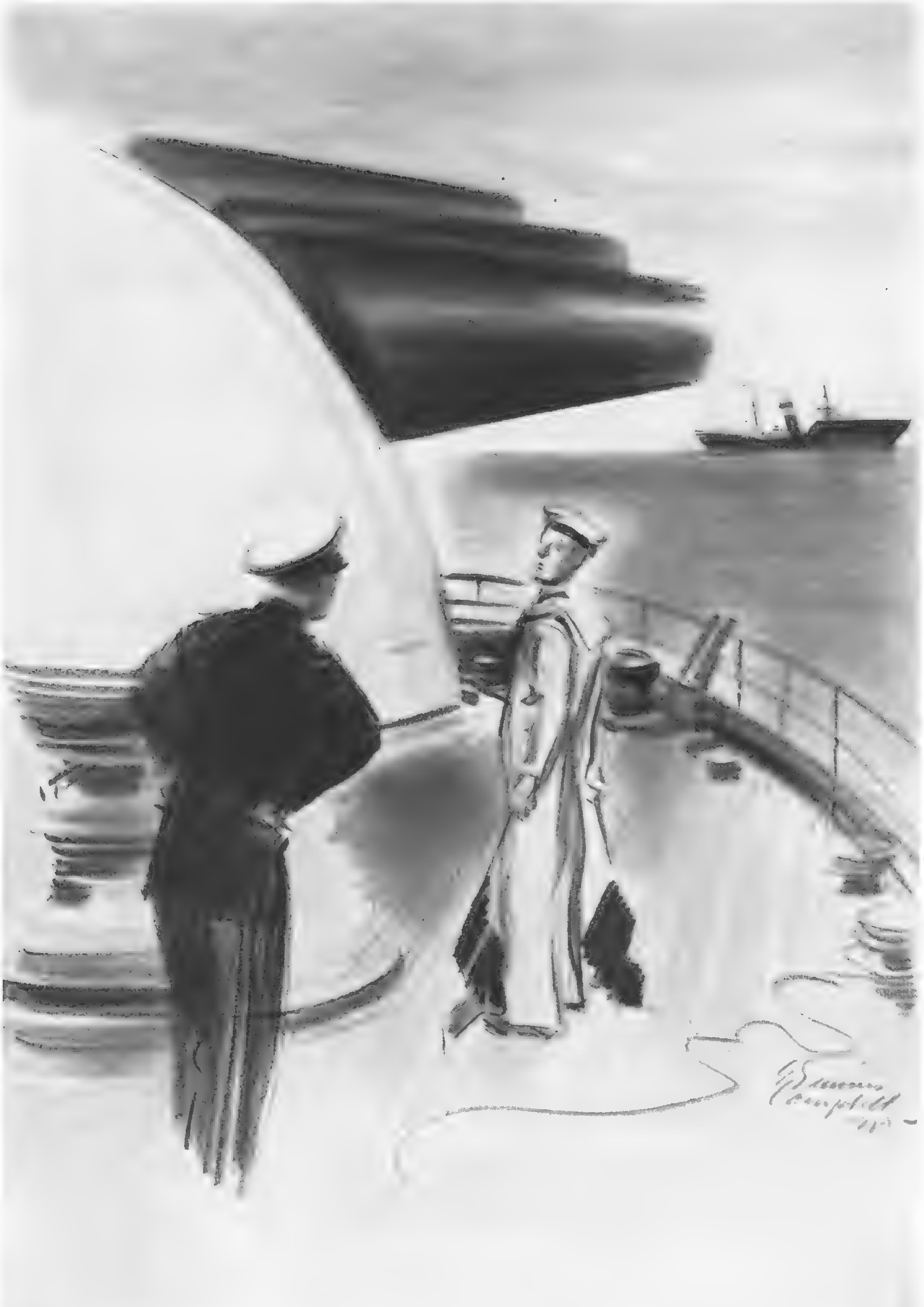
Playing Surface—Strip of ice one hundred thirty-eight feet by ten feet marked at each end with a circle ten feet in diameter with a twelve-inch circular spot in the center. Ice is prepared by being scraped twice and sprinkled with warm water through a perforated nozzle producing a knobby or pebbled surface.

Implements—Stones of polished granite, not exceeding forty-four pounds, thirty-six inches in circumference nor four and one-half inches in height, and ordinary household brooms.

Players—Four on each side.

Method of Play—Each player propels by means of a sliding push two stones from a back-line toward the ten-foot circle at the far end. The player's teammates hasten the stone's progress toward the circle by sweeping the ice before it. After the stone has entered the circle, opposing players speed its progress out again by similarly sweeping the ice.

Object of Game—To place as many stones as possible closer to the twelve-inch circular spot than those of the opposing team. A point is scored for each stone not canceled by one better located by the opposition. At the completion of each round the direction is reversed until fourteen rounds have been played and a total score taken.



"Signal 'We're awfully sorry,' then let 'em have it"

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROSENOW

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"You shall have roses" —dozens each summer, for the next 10 or 12 years, for as little as 50¢ per season with Willowbrook Standard Rose Trees!

If you have a garden, it is not complete without some Standard (Tree) Roses, standing three to six feet tall, to relieve its flatness and give it a new focal point of beauty and interest.

And if you haven't a garden, but have a lawn or other open space—even if it's only a little city-size dooryard—then Willowbrook Standard Tree Roses are your answer to that garden-urge. For each tree rose is really a rose-garden in itself!

Each tree has three grafts, making a perfect round crown of roses. Each will bear from 40 to 60 beautiful roses, this summer and every summer for 10 or 12 years to come.

The trees reach you ready to plant, with moss tied soil around their roots, and bearing a tag that gives you clear simple easy directions for planting and the relatively little care they require. You plant them in late April or early May (for the North Central states) and with June "you shall have roses." All summer through, their blooms will be a fragrant delight.

And then, "if winter comes"—why, then comes the best part. No messy or expensive removal to winter storage frames! All you do is bury their heads, like so many ostriches, and tie them down to hibernate. Then next year, and for years thereafter, you will again enjoy their beautiful ever-blooming yield of roses.

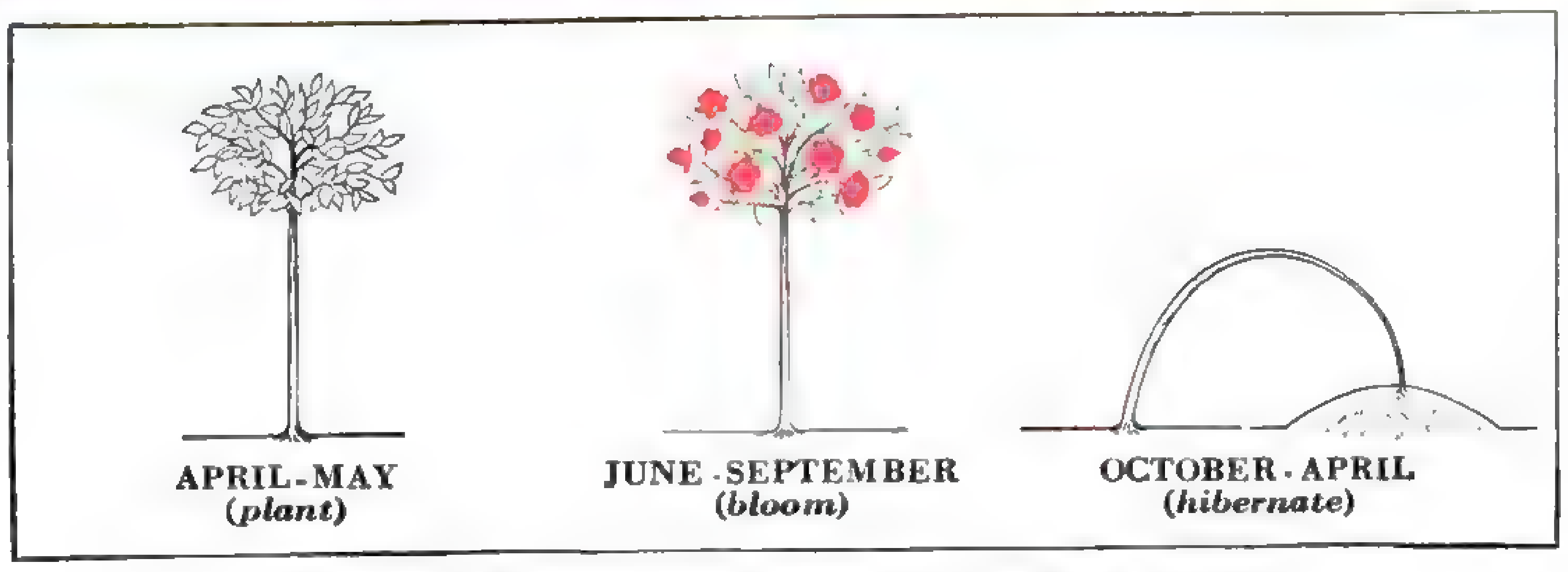
Willowbrook Standard Tree Roses are grown and grafted in the Middle West's most modern greenhouse, at a controlled temperature varying less than two degrees, under the personal supervision of Walter Domke, master rosarian of long and distinguished American and European experience. No matter whether you buy one or a hundred, each individual rose tree is specifically guaranteed under the directions bearing Walter Domke's signature on each tree's tag. Willowbrook Standard Roses will be the making of your garden—or make a garden of your yard!

Willowbrook Standard Tree Roses come in the four varieties shown at the top of this page, Kaiserin Augusta Victoria (white), Hollywood (red), Joanna Hill (yellow) and Briarcliff (pink). Be sure to specify both size and color in ordering.

3 foot trees	$4.00 each
4 foot trees	5.00 each
5 foot trees	6.00 each
6 foot trees	8.00 each

Orders for six trees or more enjoy a 10% discount

All orders must be accompanied by check or money order.



Address all correspondence and orders to the personal attention of Walter Domke, in care of

WILLOWBROOK NURSERIES
GOLF, ILLINOIS

Our Friends the Bankleys

Continued from page 43

won't be home till dinner time. Fact is, Spider contracted a poisoned stomach. We'd developed a system of toting the water up and filling a couple of barrels so we wouldn't have to be dashing down continually. Well, Spider had been drinking out of the wrong barrel and she developed a mild case of dysentery." He looked up and added, "Outside of that, we're in magnificent shape." While we waited for Mae and the kids to return he went on with the exposition of his theories. There was something like four hundred per cent increase in the price of pork on the way from the farmer to the consumer. Same with chickens. Same with lettuce, beets, onions. The idea of self-sufficiency was to eliminate each of the unnecessary operations of commerce, as well as the operation of waste.

"You see how splendidly, how logically it works? Here we have, for instance, beets. The tops ordinarily would be thrown in the garbage can. Instead, we toss them to the chickens for green feed. Our chickens not only produce eggs but when killed for food, provide scraps to be fed to the pigs, who in turn give us pork chops, bacon and sausage. Or, at least they will eventually. As for vegetables, we plant a row at a time of each kind, rotating the crops so that every week a new row of every vegetable keeps maturing. Our surplus Mae will put up in jars and cans, don't you see, for winter."

It sounded swell. I supposed there were countless families in the nation whose way of life consisted of wresting a living from the soil. It seemed to me, though, that subsistence of this kind presupposed long conditioning. As we chatted, I said as much.

"But can't you see that what we're trying to do is based on a principle!" Bankley exclaimed impatiently. "So far our living expenses have been triple what they were in the city. Eventually we expect to attain self-sufficiency as a demonstration of that principle. We believe that the interdependence and specialization resulting from mass production and distribution are stultifying the individual to such a degree that any attempt to throw off the shackles of our enslavement to the machine is a necessary and heroic one. Anybody knows a farmer can eke a living from the soil. But can an insurance man? That's the test."

I nodded. "There's no doubt in my mind that an insurance man with enough determination and fortitude can attain self-sufficiency on the soil. The real point, however, is whether he's going to like it after he's got it."

Joe shrugged that thought aside. "Man, we've done more real living in these few months up here than we'd done the past ten years in the city."

Mae and the kids finally returned. There was nothing for it but to put on a feast for us. Mae's one of those women who'd insist on cooking up a big feed if she were in Hell and it had just frozen over. "Honest," she said. "It was the funniest thing you ever saw when that tent burned up. You'd have laughed yourself sick to see Joe and the kids running around, all excited, like chickens with their heads off. And that reminds me. We're going to have Mimi and Nell for supper. If you'll chop their heads off, Joe, I'll put the children to picking them."

"You know how I hate that job," Joe protested.

Mae herself had to kill the chickens—over our protest that we'd never sleep soundly again if the death of Mimi and Nell were on our consciences. "Boy oh boy!" Butch contributed his share to the amenities of a non-mechanized existence. "Boy oh boy! Mimi went runnin' all over the place with her head off and blood shootin' out of her neck!"

"Edward, you're discusting," Spider cried. "Make him stop talking like that, Mother. It's discusting. I—I don't think," she added, "I don't think I'd care for chicken tonight." We had the fricassee finally, but none of us seemed particularly hungry. After the new tent was erected and darkness had fallen we sat about and talked. We talked, of course, of the hundred and one theories of self-sufficiency. That is, Joe talked until it was time for us to leave.

All summer we had letters from the Bankleys. They were, for the most part, full of optimism and news of their progress. Joe generally conceded that nothing ever worked out precisely as you'd planned it. While he was making fine progress on the house, it looked as though they'd have to hire a few carpenters to get it finished before the cold weather set in. For sheer poetry of existence, however, there was nothing to compare it to. Man's efforts could not always be crowned with success, of course. While the carrots had done splendidly, the lettuce and potatoes had withered up with a blight for some unknown reason. They'd bought a new batch of baby chicks—the last batch had come down with a disease of some kind or other. The pigs, though, were coming on fine, except for the one that had got out of the pen and wandered off. Mae had put up a lot of beets and onions and tomatoes, but the bottles hadn't been sterilized just right or something and the stuff had all gone bad. Next year they'd know how to go about it a whole lot better.

We drove up again in the fall. Joe had written that they wanted us to help them celebrate their house warming. After all, as long as they were determined to continue their existence along the line they'd taken, I was tickled to death to see them make a go of it. And they really had made progress since we'd seen them last. Most of the little house was still in skeleton shape, but they'd completed one whole room. They were overjoyed to see us again. "We don't see as many people as we'd like to," Mae observed. "You're a sight for sore eyes."

We admired the progress made about the place in glowing language, although if these grand people hadn't been old friends we'd have thought of the place as an awful dump. Something about Butch and Spider struck me as being extremely odd. I said the kids looked queer. "Oh," said Joe, "I guess that's their clothes. Mae makes all their things nowadays. Not that they couldn't be bought cheaper than she can make them, but it's just another development of the self-sufficiency principle."

"I don't mind wearin' these clothes," Spider volunteered. "I miss Bing Crosby on the radio. I don't see why we can't have our radio that's in storage so I could hear Bing Crosby. Bing Crosby is my heroine."

"Your hero, darling," said Mae.

"Nuts to Bing Crosby," said Butch. "He croons."

"Don't you dare say nuts to Bing Crosby!" Spider exclaimed.

"Nuts to Bing Crosby," said Butch.

We left the children wrestling on the ground trying to tear each other's arms and legs off and went into the house. "It isn't furnished so very well yet," Joe apologized. "We're planning to make the furniture ourselves in simple peasant style. You know, Mae, I think maybe we will have the radio sent up. After all, I ought to hear the crop reports and the weather bulletins and the Grange programs and so on."

"I could follow Myrt and Marge again," said Mae.

I noticed that Joe had the house wired for electricity. He observed my raised brow. "Well, it's this way," he said—somewhat glibly it seemed to me. "We don't use an awful lot of light, but with those two wild Indians around, oil lamps constitute quite a fire hazard. I've run too many splinters in my hands to have the place burned down. So we're getting the company to string wire in from the trunk line. And then, as long as we're standing the expense of poles, we thought we might as well run in a telephone. This self-sufficiency stuff can be carried too far. If Mae or the kids were suddenly taken ill, we'd want to be able to call the doctor."

"What I need more than anything else," said Mae, showing us her kitchen arrangements, "is a meat grinder. You just can't make hash right without a meat grinder."

"What I need," said Joe, a grim smile on his lips, "is a machine for making a reasonable facsimile of money. Whenever the individual breaks away from the herd and attempts to live by the efforts of his own labor, society is determined to make the cost prohibitive. Just running in the poles and wire from the main line is costing more than our electric bills in the city would in a couple of years. As for food—Well, take the chickens. I figured it out with pencil and paper the other day. The cost of producing a dozen eggs came to exactly two dollars and eleven cents. Of course, we had a lot of bad luck with the hens. It looks as though I'd have to start borrowing on my insurance until we get the hang of it."

"But, Joe—"

"Oh, don't think I'm conceding that the obstacles disprove my contention. On the contrary. The very difficulties convince me of the decadence of the economic structure as it now exists. All the same, I would like very much to own a fifty-one per cent interest in the United States Mint." As though these thoughts were somehow traitorous to his inner convictions, he continued more optimistically. "Oh, well—when we get our fruit trees in and bearing, when we raise our own cow and have fresh butter and milk, when we get things running smoothly we'll be living off the fat of the land. You folks just don't have any idea how much better one lives and eats and sleeps in the serenity of the outdoors. No screech of trains, no stench of automobiles, no nerve-shattering noises, no frantic rush in pursuit of useless wealth. Why, we'll add twenty years to our lives by eating fresher and purer food, breathing uncontaminated air, by going to bed at eight and getting up at five in the morning. There's no use talking, Bill. It's not easy, but boy it's the life."

Then we didn't hear from the Bankleys for some time. I assumed they were getting on all right but were too preoccupied for correspondence. Indeed, I supposed that Joe had finally got down to business and begun his book describing his adventures in self-sufficiency. But one evening he called me on the phone. The operator didn't say anything about long distance. I asked him where he was calling from.

"Oh, we've been back in town three or four days," Joe said jovially. "Some things came up."

"Some what?"

"Things. Just some things."

"I—I see," I said in such a way as to convey my complete unenlightenment.

He cleared his throat. "Yes. A few things came up. Had to talk a little business with the Company. About some old claims. Seems as though my department isn't going along so well. They can't seem to get along without me."

"You say they can't?"

He went on quickly. "Say, how've you been, Bill? This is the first chance I've had to call you. Look. How about you and Fran running over for a little while tonight? Got something I want to show you."

"But what about the place in

Continued at top of page 124

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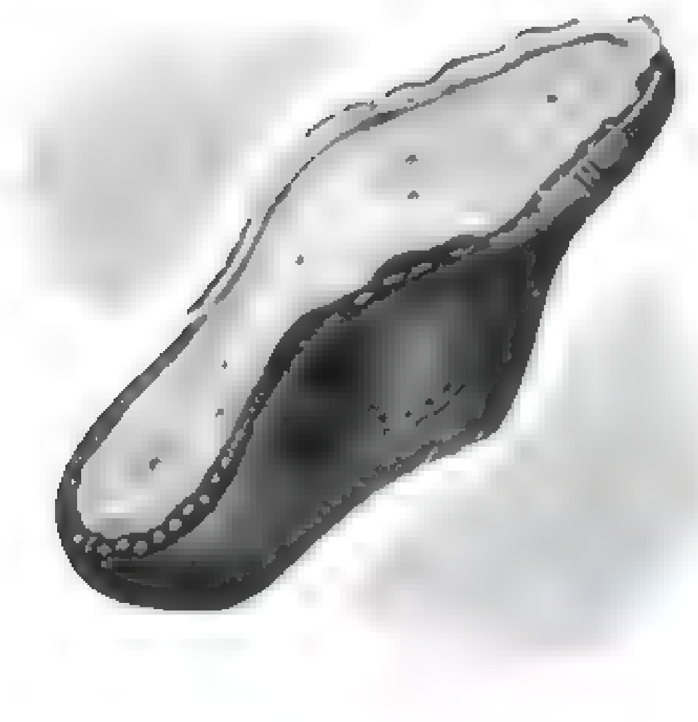


THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, INC.
South Weymouth, Mass.

Stetson

WALKS THE FIRST TEN MILES

Our Friends the Bankleys

Continued from pages 43-123

the country? Have you left there for good?"

"For good? Oh, I wouldn't say exactly for good. Oh, not exactly for good. No, Bill. We'll probably take a crack at it again one of these days. But that's not what I wanted to talk about. We're back in the same apartment house again, you know. Come on over and bring the missus. I've got something here I want to show you."

"How's Mae? How's the kids?"

"Just fine. Mae broke her ankle about three weeks ago. She's still using one crutch. Otherwise we're just dandy, Bill."

"Well, we'll come over later, Joe."

Mae was propped up on the sofa, her leg still in a cast. She hadn't lost her big genial smile, however. What Joe was so anxious to show us was a machine. "Look at the darned thing!" he exclaimed, jumping around it and adjusting gadgets. "It does about everything but play phonograph records."

"So you think you may go back and take another crack at self-sufficiency?" I murmured.

He ignored my remark completely. "This part is for making malted milks," he continued. "Then, when you want to slice onions or dice carrots, you just turn this switch. There's an attachment that'll chop meat, and another to whip cream, and this dingus here grinds coffee, shaves ice, and grinds up bones. Honest, you just don't know what they're going to invent from one minute to the next."

"What," said I, "about the stultifying effect of a mechanized civilization?"

"You know," said Joe, and there was the old sparkle in his eye. "You know, Bill, it sure is nice to see you folks again." ⵜ

On the Record

Continued from page 86

is not a mere historical curiosity nor an arranger's monstrosity. Five years ago Yehudi Menuhin recorded it. The performance is in most respects admirable, though on an occasional note the solo violin sounds as if its master swayed away from the microphone.

FOR THE WEEK END:

Beethoven: Leonore's Aria, Komm, O Hoffnung. Lotte Lehmann and orchestra. Decca 25803. Enormous feeling and understanding for the text. Always human, Mme Lehmann sometimes destroys the instrumental line—her top notes are squeezed out—but she gives all.

Early Choral Music and *Folk Songs of Central Europe.* Sung by the Trapp Family Choir. Victor M-535 and M-586. Early one August morning in old Salzburg, a hurried, breathless man in *lederhosen* beat on my door and stuck into my hand a mimeographed notice that Mme Lotte Lehmann was going to sponsor his family in a concert. Today, that family is touring this country from sea to shining sea, and two albums of their records are on the market. Personally, I think they do better with the folk music than with the music of de Lassus, Arcadelt, and Praetorius. Their spontaneous sympathy, free phrasing and rubato is less suited to the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century masters. They resemble amateurs more than professionals; their diction is vague; but there is a refreshing atmosphere about the whole thing.

Handel: Sonata VI in G minor. Yella Pessl, harpsichordist; Mitchell Miller, oboe. Victor 15378. Played on pitch, with competence. But as the sounds come out precisely as you expected them to, they are not very interesting. The recording is not first-class: it sounds far away.

Old Harp Singers rendering *Poor Wayfaring Strangers, Old Ship of Zion, Frog Went A-Courting,* and *The Barnyard Song.* Musicraft 221-22. Humorous songs amusingly and atrociously sung. The voices are hollow and not too well-trained, though they are on pitch and their feeling for what they are doing is genuine.

FOR THE INCINERATOR:

Canciones Populares Espanolas. Sung by the late Conchita Supervia. Decca 20288-90. This may be the way popular Spanish songs should be sung—one energetic emission on top of another, pushed tones, screeches and much bravado—but it sounds forced to me. The accompaniment is O.K.

Schumann: Carnaval, opus 9 (Ballet Version). Excerpts (arranged by Roy Douglas). Walter Goehr conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. A typical hash ballet version, stodgily recorded, dull and heavy.

R. Strauss: Morgen and *Brahms: Von Ewiger Liebe.* Sung by Emmy Bettendorf and an unnamed orchestra. Decca 25176. The recording is good, the lady hooty except in pianissimo passages. Her diction is indecipherable.

R. Strauss: Rosenkavalier Waltzes and *Carl Stix: Spielerei.* Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Victor 1758-59. Technically, not an AAA recording. The orchestra sounds sharp and the rough, heavy playing is of the verve that only a paralyzed man would enjoy.

PERHAPS:

RCA-Victor will bring out Glyndebourne's performance of Mozart's *Cosi Fan Tutte,* which our English cousins have been enjoying these many years. The hopper will soon drop out Roy Harris' last symphony that the Bostonians have recorded . . . and Bach's "Wedding" cantata, which Elizabeth Schumann cut last October. . . . Ezio Pinza and Elisabeth Rethberg will try again at their long-promised album of Mozart duets. Their recording session last spring didn't produce.

Lawrence Tibbett will make up a choice album from his repertoire. *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* gets by as a patriotic gesture, but it's bromidic. For some obscure reason, patriotism has not inspired music's poets. Love of God, love of mankind, love of woman, have yielded fruit. But love of country has brought forth damn few songs worth singing. What little patriotic music we have is mere ballyhoo and jingoistic eagle-shrieking—fit for brass bands and blatant stump speakers—but not for concert halls. Our national anthem, a second-rate tune, is unsingable. The more simple and substantial *America* is the motherland's *God Save the King*—and it goes back farther than that. We need a searching expression of this beloved and cradling land that is still "a nurse of the spirit and mother of incredible faiths." ⧺

On the Record

BEST SELLERS

Permanent — *Transient*

RCA Manufacturing Co., Camden, N. J.

(RED SEAL)

Lily Pons in Song; Lily Pons. M-599

Abe Lincoln in Illinois; Raymond Massey. M-591

William Tell—Overture (Rossini); Arturo Toscanini & NBC Symphony Orchestra. M-605

Lullaby (From *Porgy and Bess*); *It Takes a Long Pull to Get There;* Paul Robeson. 26359

Danube Waves (Parts 1 & 2); (Ivanovici-Orch. by Waldteufel). Arthur Fiedler & Boston "Pops" Orchestra. 12510

Simone Boccanegra Dinne, Alcun, etc.; Rose Bampton—Lawrence Tibbett. *Simone Boccanegra*—Plebe, Patrizi, etc.; Tibbett—Martinelli—Bampton—Warren—Nicholson. 15642

(VICTOR)

South of the Border; The Hoiriger Schottische; Sammy Kaye. 26337

Scatterbrain; Tomorrow Night; Sammy Kaye. 26387

One Sweet Letter from You; Early Session Hop; Lionel Hampton. 26393

(BLUEBIRD)

Blue Moonlight; My Prayer; Glenn Miller. B-10404

For Tonight; What's New? Charlie Barnet. B-10361

Scatterbrain; A Penthouse for Rent; Freddy Martin. B-10436

Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Sonata in C Sharp Minor; Ignace Paderewski. Victor M-349

Ritual Dance of Fire (Jalousie); Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor 12160

Ave Maria (Schubert); Marian Anderson. Victor 14210

Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (Liszt); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Symphony. Victor 14422

Last Night; Many Dreams Ago; Hal Kemp. Victor 26397

Indian Summer; A Lover Is Blue; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26390

Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, Oh!; How Many Times; Orrin Tucker with Bonnie Baker. Columbia 35228

D. H. Holmes Co., New Orleans, La.

Tales from the Vienna Woods; Blue Danube; (Johann Strauss); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 15425

Afternoon of a Faun—Part 1 & 2 (Debussy); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 6696

Clair De Lune (Debussy); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 1812

In the Mood; I Want to be Happy; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10416

Alla' en el Rancho Grande; Judy; Bob Chester. Bluebird 10378

My Prayer; Blue Moonlight; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10404

M. Steinert & Sons, Worcester, Mass.

Music of Johann Strauss (Strauss); Eugene Ormandy & Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-262

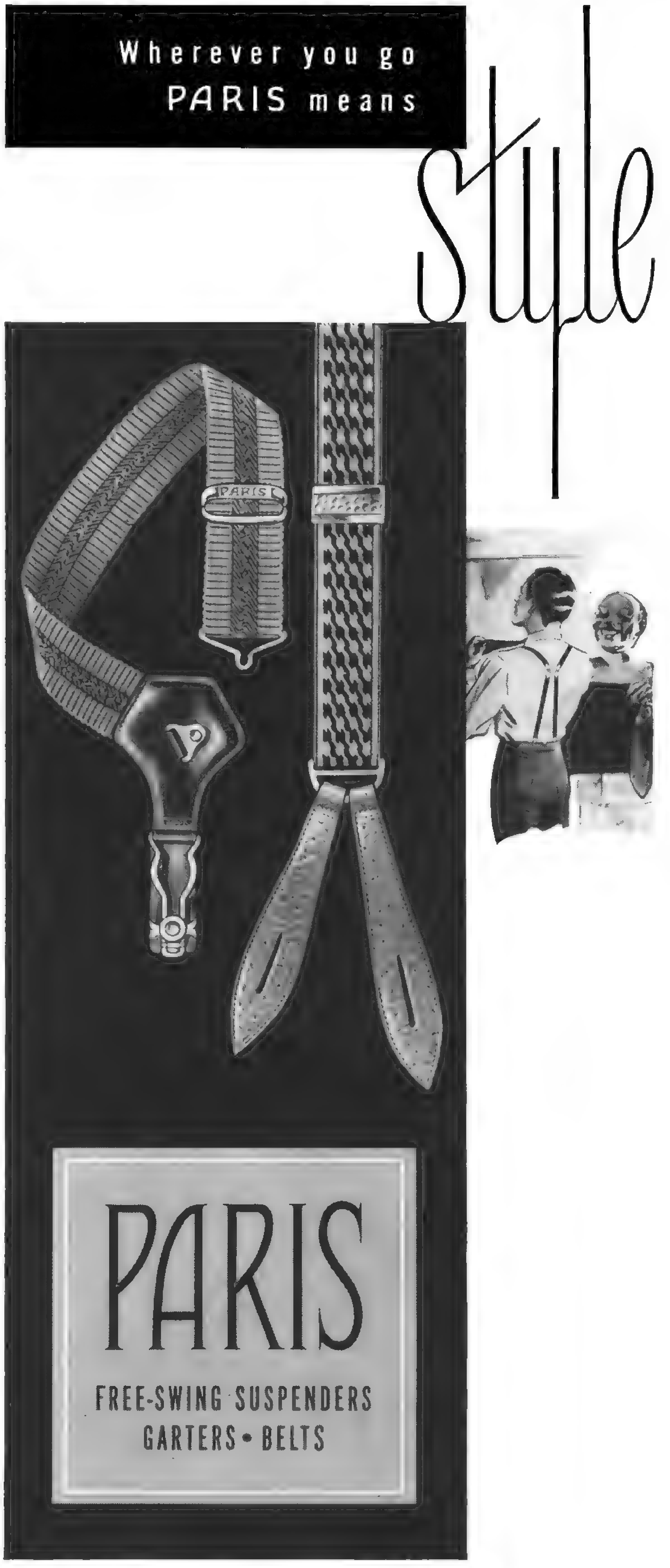
Aïda—Grand March (Verdi); *Pomp and Circumstance;* Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor 11885

Isolde's Liebestod—Tristan Und Isolde (Wagner); Kirsten Flagstad. Victor 8859

Blue Rain; Who's Sorry Now? Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10486

Three Little Fishies; Night and Day; Alec Templeton. Victor 26402

Alla' en el Rancho Grande; Shoot the Sherbert to Me Herbert; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26370



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CASK-MELLOWED *Extra Long for Extra Flavor*

Are We Becoming Paranoid?

Continued from page 29

dict dire things, so are whispering campaigns started which lead to everything from labor strikes to bloody pogroms.

Why is it so difficult to arbitrate labor troubles? Not because the striker lacks intelligence. But there has developed in his personality an emotional component, nourished by years of want and uncertainty that has made him desperate, unreasonable, ready to believe anything he hears, and therefore to take steps against his "persecutors."

A well-to-do physician who objects very much to contributing so much of his professional time and his taxes to welfare clients, told me in all earnestness last week that the only way to solve the present economic situation and prevent national bankruptcy, was to sterilize everyone on relief so that they could not breed more of their kind. Stupidity? Not at all. This man is a University graduate, a respected citizen, and very able in his particular field. He's angry because he's badly frightened. His security is being threatened.

That's the worst feature of paranoia. It's a disease of the intellectual, primarily. The I. Q.'s of the paranoid patients in any mental hospital are higher than those of any other group. Thus it is possible for great leaders—gifted individuals—to change the whole course of history due to their ability to convey their fears to their followers. They may be the cruel despot type, like Ivan the Terrible, who suspected everyone of plotting against him, and killed right and left in a vain effort to keep his peace of mind. Or their fears may be directed toward a single person. This last type is illustrated by John Wilkes Booth, whose "Thus die all tyrants," dramatically uttered after his assassination of Lincoln, marked him as a typical paranoid. As a rule they are lonely, unhappy people, usually introverted, and given to imaginative thinking. They are often uncomfortable in the presence of others, and if they see two or more people conversing, are sure they are being talked about. They find it increasingly difficult to be easy and natural, and although they are hungry for friendship, are unable to make friends. The typical paranoid grows more and more sensitive, until harmless looks or words or gestures are interpreted as intentional slights. As he becomes more suspicious he becomes less predictable, until he finally turns, like a cornered animal, upon his best friends. In advanced stages they "project" their own antisocial feelings upon others. That is, they attribute their own sex desires, or greed, or what not, upon the object of their hate and envy.

Actually, it is not a *person* whom the paranoid hates. It is the things he stands for, or has accomplished. For these are the things that make him feel inferior, and wound his hypersensitive ego. In recent years most of the civilized world have been in a state bordering on panic over Russia and her social experiment. It's an interesting commentary on human nature that we in the United States are less afraid of Russia today, with her huge army, her airplanes, and her iron-handed dictatorship than we were in the days of her helpless idealism. Were we afraid that she was making faster progress than we in such things as community health clinics, nursery schools, city planning, and the like? These are social accomplishments, not armies; philosophies, not personalities.

James Harvey Robinson, in his classic, *The Mind in the Making* indicts partisanship, which he terms the "great curse" of our time. Partisanship means that we tend to over-simplify life. We see it in only two colors—black or white. We reduce it to cut and dried issues, with sharp, exclusive boundaries. But life is not like that. It is multicolored, infinitely complex. There are shades and degrees of everything. That is why life can only be lived peacefully by the tolerant and adaptable. They are the only contented ones. Their perspective is not narrowly focused, but takes in other relationships and associations, which soften and give meaning to the thing or person studied. They see life not in ugly patches of blacks and whites, but in subtle grey tones in which good and bad are inextricably mixed. For them the world is not divided into "friends" and "enemies," but into "people" like themselves, trying to find happiness.

Why is the world becoming paranoid? For the same reason that *individuals* develop suspicions, and finally delusions of persecution. Because no other generation has been as perplexed or as thwarted as ours. Men of ability and intelligence are unable to find an outlet for their talents, and grow bitter through enforced idleness. They are denied self-expression, and their ego urge being frustrated, they are conflicted, unhappy. Helpless, and feeling inferior in a competitive world, they look around them for someone to blame. Like the drowning man, they grasp for straws—and usually grab a straw man. "Aha!" they cry, "here is the culprit!" whereas the poor fellow they single out is probably having as hard a time keeping his own head above water.

Modern living, with its merciless rivalry, its premium on health, intelligence, "connections," and education, is a "handicap" race in which many falter. Instead of a "live and let live" policy, which would make us all more secure, we have substituted an animal "survival of the fittest" policy which gives even the fittest no peace. Truly, man has become a wolf to man, for the rapid, competitive pace which this 20th century is setting is breeding a race of frightened, harassed, insecure, bewildered people. Many, seeing themselves left behind, project their own faults on others, go off on tangents of self-justification, and raise a hue and cry about unfair tactics. These are the paranoids.

What can be done about it? If there remains any lingering doubt about our aggregate mental health, we need only remind ourselves of the sudden hysteria which gripped large numbers of the population when Orson Welles broadcast some impossible fiction. There is no one panacea, because the disease is too widespread, and too complex to be attacked from any one front. Mental illness is not as simple as physical illness because the whole personality is involved, together with the environment in which it is trying to adjust. There is no one fault or ill to be rooted out. We are the product of our times, but we are also the creators of our environment.

We need not take the hopeless viewpoint that something has thrown evolution into reverse. History gives the lie to that. It is more likely that the jitters the world has today are "growing pains," and that we are going through a crucial and difficult transition period.

Many and varied are the suggestions from authorities. The Church says we need a return to religion, and more specifically, the Oxford Movement pleads for "moral rearmament." H. G. Wells says that the panacea is knowledge. "Civilization," he maintains, "is a race between education and catastrophe." Bernard Shaw insists that the answer lies in the practice of eugenics. He defines civilization as "a disease produced by the practice of building societies with rotten material." I prefer the definition that civilization "is the capacity for co-operation," and that until we gain this capacity, we will neither be civilized nor mentally well. If the economist were called into consultation on our paranoid patient, he would say that we need economic reforms to dispel the symptoms; the sociologist would prescribe a more equitable distribution of this world's goods. The psychiatrist would advocate a national mental hygiene program, particularly one which would begin at the cradle. And so it goes.

Certainly eugenist, economist, sociologist and psychologist will have to work together so that they create a future race of individuals with self-knowledge, confidence, health, tolerance and friendliness, where all have an opportunity for self-expression, where the necessities of life and where leisure are more equitably distributed, and everyone lives in peace with his neighbor. Perhaps then we will have less paranoid thinking. Perhaps then homo sapiens will begin using his sapience. ⧺

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 91

the birth of a child to the man she loves, who has married another woman. This, too, could be a symbol—her aiding in the birthing, her caring for the mother and the child: a symbol that the South of the future must be born to a more conscientious, a kinder woman.

And the symbol would seem to flower with terrifying power and meaning, in the great scenes of war-horror that monumentalize this section of the film. The scenes of the hospital being evacuated, with the wounded laid out in unending rows in the railroad yard. The scenes of the town burning, and Scarlett, with the mother and new-born babe in a wagon, driving desperately home, home, to the ghost of the plantation. Death, hunger, madness on the ravaged plantation, all surmounted by the girl-become-woman, who rises from grubbing for roots in the ground, with a rending vow, "I'll never be hungry again! never!"

There is a kind of magnificence in the film, as popular art, up to that moment. Even the lurid colors, the inevitable skeleton trees and purple skies, have truth because there is feeling and meaning behind their use.

And as the second part of the film opens, with a stunning and almost abstract representation of a wind, as an expanding orange-colored spiral, forming diagonally across the screen, the student of social history will feel that he is about to get the gist of the story: having seen the prologue, he now expects completion of the symbol.

And he will sit through a murky, unending orgy of emotional outbursts, seeing people marry, and husbands die, and babies falling off horses, and Scarlett and Rhett, first he loves her and she doesn't love him then she loves him but she doesn't know it then she knows she loves him but he doesn't know it then she gets drunk then he gets drunk then she slaps everybody's face then Ashley is finally free but she doesn't love him any more and the Yankees come and the Yankees go and Scarlett has a lumber business and lives in a house with an unending red-carpeted stairway up which Clark Gable carried Vivien Leigh twelve times when they were making that scene where he carries her up the stairs. And a harlot's house with a glass peacock, and Clark Gable firing a nurse in London, and going away and coming back and out of the dialogue there is a moment when Olivia De Havilland says "Mammy don't tell me any more" which is the truth.

Then our student of social history may conclude that it was the powerful symbol of the early part of the picture which grasped the public mind: and he will be wrong. For alas, the only help we can give him is to report that the audiences of this day and age sat through the whole thing with the sole object of learning when and how Scarlett and Rhett would get together. Two such stubborn char-

Continued on page 128

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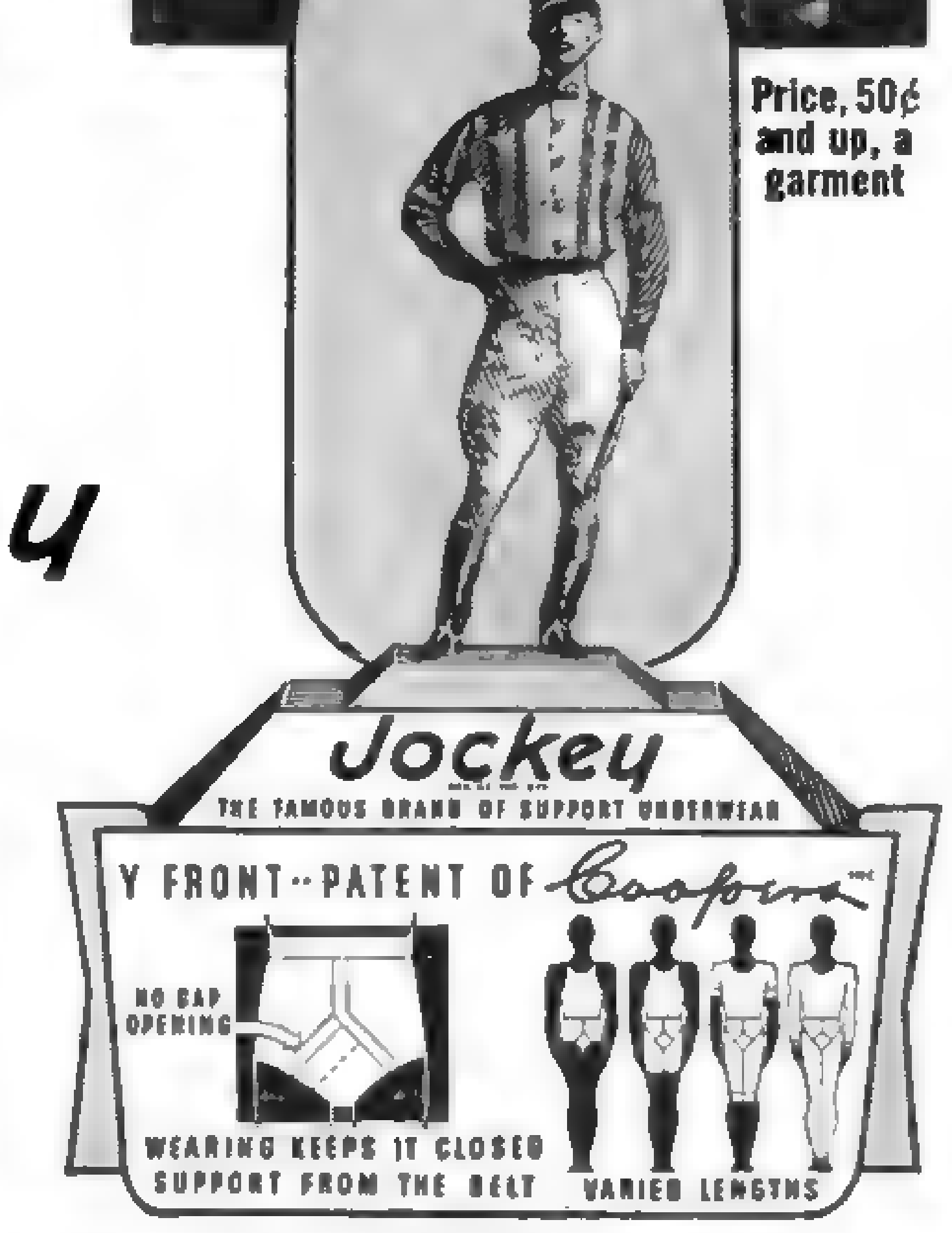

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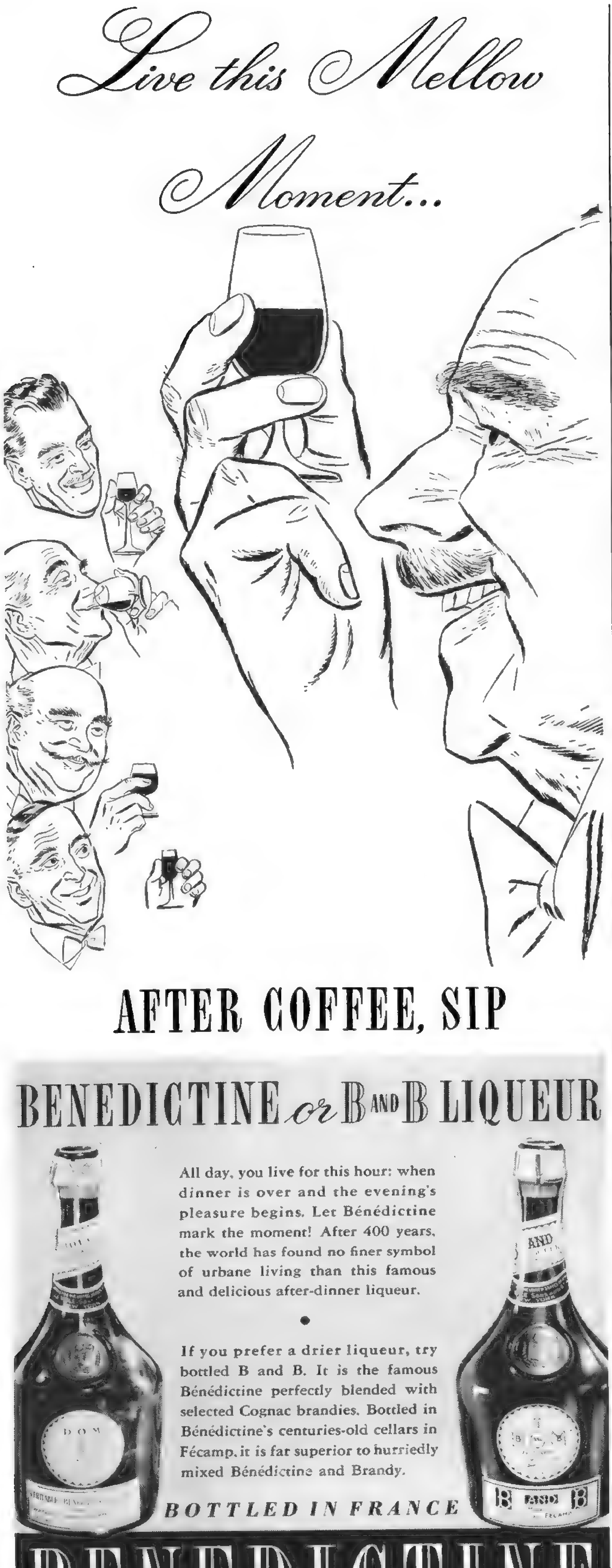
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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 91-127

acters. We can only report that the destruction of the South and the rebuilding of the South was mere incidental background to the people of our time. That they were not the least bit interested in the film's lack of documentation on the whole slavery question, that the economic pattern which caused the destruction of the South did not enter into the story, nor did they miss it. We can only share the future student's confusion at the concluding episodes in the film which show the whole Atlanta society of wealth and waste apparently rebuilt, at least so far as it concerned the characters of *Gone With the Wind.* At the close of the first half of the picture, it might have appeared that this was to be the tale of the ruin of the plantation families. But all that is skipped; we see the same people, a few years later, living in palaces with stained glass windows, we see their friends living high and handsome.

So the only help we can give that student is to explain that the burning question of our day was not a question of the value of this work as a piece of historic documentation: our public was concerned chiefly with the techniques of histrionic art, in *Gone With the Wind.* The debates centered around whether or not Miss Vivien Leigh had acquired an acceptable southern accent; indeed, whether it was a Georgia accent. It was conceded that after the two-year search, Mr. Selznick had truly found an actress who "looked the part" of Scarlett, and furthermore, that Miss Leigh was a skillful, talented, and sincere actress. The American public wholly forgave her being of British birth, and her being born in India. It was conceded that Mr. Leslie Howard did well enough as Ashley Wilkes, and he was forgiven, being Leslie Howard, his negligence in even attempting to suggest a southern accent.

It was a matter of national regret that Mr. Clark Gable, whom everyone had thought a "natural" for the part of the masterful Rhett Butler, kind of petered out in the playing. Hattie McDaniel was universally acknowledged to be a perfect Mammy.

But the strangest thing of all, for our student of social history, will be in his study of the effect of such cultural phenomena as *Gone With the Wind.* How, he will wonder, does such a work, universally read, universally seen, affect the tastes and attitudes of the public? Surely it must cast an influence, for many years, on the kind of books that are read, movies that are made?

And he will be astonished to find that, as with *Anthony Adverse,* the dream that had during four years been drummed into the eyes and mind of the American public, suddenly and completely vanished. They made it a movie and it was gone with the wind.

AMERICANA

The past season has seen the growth of sequence ideas, in films, to the point where every double feature seems to include at least one such item. The Bumsteads and the Hardys and Dr. Christian and Mr. Moto and the Joneses and the Carters and now comes Nick Carter—but these frank repeaters are not all. It must be realized that there is an unadmitted class of repeaters. The Marx Brothers are making repeat episodes rather than new films, and the Thin Man series and the Four Daughters-Four Wives-Four Mothers sequence must be taken into account.

There is no reason why good characters should be thrown away. But when they are put to work again they must either be given new, and better material, or they must grow as characters. Practically all of the series ideas are based on independent episodes each of which, the audiences are led to expect, can rate by itself as good entertainment. The great danger in this type of thing is, of course, that the material runs thin, and the episodes lean more and more upon the popularity of the characters, for drawing power. This is true of the Thin Man, and true of the last few Marx Brothers pictures, and increasingly true of the Hardy pictures.

But the Hardy pictures deviate from the independent episode films in the sense that a growth of character might be noted. In this, they reach toward the linked sequence suggested by the Four Daughters episodes.

Both of these sequences are founded on the family pattern, and things in them suggest really exciting possibilities. So far these have been ignored or choked off.

In the Hardy pictures, for instance, the possible maturing of understanding between father and son, brother and sister, has been thrown away; instead the episodes get more and more preachy. The producers are apparently afraid of the possibilities for honest treatment of family relations, and turn instead to phony man-to-man talks that become Sunday School sermons. It is curious to note that an illusion of "typicality" has been built up about this family: the average American family is pictured as snug, smug, the father is a county judge, an angelic relationship exists between parents and children, puppy love will soon blossom into wife and kids for junior, and probably a job in the town bank. The most typical thing about this whole idea is our love for identifying ourselves in better than real circumstances.

An approach to the buzz-saw of reality was inadvertently made in Four Daughters. Like the Thin Man idea, this started out to be only one picture, but was so popular that the producers could not resist attempting to repeat.

And then, behold, there turned

Continued on page 130

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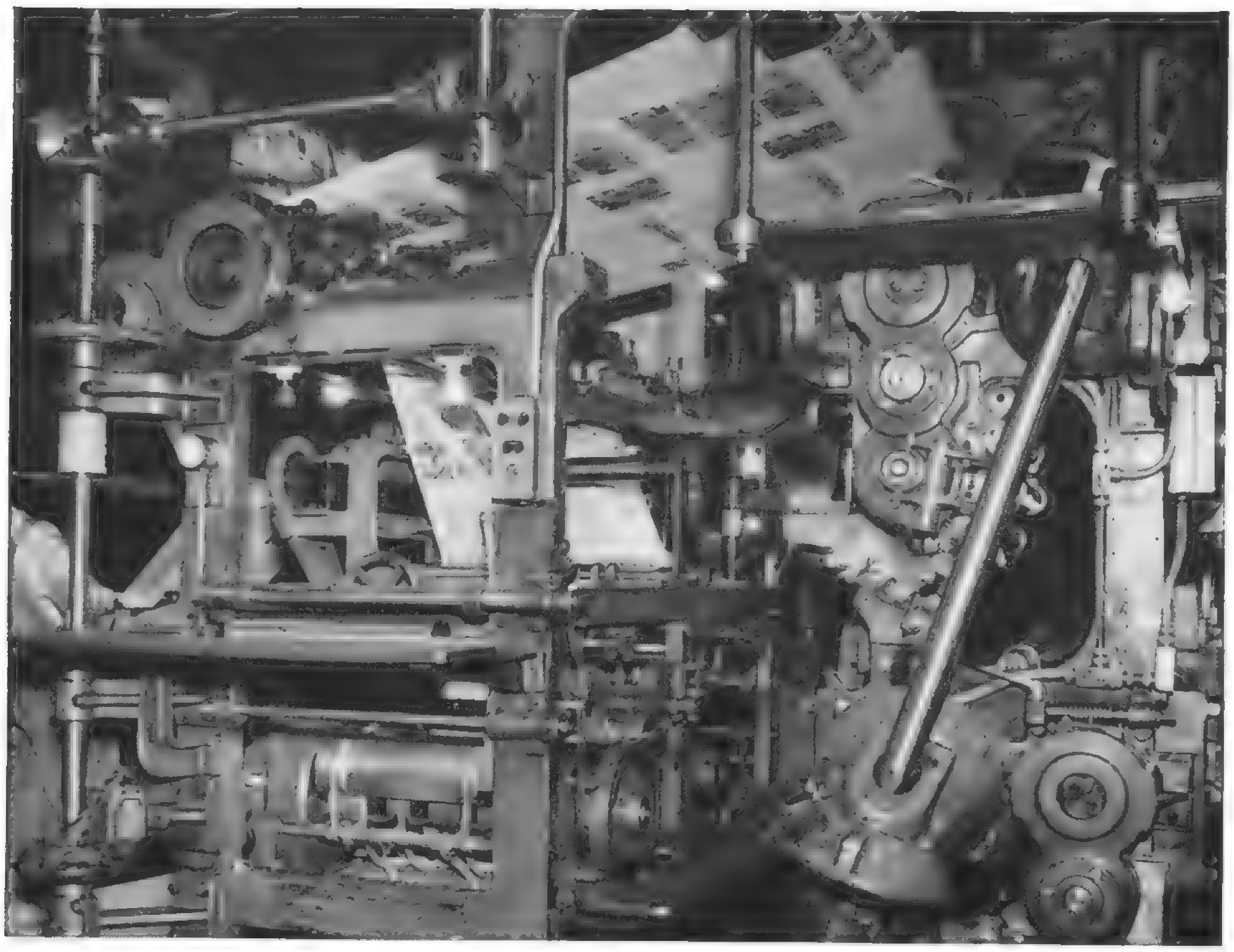

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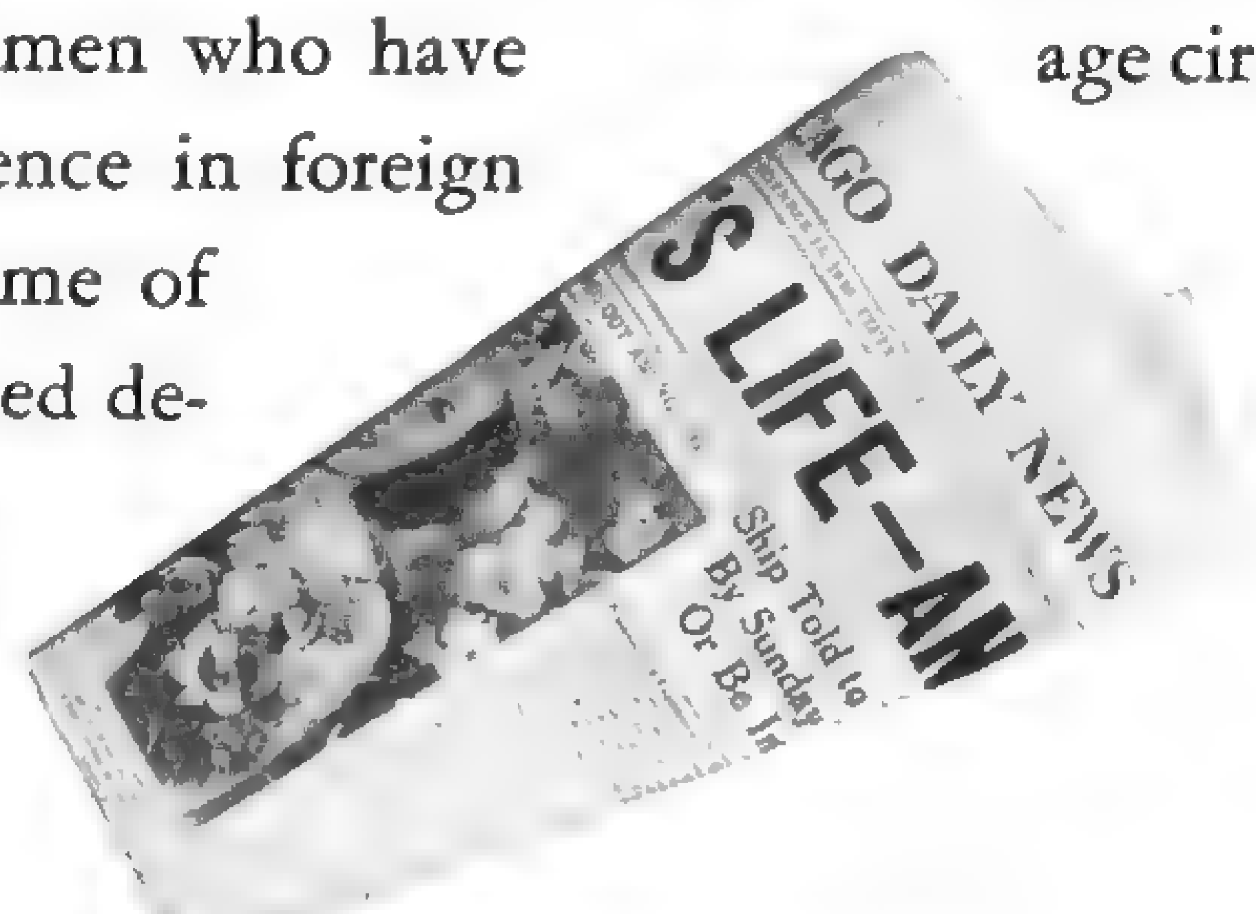

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 91-127-128

out to be a character in Four Daughters. True, it was a dead character. But Mickey Borden dominated the picture, not only because he happened to have been played by an actor of powerful personality, John Garfield, but because he happened to be the only character written with truth. The half-talented, egoistic, cruel and lovable fool got the girl, and then had to commit half-suicide by driving into a snowstorm so she could be free to marry the guy that was going to be successful.

Okay, so Mickey was dead. But in attempting to continue the story of Four Daughters, the Epstein brothers must have found that without him there was no life to the material. So they discovered that when Mickey died, he left his young wife with child. And when the girl finds she is going to have his baby, she develops a first-class fixation on his memory. When the steadfast and successful young composer who still wants to marry her plays his work at a party, the girl can't help going to the piano and playing the one fragment of a tune Mickey composed, a tune without beginning or end. She hangs Mickey's picture up again, in her room. Every success of her new love reminds her of Mickey's failure.

The growth of her fixation is something new in films, and powerful. But the film makers were afraid of it, and every time it sticks up its head they bop it with a platitude. Still, the ghost of reality remains, to give Four Wives moments of disturbing depth.

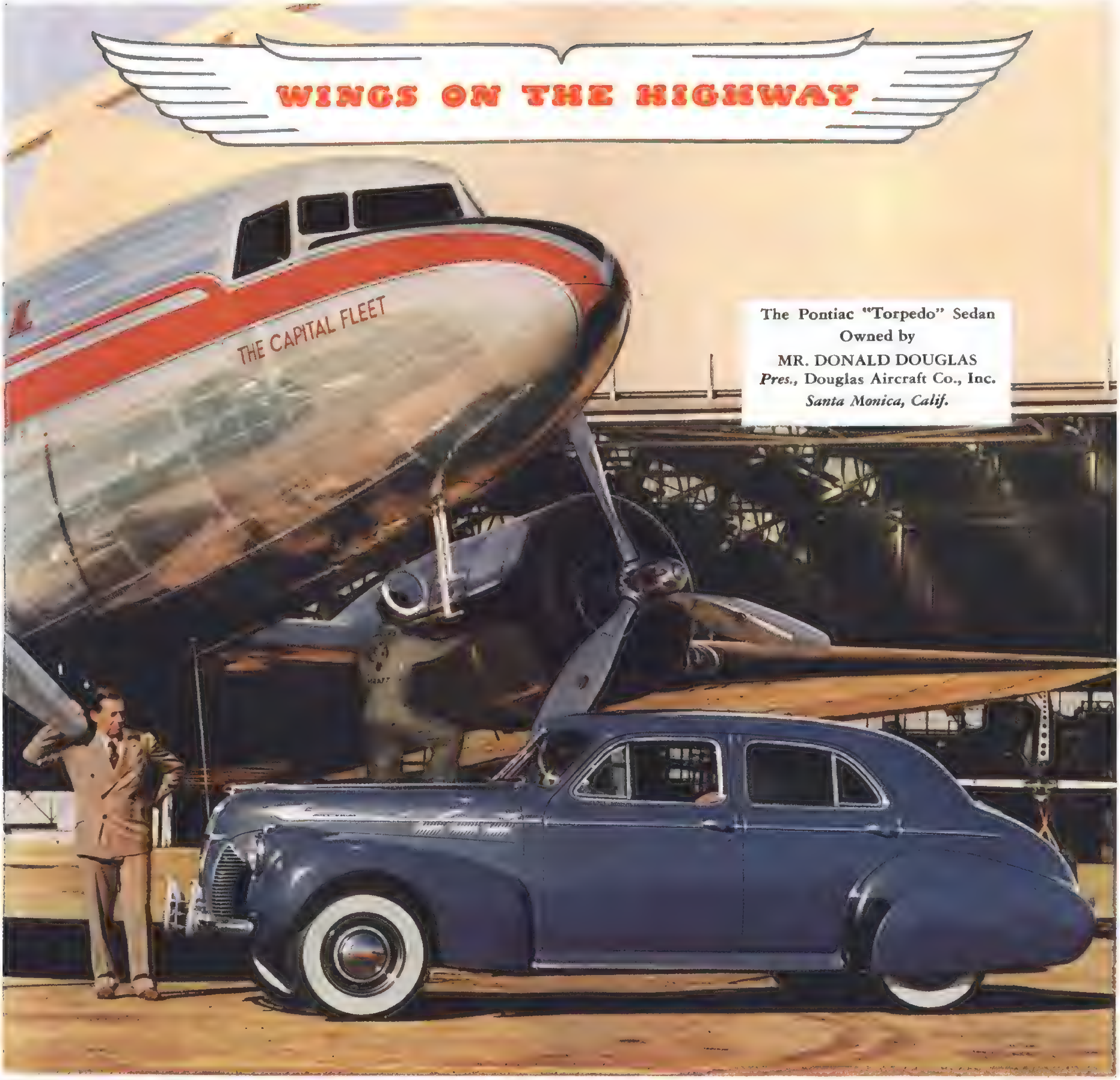
In another way, too, this film touches the possibilities of continuity. As the girls marry, and have babies, as the family proliferates, all sorts of rich veins of character development appear. The Mickey fixation is of course the most powerful reference to the past. But there are pleasant touches, as in the large family scene where the married girls help the last unwed sister catch her young man with the same tricks they were shown using, in the previous film. The knowing family laughter, at the joke about her having cooked the dinner with her own little hands, while the new young man sits mystified at the fun, is an example of such back-reference. The trick could be developed with endless effect.

Unfortunately, the Lemp family, like the Hardy family, is going goody-goody. Each picture has an added wrapping of sentiment. The producers killed Mickey, and gave Priscilla a guy who finishes Mickey's composition and has a symphony play it while he broadcasts accolades of his dead rival, a guy who gives his blood in transfusion to Mickey's baby, a guy who is so good he reeks; no wonder Priscilla flees, in her mind, to the arms of a no-good ghost. But maybe one of the babies will be a problem child, tearing the wings off butterflies. ⌗

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

What's Good—What's Bad

	Good	Bad
Another Thin Man	Marjorie Main's uproarious landlady scene; and the neatly underplayed running gag wherein wifie Myrna Loy periodically surprises masterman Powell by her knowledge of the names of the ladies in his past.	Several hard-focus closeups do Myrna dirt, revealing sagging lines in the pert face. The plot of this episode is thin to the vanishing point. Incidentally, plotters passed up a promising germ—the feminine Jekyll-Hyde revealed in the *dénouement* could have been developed as a Powell girl-friend, with the story revolving around Myrna's suspicions—comedy, mystery, drama, all in one. It's time Powell was faithless to that wearying cheerio tagalong wife, anyway.
Cat and the Canary	Many lovely, dark, dream-drenched snatches of bayou atmosphere. Excitingly composed spook scene finale. Gale Sondergard very handsome as the mystic housekeeper.	So now we know about Paulette Goddard. She can play a pretty lady, straight. But she should stick to brisk roles as in *The Women*. This way she'll very soon be lost among all the other pretty-face straight leads.
Four Wives	Quite inadvertently, the Warners have created frames of reference in this four girls series, so that occasionally lines reaching into the past pop up, and the characters have living instants entirely unlike movie characters. The Epstein brothers seem to have been on the point of writing a fine photoplay about a young widow's traumatic fixation on her past, a real theme untouched in pictures. But the thing got smothered under the sweet family goo that seems to be the rule in these series serials. Eddie Albert, the new boy in this one, seems destined to do as well as John Garfield—and this time they didn't make the mistake of killing the boy off.	Predictable gags, such as the arrival of the flowers in the doctor's office at the moment when wifie is told she can never have children, clutter the film. Claude Rains has been sugar-coated into the role of a dear darling daddy music-master, and thus the cinema loses one of its most satisfying sinister souls. The everybody-has-a-baby finale is what one might expect in a film epic from the land of Mussolini. And the goody-goody young composer, played by Jeffrey Lynn, has been sanctified to the point where any self-respecting girl would spit in his eye. No wonder Priscilla dreams of cruel Mickey. Only way to save the series is for Jeffrey to develop a streak of sadism in the next.
Gone With the Wind	The first half.	The last half.
The Great Victor Herbert	The actor's agent, who hates him.	Stale, stodgy, expensive routine musical, attempting to build up Mary Martin, who isn't different enough to remain in the memory. Not once does she strip tease.
Judge Hardy and Son	The running gag about Mickey's tire trouble. June Preisser's bit as a giggle-girl.	Sententious, preachy, banal to the choking point. Lacking in cinematic movement; here are characters the public loves, and the makers seem bent on dissolving them.
Mexican Spitfire	Spitfire slapstick is better than misfire wit, proved by rowdy Lupe Velez and old-timer Leon Errol in a low budget RKO hit, by that shrewd producer of sleepers, Cliff Reid.	
Nick Carter, Master Detective	Walter Pidgeon, who deserves better roles than he gets.	Too solemn. Nick Carter would have to be played broadly, mostly for comedy, to get by today. Comparison to *Wings Over Europe*, a similar plot mystery, should show MGM where they're wrong.
Remember the Night	Neat direction by Mitchel Leisen keeps this warm and bubbling. Barbara Stanwyck has a nice simple hat, till a cow eats it. Sweet Indiana Xmas.	Stale story by Preston Sturges won't be remembered long. The old rehash about prosecutor falling for sinful lady.
That's Right, You're Wrong	Novelty plot idea about how a producer tries to make a Kay Kyser picture and fails, provides pleasant self-kidding situations for cinema city. Mr. Kyser going Hollywood for a vengeance is a good laugh.	Proves a little too convincingly that Kay and his band are not cinema subjects.
Two Thoroughbreds	Another unpretentious but warming document from the RKO sleeper stables. Story of a boy and a horse, with toothy-smiling Jimmie Lydon, who was so good in *Back Door to Heaven*. Director Jack Hiveley is worth watching. And hallelujah! a horse epic without a racetrack finale!	A few too many jerks on the well-worn heartstrings toward the end. Horsie doesn't have to fall down and get the pistol put to his head; we know he's okay.
We Are Not Alone	Unusual portrait of a termagant. Interesting example of skilled acting under handicap, in Muni's efforts to project a British quality. All the cocked-eye gestures and chirpy voice inflections are correct, but it still doesn't taste like tea. Handicap is audience's knowing Muni too well. The girl, Jane Bryan, is wholly satisfying, copying the delicate awkwardnesses of Austrians in foreign lands to perfection. After her vivid bit in *The Old Maid*, this subdued characterization shows remarkable range.	Story is thrown out of gear by concentration on the domestic angle, and almost complete excision of the hate motivation developed around the girl's being of enemy nationality. The spy accusation was used much more strongly in Hilton's book, and gave real point to the slaughter-of-innocents story as a parable of war. In the picture-script, the point is merely stated in a speech, muffed in the action.



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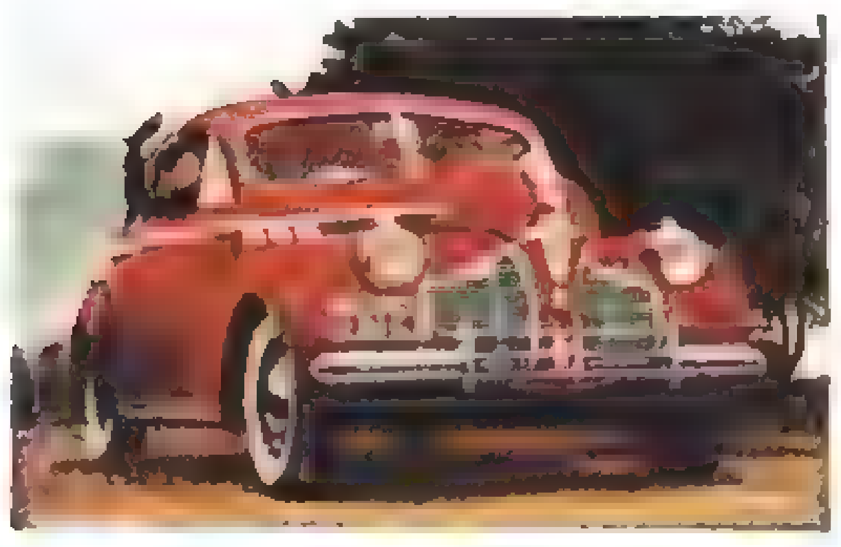

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When China Mobilized Sex

Continued from page 49

would be aware of her presence even before he saw her. From the same rocky eminence she could look toward the south and see the hills of her native country where Premier Van was working so hard to carry out his twenty-year plan. The place is full of evidences of the expensive caprices of the famous beauty. There are two wells, one octagonal and the other round, each large enough to serve as a swimming pool. The work of digging the canal was equal to that of building a city wall. How far was she carrying out her patriotic duty in helping to squander the revenues of the king and how far was she playing the natural part of a spoiled and capricious woman?

Premier Van's program went forward without a hitch serious enough to be recorded in the detailed history of the period. The fact that the successful conclusion of the war might enable him to see the beautiful Si Shih again did not tempt him to risk failure by shortening the period of preparation. During the first ten years, the granaries and armories and storehouses were filled with rice and arms and other war materials. The people of Yueh had become used to privation and hardship and the people of Wu had become accustomed to luxury and comfort. If spies from Wu brought back stories of the growing strength of their neighbor, these were discounted by the fact that the latter continued without protest to send their annual tribute of rice. It was pleasant to assume that the people of Yueh had accepted a permanent state of vassalage and were too cowardly to fight.

All of this time the beautiful Si Shih was whispering into the ears of the king. She had his complete confidence. His most faithful officials raged inwardly when they saw their wise counsels negated by the whim of a woman who was not even a native of the state. Some of them suspected the truth, that she was working in the interests of Yueh, but none dared say so. One official cautiously suggested that women should not be allowed to interfere with the decisions of ministers. Decapitated, his head was hung on one of the city gates of Soochow.

As the zero hour for the attack on Wu approached, the seasons came to the aid of Premier Van. The rice crop in Yueh was the most bountiful on record and the grain was of a very superior quality. Premier Van gave orders that the fields be inspected and the richest ones set apart for the tribute rice. When the crop was harvested the rice went through another careful process of selection. All the small and imperfect grains were thrown out and what remained was the finest, plumpest rice anyone had ever seen. When the tribute was sent it was accompanied by a polite message telling of the bountiful crop and stating that Yueh was glad to share her blessings with the neighbor with whom she had been so long at peace.

This served to call attention to the very superior quality of the rice, and the king, on the advice of his ministers, immediately issued orders that it be saved for seed. This was done and the grain which Wu had not reserved for seed was eaten. But when the tribute rice was planted the following spring, only a few tender green sprouts shoved themselves above the muddy water of the seed bed. More was planted in other beds but with the same result. Nothing like this had ever happened before in the history of the country, and soothsayers, fortune tellers and magicians were called in to determine what was the matter. They had a lot of answers to the problem but none was right for they did not know that the rice had been subjected to slow heat so that it would not germinate.

The rice harvest was so poor that there was famine in Wu. The zero hour had arrived. The well trained troops of Yueh fell on the country and enjoyed an easy and complete victory. Wu had several treaties with states to the north and west in which they had mutually pledged themselves "to be the same in their likings and their dislikings," which was the diplomatic formula for a military alliance. But no one came to their aid for the king's dalliance with Si Shih had destroyed all confidence in him. The Wu troops were annihilated. The king fled, and to avoid capture, strangled himself.

The story of the initial defeat of Yueh and of its later triumph over Wu, of the machinations of Premier Van and of the mad infatuation of the king for Si Shih have all been set down in considerable detail in the Chinese historical records. Several popular plays have been written about the episode. The story of each one of the principal characters is known in considerable detail, but there has always been some doubt as to the ultimate fate of Si Shih herself. According to one story she fled with the king and committed suicide in the modest fashion of Chinese women: by drowning in a well so that the body would be decomposed and unrecognizable before it was discovered.

But a legend persisted that she returned to Yueh and rejoiced with her countrymen over the defeat of Wu. Certainly she was honored in China because of her patriotism rather than her beauty. A number of towns were named after her and there is a little temple in her honor located at the spot where the greybeards found her washing flax. This ancient mystery appears to have been solved. A few years ago some construction work revealed old and forgotten tombs. One of these proved to be the burial place of Premier Van and Si Shih. The inscriptions appear to indicate that they lived together to a ripe old age. ⧺

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A Chance To Make Money

Continued from page 65

to keep up the aristocratic tradition. Actually the ballet is closer to the Virginia reel and the Vermont barn dance than it is to pedantry and pederasty.

A few years ago George Balanchine, a Russian creator of dances, came to work in America and presently did the ballet scenes in Goldwyn's Follies as well as the tremendous dances of Ray Bolger and company in the stage-version of *On Your Toes.* Now Lincoln Kirstein, who is the ablest and most energetic fighter for American ballet, doesn't want us to like either of these enterprises of Balanchine, and in all probability, Balanchine did have to make compromises in each; in the Goldwyn business they were pretty bad; in *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue* (the Bolger number), they were all to the good. But the main thing was that in both cases a groundwork was laid for a general appreciation of ballet dancing. Mr. Goldwyn had brought ballet in for art (same idea as Stokowski with Deanna Durbin) and it was pretty arty; but it was a step beyond the dance routines of the average musical show; and that step had to be taken. When Ray Bolger did burlesques of ballet, he was only preparing to do thumping good ballet himself at the end; the fact that the big number was a comic burlesque was not important.

Not to me, that is. There are a number of people (seven or eight, but very long-lived and influential, I suppose, as they have run ballet for a good hundred years) who sniff at whatever is amusing or charming or easy in ballet. They like long dull ballets about destiny (see above) or ballets based on symphonic works which never were understood in the first place; or, in modern times, something heartbreaking and ironic. When the present Monte Carlo Ballet Russe does the *Blue Danube* (which can make ballet-enthusiasts out of ninety per cent of the Babbitts of the United States, and should be used for that purpose) these people sniff audibly. For some reason Balanchine's *Concurrence* which was another trifle, and funny as the dickens, hardly ever appears in the repertory; the company still does the pretty work of toy shops and the like, as a compromise; but it never gives itself up deliberately, day after day, to light entertainment whose object is directly to popularize the ballet.

Instead the ballet thrives on sensation, which means novelties, and this year they hit a ten-strike at least once, with the Dali version of *Bacchanale.* This is really a terrific ballet; the damnedest mixture of psychopathologies and prettiness and lunatic fun and uneasiness you've ever come across. I haven't enjoyed half a dozen ballets as much in the past five years; and I hope that the ballet will keep it alive; because while it is a little disconcerting at times and always baffling, it is also always seductive; there's a whisper of evil, or it may be only madness, under it; but there's also a terrific energy and life. After all, the elements are sound: the Venusberg music from *Tannhauser* (and there's sex for you) as seen in the mind of the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria, Wagner's patron who identified himself often with the characters of the operas. Dali throws in the word paranoiac about this performance, so let it stand. But it's better than being dead.

Another novelty of the year is *Ghost Town,* music by Richard Rodgers who ought to be best known as the composer of *This Can't Be Love*—although you may pick anyone of a dozen other hits as your favorite. Rodgers, having done the music for Bolger's ballet was persuaded to go on; *Ghost Town* is a pretty extended resurrection of the life of a mining town in its glory. It is gay and full of action and was quite charmingly danced; but the experts don't want it, much. It's more like a musical-comedy dance, they say. And you can't have that.

This ballet is the first all-American production of Universal Art, Incorporated, the sponsors of the Monte Carlo dancers; the actual management is in the hands of the impresario S. Hurok. Universal Art, if I followed the intricacies of a long negotiation correctly, is the combination and the residue of several groups who wanted to create ballet in America; Universal Art is moreover the operating company of a foundation and this Foundation has a purpose: "to inspire American painters, musicians and writers to lend their talents to the ballet, to train American-born dancers for the stellar roles of tomorrow, and to foster an ever-widening interest among all classes in this form of cultural entertainment."

I don't really object to the word "cultural" in there, weaseling away at "entertainment." But I want to be sure that the Foundation and Universal Art and everyone else concerned really wants to give the American public a chance to like ballet. Are they willing to present it in a language the average man can understand—and it needn't be slang and swing, although there's nothing against either? Are they willing to say that ballet, like every art originally developed for a small and rather dull-witted aristocracy, is full of phony refinements; and that the entertainment of the average intelligent man is the beginning of wisdom in the ballet?

Because if they're not, ballet will be taken away from them. And those who take it away will find a gold mine. And will not be overcome by destiny at the end.

The repetition of that phrase brings to mind the one other work of art which these synopses of ballet do resemble: '*Savonarola*' *Brown,* by Max Beerbohm. You can see why. ###

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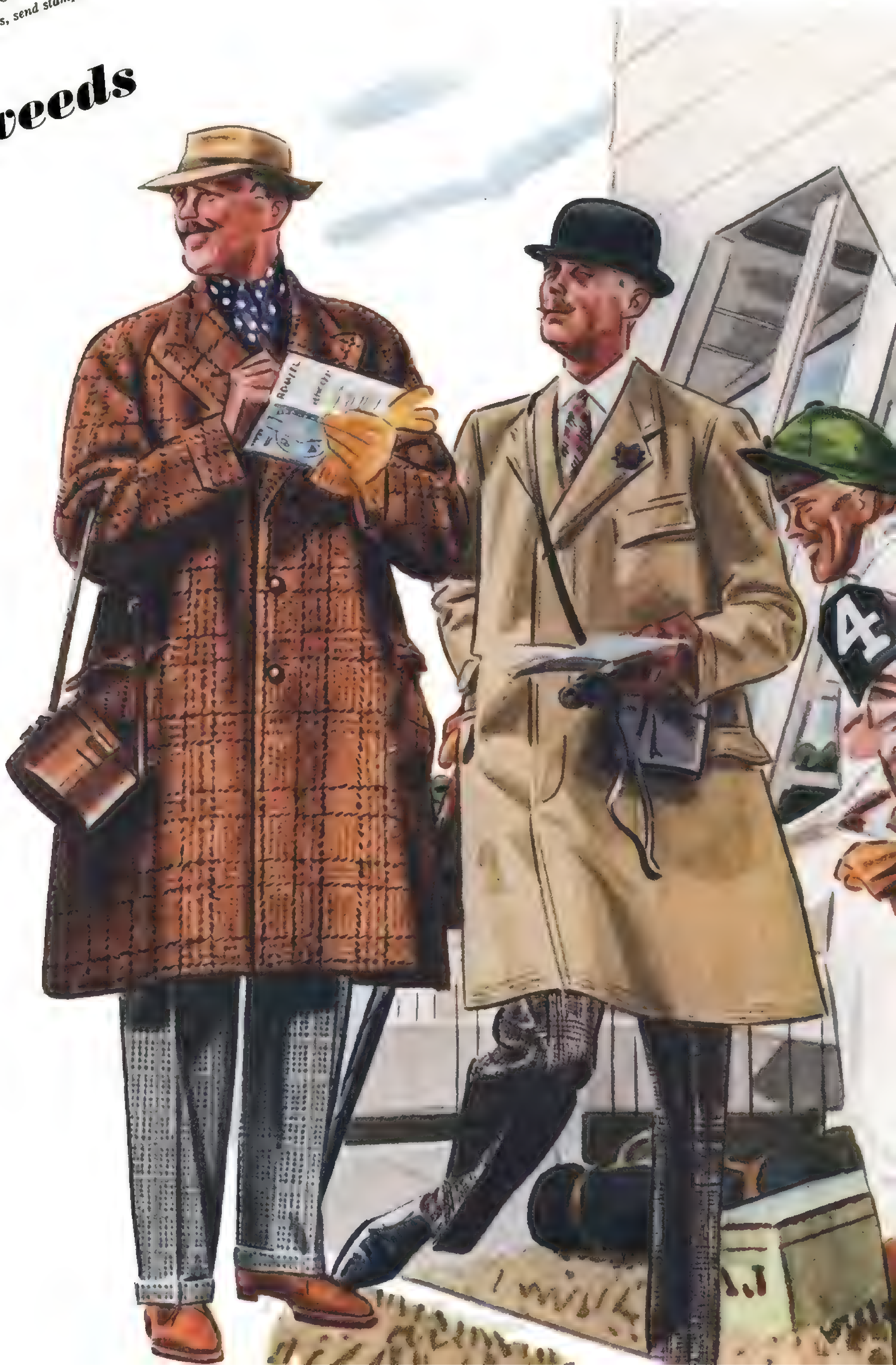
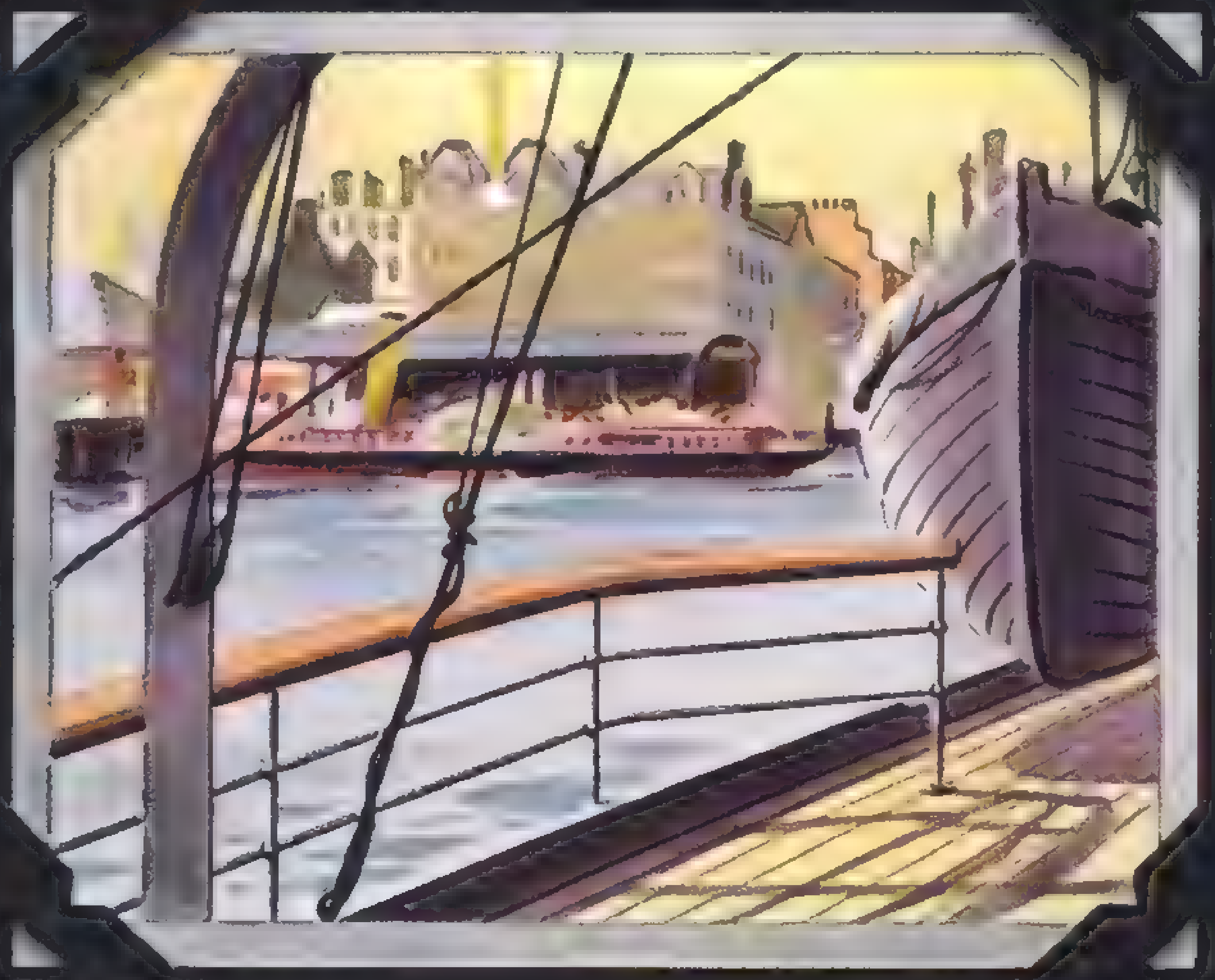
(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

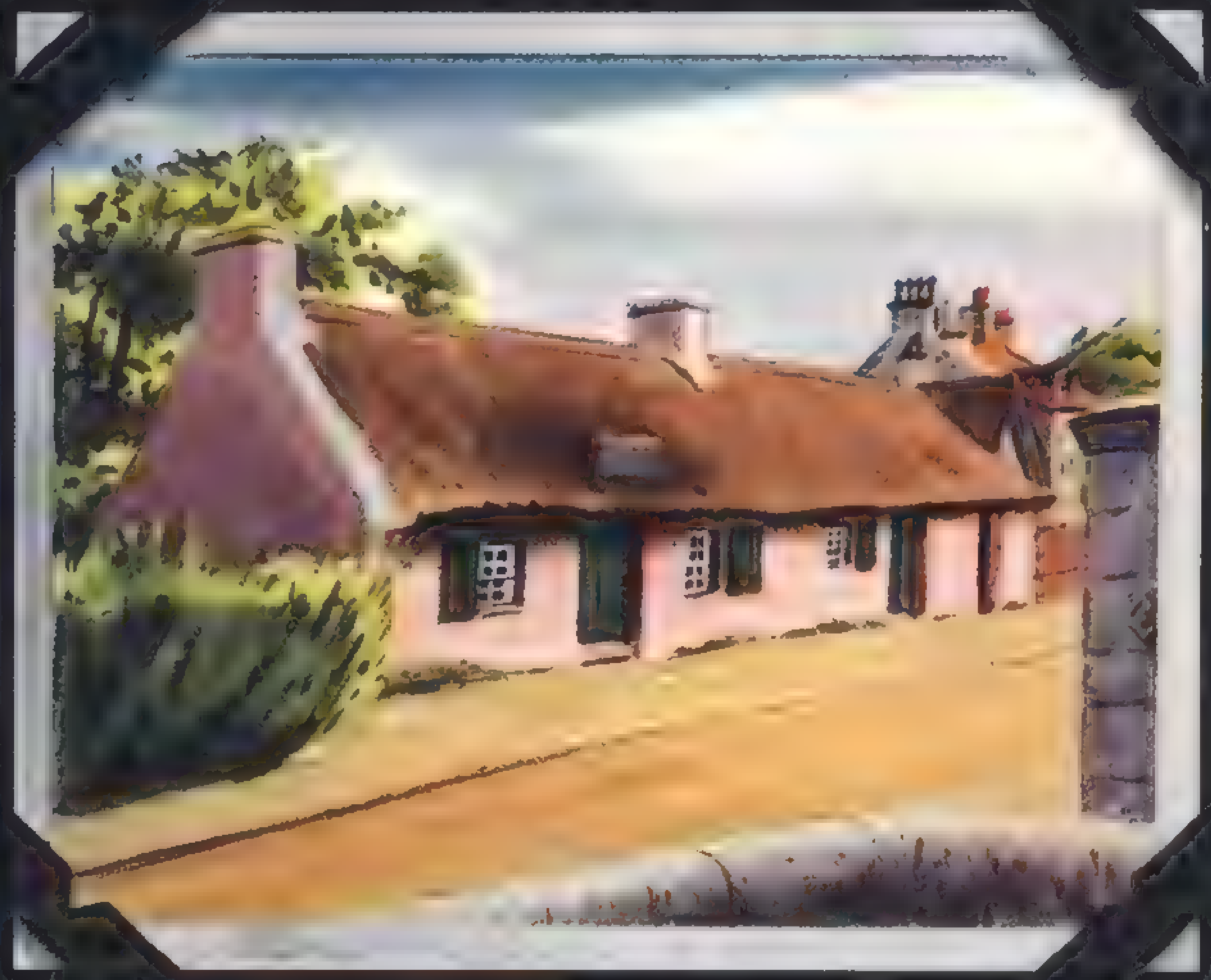
. . . is time for tweeds



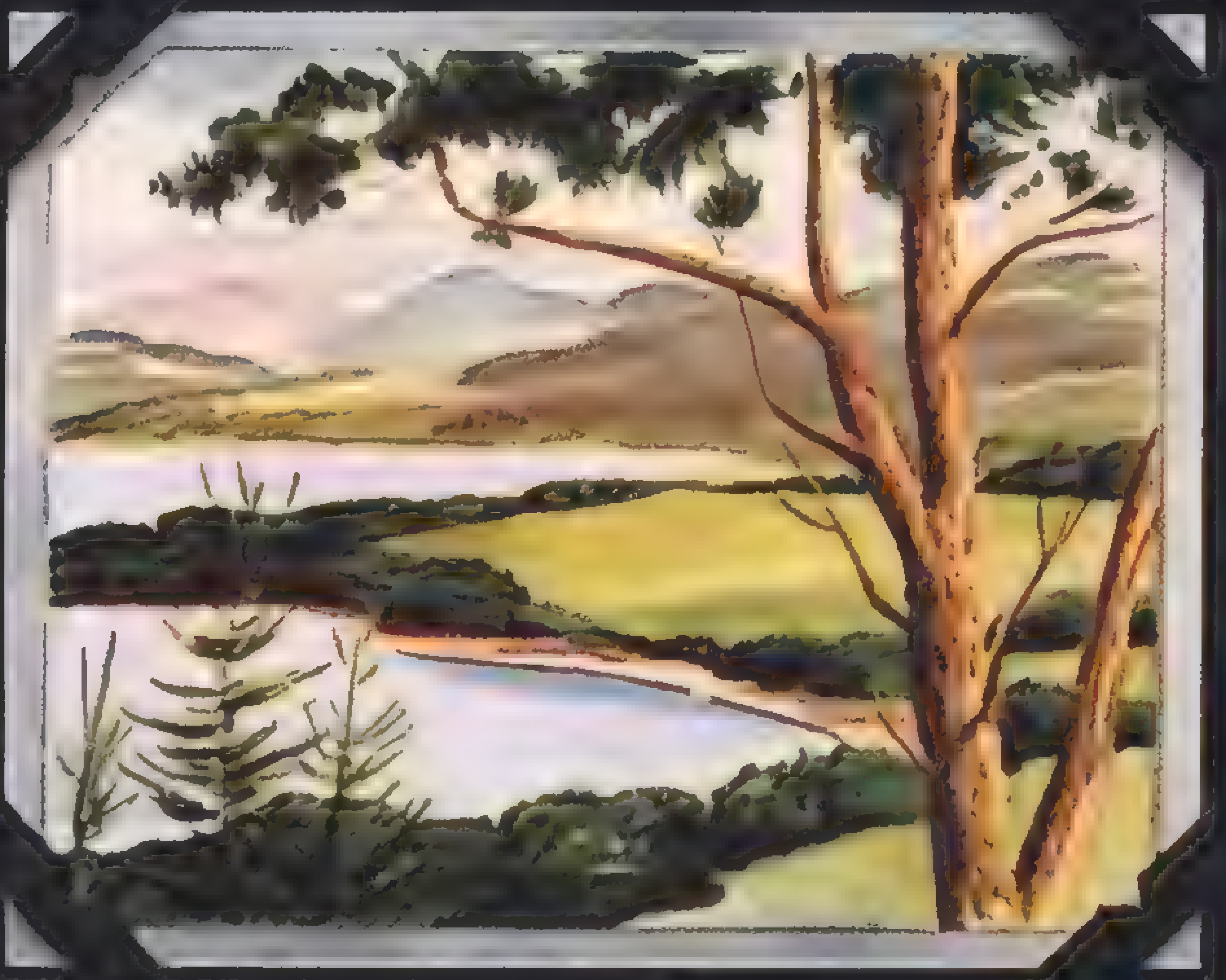
The Scotland I'll never forget...



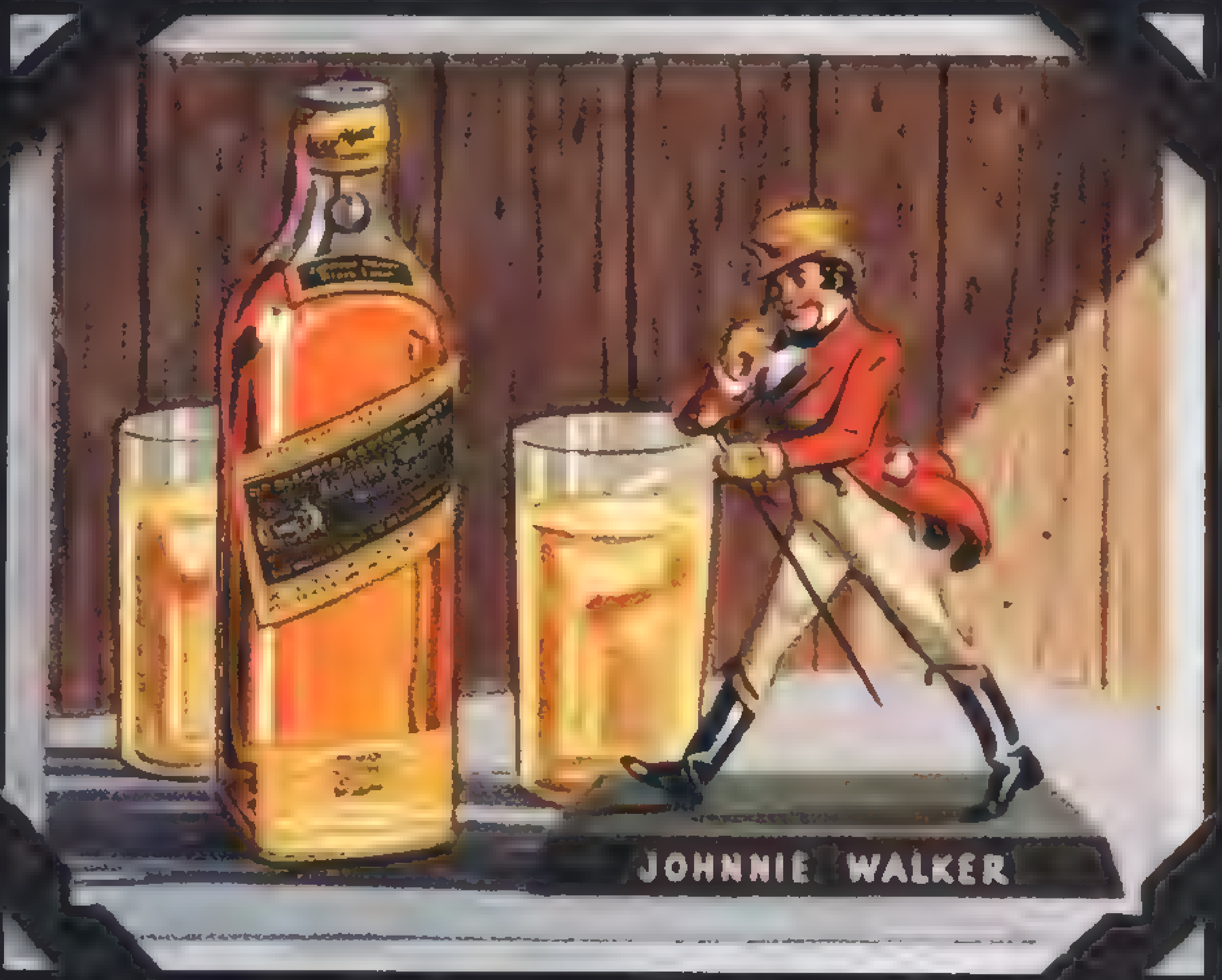
Glasgow, seen from the liner's deck as we moved up the Clyde. My first real glimpse of the Scotland of Robbie Burns, Loch Lomond and treasured Johnnie Walker Black Label!



The birthplace of Scotland's greatest poet, Robbie Burns, at Alloway near Ayr. At an inn nearby, I enjoyed Scotland's greatest whisky—Johnnie Walker Black Label, with soda!



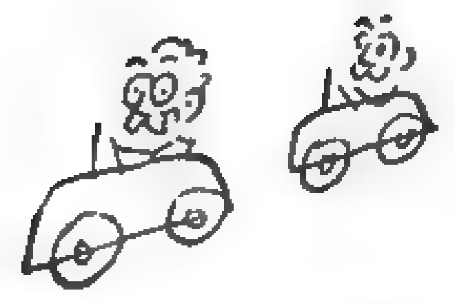
Loch Lomond is an unforgettable sight, the countryside being as typically Scotch as the unforgettable mellowness of the Johnnie Walker Black Label you've enjoyed back home!



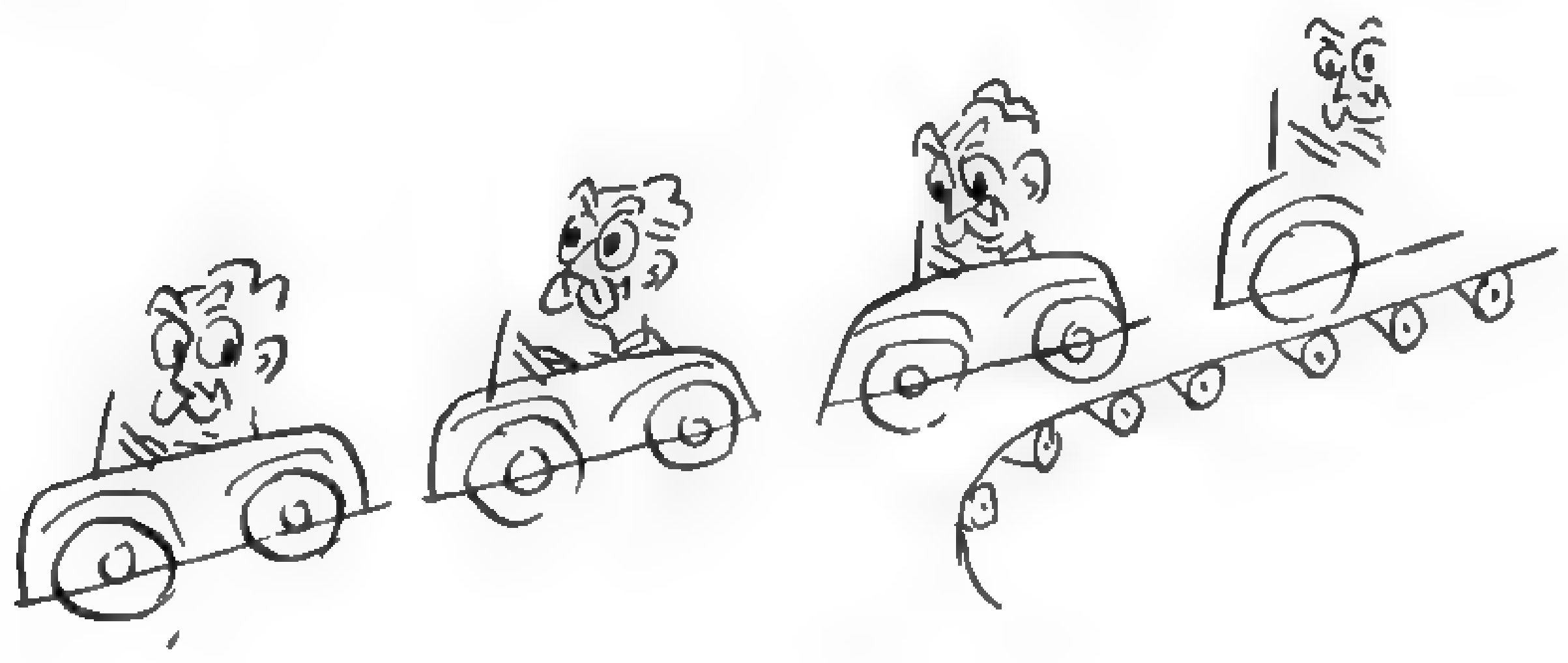
Kilmarnock, from which Scotland sends to the world its rarest treasure, Johnnie Walker Black Label! There's no finer whisky than Scotch and here truly is Scotch at its rare best!

JOHNNIE WALKER BLACK LABEL Blended Scotch Whisky. *12 years old. 86.8 proof.* Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importers.

#2 of a series on the Readers of Esquire



what readers you are !



you own 514,800 autos

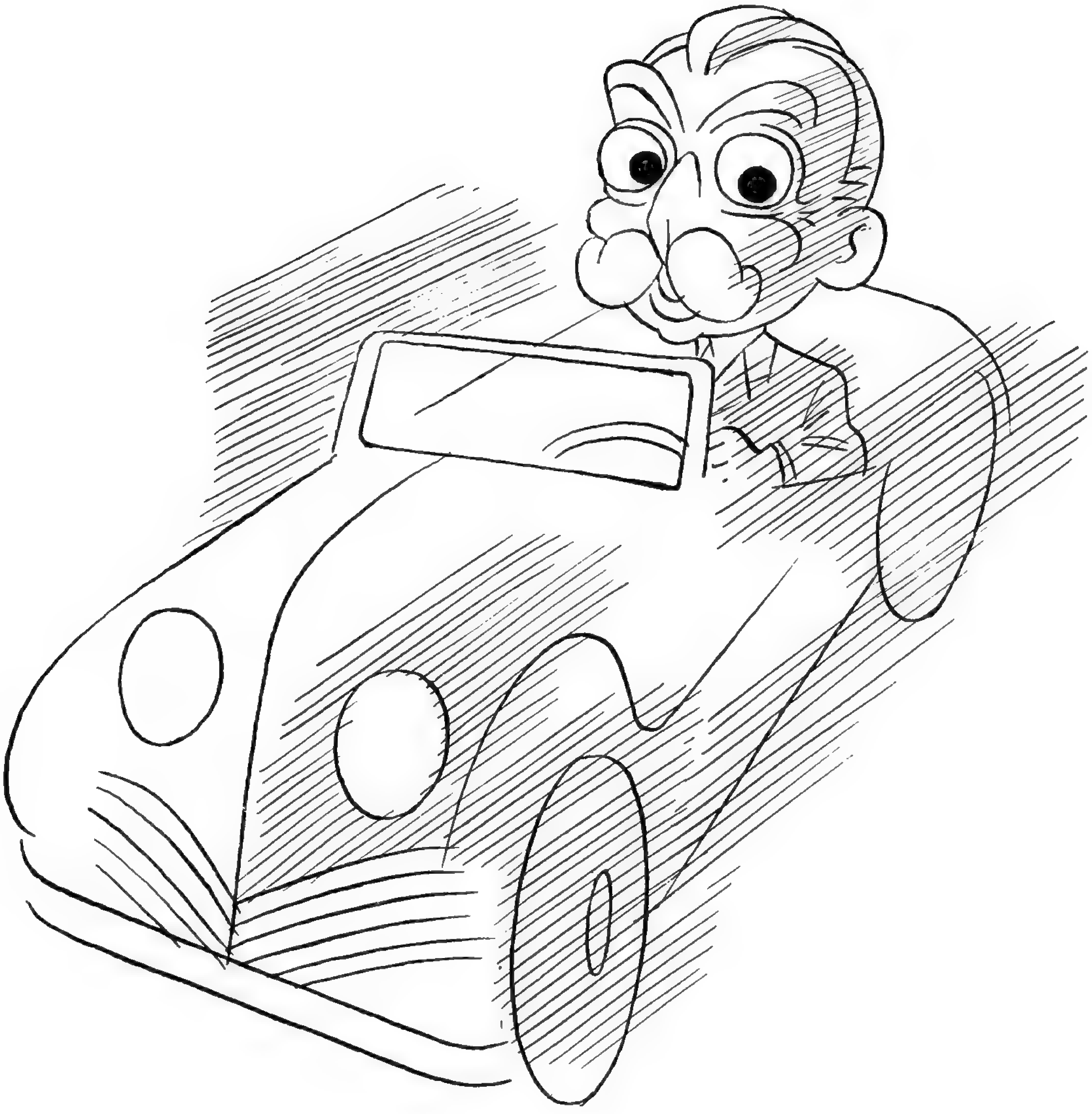
If you are an average reader of Esquire, you own 1⅓ cars or 514,800 automobiles for all of you put together.

you will buy 190,500 new cars this year

Among you Esquire car owners, 84.4% of you bought your cars new, 50% of your cars are less than two years old, 37% of you car owners will buy new cars this year . . . and sales of 190,500 new automobiles are no small potatoes.

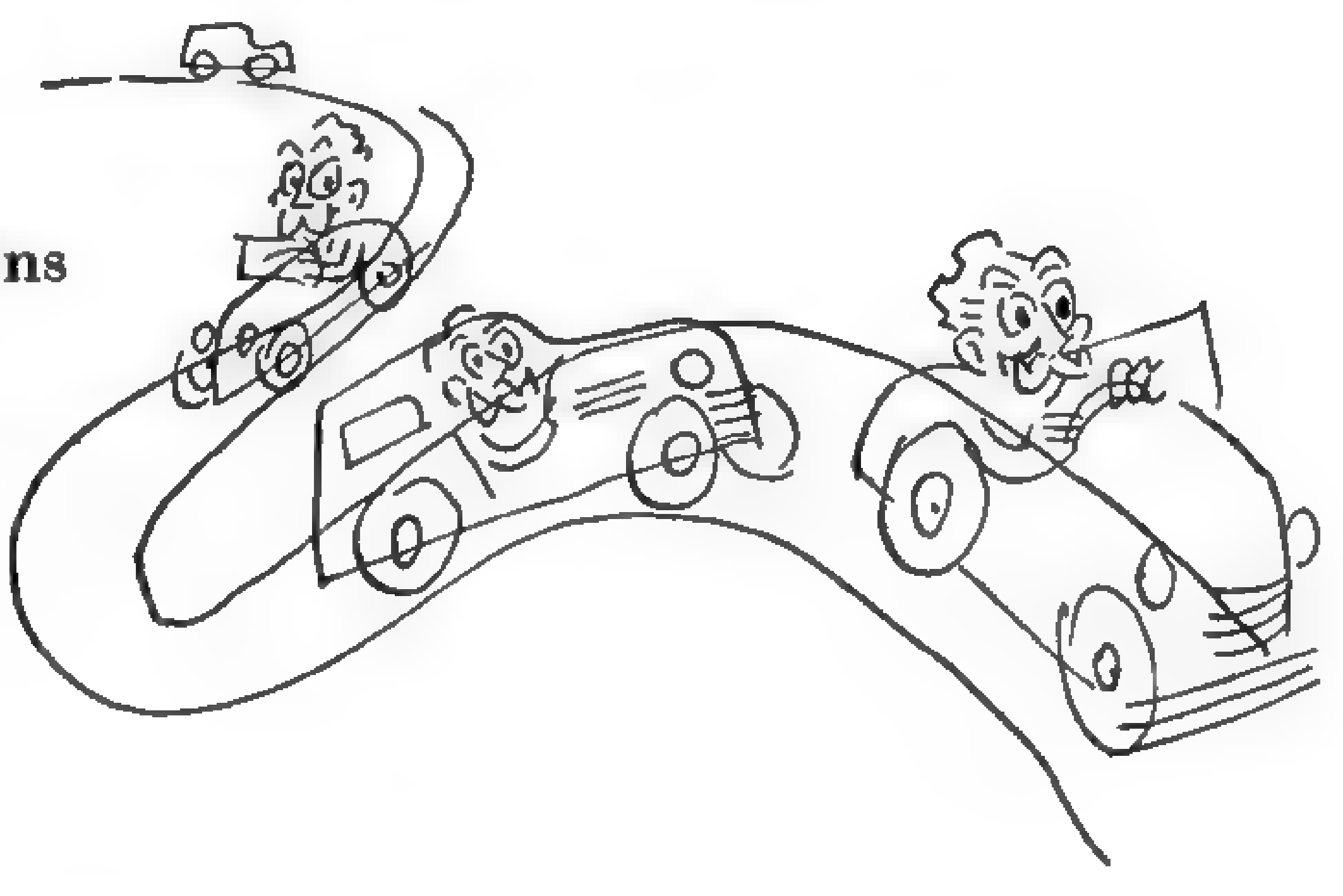
If you'll keep this strictly between us, we'll admit that the original reason for securing all of this factual, not to say fascinating, information about you readers wasn't simply to inflate a flock of Esquire-reading egos. We had an even more selfish motive. We wanted to ferret out the facts about you in order to impress a lot of advertisers who, not at all unwisely, would much rather know than guess. So we mailed out 20,000 Giant Questionnaires containing 200 really Pointed Questions, quizzing and prying into the lives of our readers as only the most intimate of magazines either would or could. The responses, after tabulating by an independent research organization, were as gratifying as they were revealing. In fact, we found them so interesting that we knew you'd like to see them, mirrors still being what they are wherever one may go. You'll learn a lot about yourself from here on in this series in Esquire. Of which the automotive facts, presented herewith, are just a healthy sample. So take a look at yourself as you appear here all dressed up in statistics...and if you're impressed with yourself, well, you have a right to be!

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



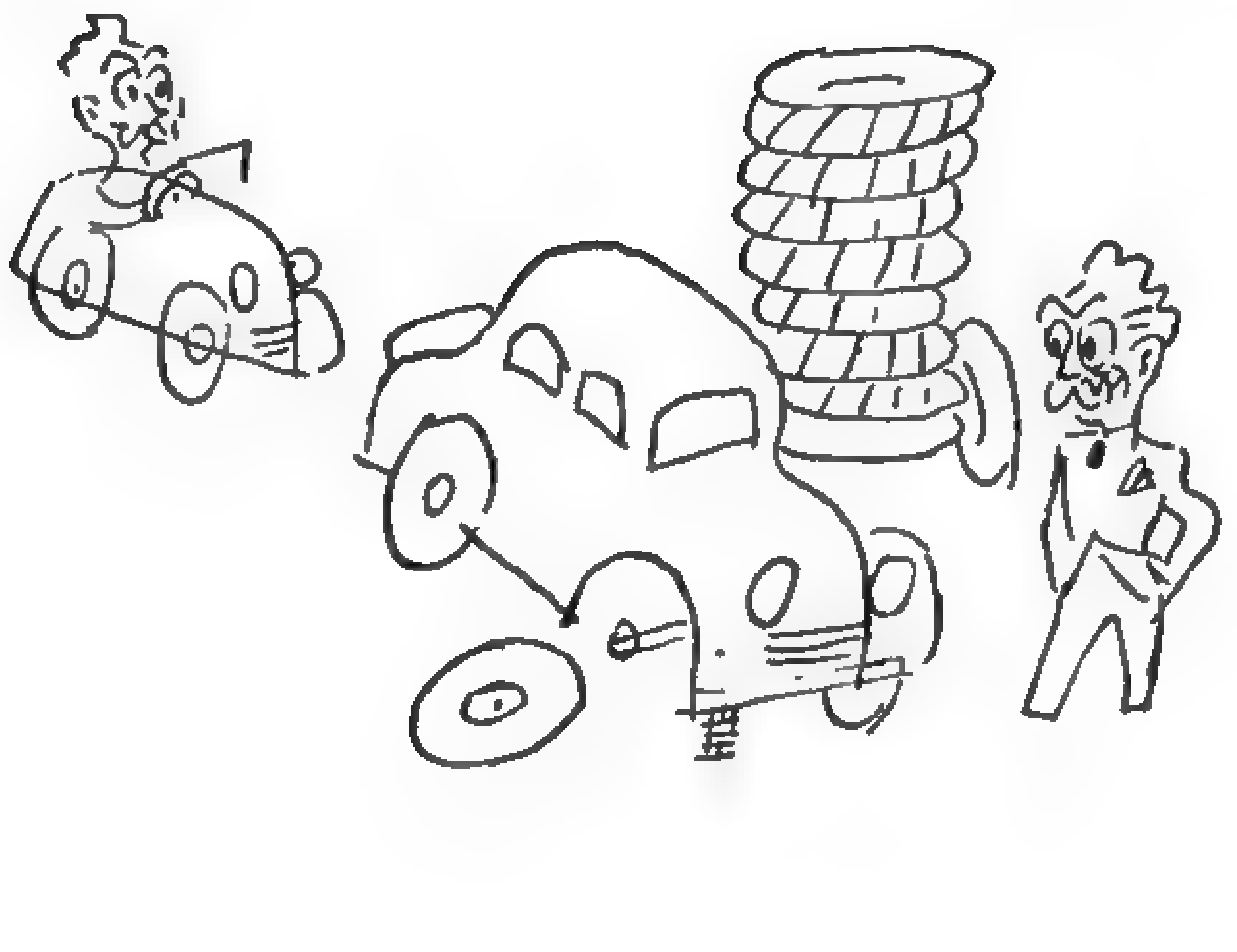
you drive an average of 14,129 miles per year

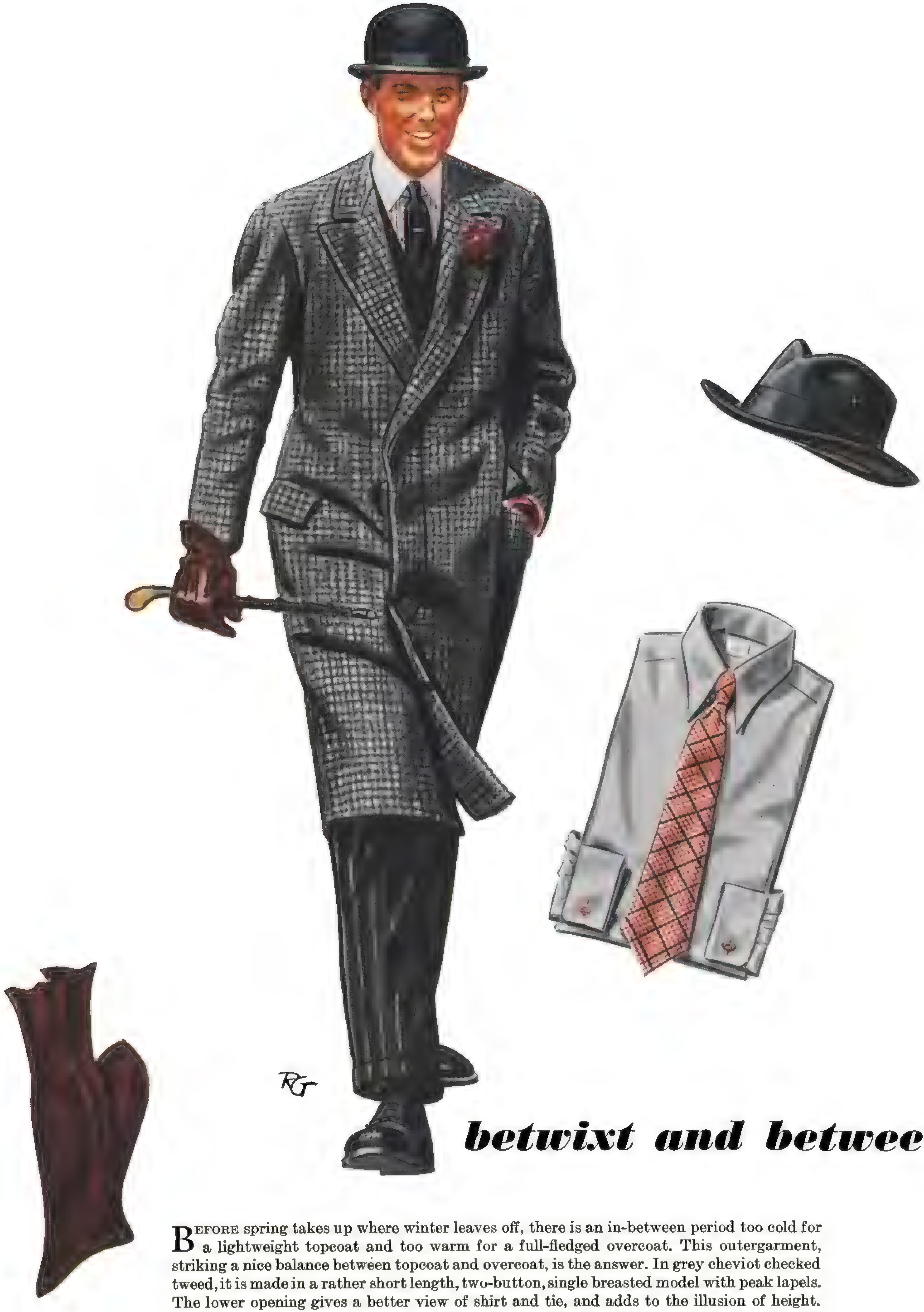
Since you travel 14,129 miles per car per year and you own 514,800 cars, all the Esquire cars travel the super-telephone number of 7,273,610,000 miles annually, using 484,000,000 gallons of gasoline, representing gasoline sales of $100,000,000! (Gas at 20¢ per gal. and using a high average of 15 mi. per gal. . . . render the foregoing figures most conservative.)



you purchase 684,000 tires per year

If you are an average reader of Esquire, you replace your tires after driving 22,000 miles. Since you have driven your car 33,486 miles (2⅓ years at 14,129 per year before trading it in), all of your tires are replaced at least once during the ownership of one car... which means purchases of 684,000 tires per year by the whole pack of you... Now, who's impressed?





betwixt and between

Before spring takes up where winter leaves off, there is an in-between period too cold for a lightweight topcoat and too warm for a full-fledged overcoat. This outergarment, striking a nice balance between topcoat and overcoat, is the answer. In grey cheviot checked tweed, it is made in a rather short length, two-button, single breasted model with peak lapels. The lower opening gives a better view of shirt and tie, and adds to the illusion of height. Wall Street's favorite is the black unfinished worsted suit with alternating red and white stripes, harmonizing here with the red and grey stripes on the white ground broadcloth shirt. The white stiff collar is in the new higher shape, cut away in front. A bar shape black satin tie with animal stickpin, red capeskin gauntlets, black quarter-brogue shoes and bowler hat complete the outfit. Alternate accessories are the grey broadcloth shirt, garnet, black and white county check tie, Lord's hat and garnet 6 x 3 rib silk and lisle hose.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

I'll Be Waiting for You

Continued from page 35

on the beach again. She came along, mostly holding her head high as befitted her adornment, but now and then peering anxiously in the direction of the candlenut. She could not see him, he was too far back, hidden in deepest shadow. Yet her step was firm and light, and as before she held her arms out a little from her body, her hands knuckles up. The glow of the diamonds, Wyatt thought, a trifle banally but not without justification, was no match for the glow in her eyes.

"You look very lovely," he said when she had reached a place almost opposite him.

Her start was rabbitty; and with the movement diamonds clattered and clanked on her neck, on her wrists. Diamonds smashed a brittle rainbow into flecks unbelievably small, and puffed these forth lit with a light that was surely no mere reflection, but the escaping of a fire all their own: this was when she raised her hands in fright to her face.

"You—You scared me."

"I'm sorry. Come and sit down."

She came to him, and in the shadow the gems sparkled as brightly as ever. She sat at his feet.

"You mustn't tell Harold you saw me wearing these."

"If you wish."

"You mustn't tell anybody, anywhere. Will you promise?"

"All right. They must be very valuable."

"One of the most valuable sets in the world," she replied. "They cost more than a million dollars, originally."

He translated the sum into pounds, in his head; and he swallowed.

"I've got to talk to you. I've got to talk to somebody. I'm going crazy, out on this little island for almost a year, and Harold won't let me learn the language. You're not a Catholic, are you?"

"No."

"Neither am I. The reason I asked, Catholic priests can have people tell them things and never tell anybody anything about it and even the cops can't make them. You're not like that, are you?"

"I could be, if I wanted to be. You want to confess something?"

"If you could promise you'd never tell. I mean, really! In the sight of God."

He was seeing her in profile now, and it was as though her face were an illuminated stage—her cheek aglow from the huge earring, her forehead from the tiara, her chin from the necklace.

"All right," he said. "In the sight of God."

She turned her head to look at him, and specks of light swirled across her face. She wanted to make sure he wasn't laughing at her. Presently she gazed again at the lagoon.

"I've just got to talk to somebody." Then she blurted: "These are the Wetler diamonds."

Wyatt, puzzled, was silent.

"Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"No."

"I don't suppose it would, you being in this part of the world and a missionary and so forth. Well, Mrs. Wallis T. Wetler is an American who lives in Los Angeles, and she's one of the richest women in the world, and it was about a year ago that these rocks were stolen from her bedroom. The papers said it was the biggest jewel robbery in the history of California and one of the biggest in the history of the world. There was a servant all tied up, but she couldn't tell anything about the thief. But just the same, the rocks were hot. Everybody knew Harold did the job. The cops knew it, and everybody else."

"Harold? Your husband?"

"He's not my husband."

"Oh."

"They were so hot no fence would touch them. Not a fence would even let Harold hang around. They were scared stiff. One of them showed Harold a newspaper Harold hadn't seen before, then Harold got the idea. He'd tied that servant up a little too tight. She was dead . . . strangled."

A breeze tentatively touched her face, then seemed to change its mind and abruptly ceased to be. In the lagoon a fish jumped and fell back with a very loud splash.

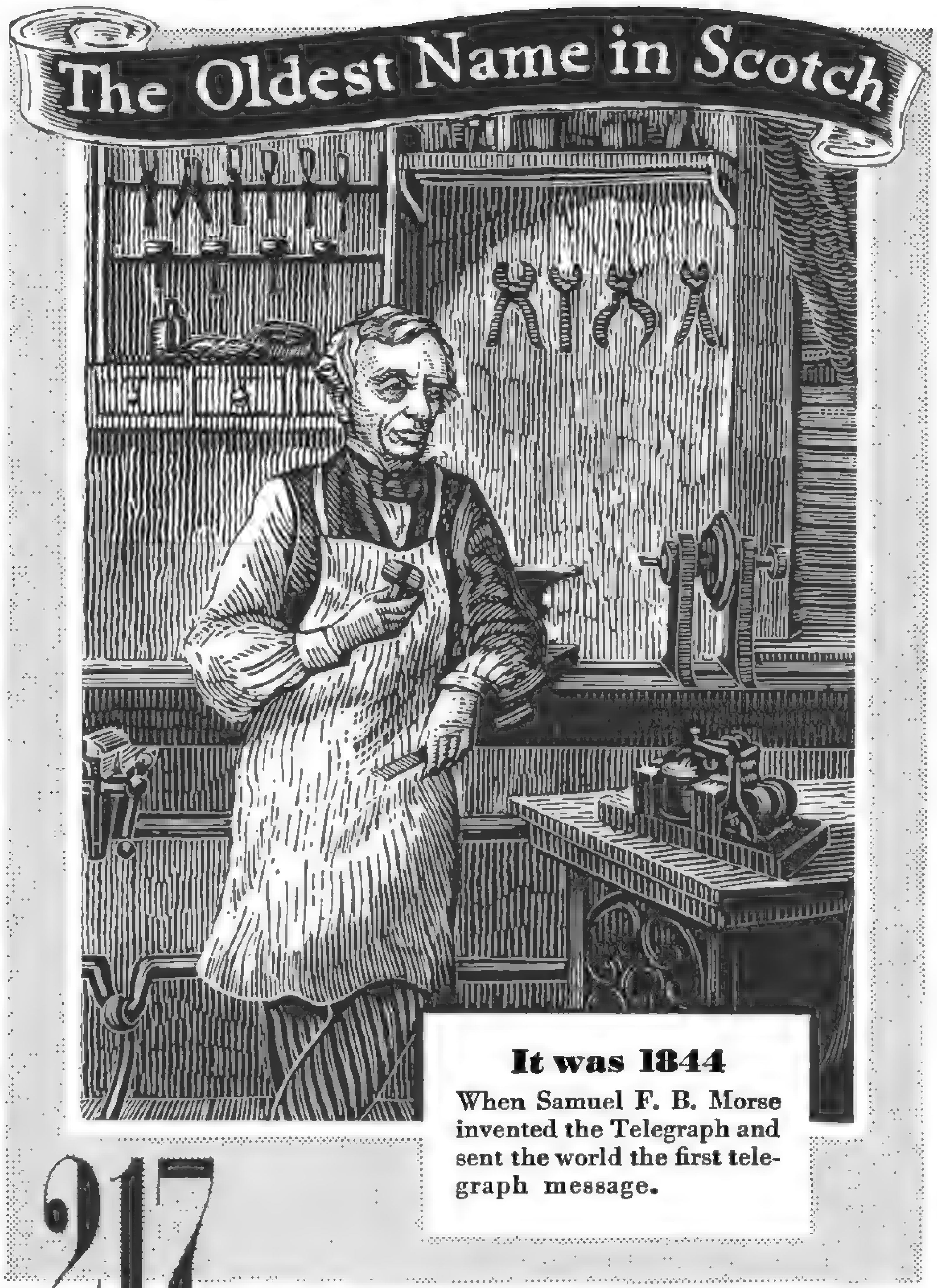
"Everybody knew it was Harold. But they couldn't prove anything because he'd been too smart to leave fingerprints, and nobody had seen him go in or out, and the only witness against him was that servant and she was dead. They'd have to actually find him with the stuff. If they did *that*, of course, he was just as good as sitting in the seat waiting for the judge to put the black cap on. And he couldn't get rid of the rocks at any price while they were as hot as all that, and he didn't dare try to put them in a safe deposit box or anything because they were watching places like that. So he skipped out here with them, to wait a couple of years until things cooled off."

"Well, I'd been his girl. I wasn't his girl when he pulled this Wetler job, because I'd left him when I found out how he made a living, but I'd been his girl before, and the cops would be sure to try to sweat it out of me where he'd gone. You see, he'd had this passport for himself, under another name, for a long time, and before he pulled any big job he used to take out a steamship reservation for Tahiti. He was cagey. And I knew about that passport, what the name was on it and so forth. So he brought me along. He wasn't taking any chances. I didn't want to come, but he would have killed me if I hadn't."

"I see," said Wyatt.

"Then even Tahiti wasn't far enough away. Too many Americans around, and once a month or so a ship would come in with a few tourists, and private yachts were always stopping, so Harold was

Continued on page 140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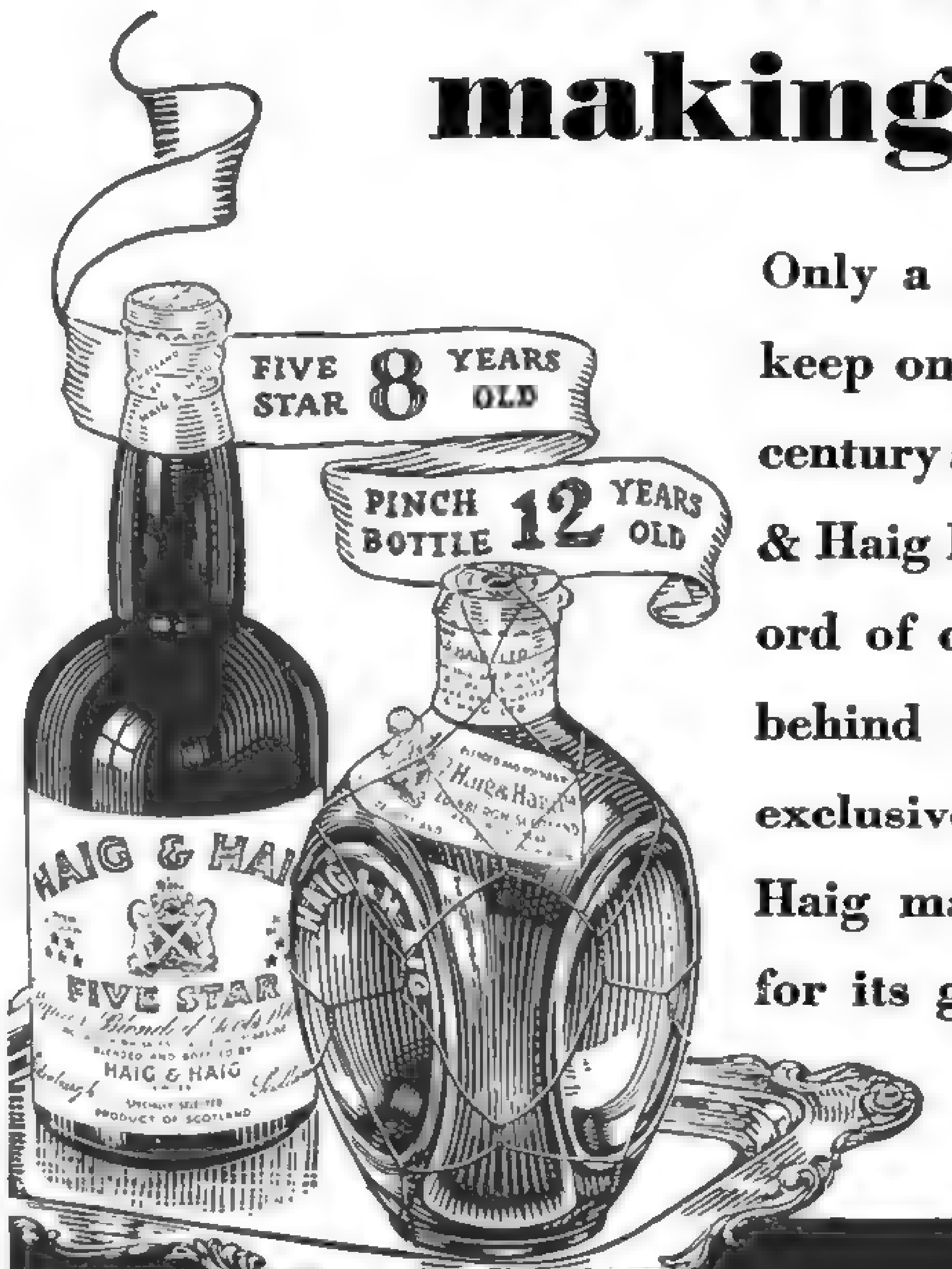

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I'll Be Waiting for You

Continued from pages 35-139

afraid somebody'd recognize him or me and tell somebody in the States about it and it would get to the cops. So he dragged me out here. I guess this is about as far away from civilization as you can get without swimming."

Her elbows were on her knees and now she joint-swung her hands at the wrists, so that their backs faced her, and stared at the gems with which the rings were set.

"I never had a diamond before. I couldn't afford the real stuff and I wouldn't wear Woolworth's, so I just went without. The first few months here weren't so bad, but I've got so now I'd do anything—anything at all—for a manicure or a good facial or a finger wave. You men can't understand. And Harold won't talk to me half the time, and I hate him anyway, and I'm just going crazy here! I'm going *crazy!* That's why I take these out of the cases every now and then, at night, when Harold's asleep, and I put them all on and come out here to this part of the beach because there aren't any shacks right around here, and I walk up and down just feeling the weight of them and the way they hang on me. It's hard to describe. I know they aren't mine and I got no business wearing them, and I know that no matter what happens I'll have to give them up pretty soon, but just the same they're a lot of help. I think I'd have gone right out of my head if it hadn't been for wearing them every now and then. It's hard to describe. They're so clean and hard, and so lovely, that when I wear them they just seem to soak right into me so's I feel clean and strong too—and maybe even beautiful."

"You *are* beautiful," he murmured.

Now she wept. Each tear, meandering down an unrouged cheek, caught the glint of blue, red, yellow, violet.

"You *are* beautiful . . ."

After a while she whispered, "If I could only hear music again, even a radio. If I could only get my hands on an orange stick. If I could only—He says we've got to stay here at least another year."

Each night after that, though there was never a verbal appointment, they met under the candlenut tree. Sometimes Carol wore the diamonds, sometimes she did not dare to take them. Even when she wore them, though he loved to watch her walk the beach while they flared and flashed, he would make her take them off when she sat with him and he kissed her.

"I love you," he told her simply, again and again. The fact startled him, but there was no questioning it or shoving it aside. "I love you." He was too honest and inexperienced to hold back the statement until a proper dramatic moment. He said it in wonder but in all sincerity. It never occurred to him to ornament the declaration, or to vary it. It astounded him; and it meant so much. Of course he must resign from the Society.

He prayed often, without satisfaction. He despised himself for the sneakiness of this business. If love had grabbed him, it was no fault of his, for he had neither sought it out nor encouraged it when it came. But must he be underhanded about it? There were some people—most of them, he suspected, characters in modern novels—who strove to romanticize secret love-making. Wyatt Black knew that it was not romantic. It was dirty. It was low, cheap, disgusting. If love was a good thing, a cleansing thing, and he felt it to be such, then it must be open and honest and straight. There must be no tiptoeing, no hushed whispers.

He wanted to go immediately to Leslie, or whatever the man's real name was, and state their case.

"We've got to! It's the only thing to do!" He touched the pile of diamonds, a million dollars' worth, there in the sand. "You say these make you feel clean and strong. I understand that, Carol. But you know yourself that you can't have them forever. I don't—I don't want to talk to you like a missionary. I'm not a missionary now, not any longer. But don't you understand: You must have that feeling come to you from inside, not from outside. You say you love me. Doesn't your love of me make you feel that way—good and clean and fine again?"

She clung to him, sobbing.

"Yes, yes, it does. It really does."

"Then we've got to go to him. We've got to tell him."

"You can't! He'd kill you! He's got a revolver, I've seen it. It's blue and it's got a dark brown wooden handle. He'd shoot you!"

"Look. I love you. I'd commit any crime for you, I'd tell any lie—but then, if I did that, it would not be me any longer, and things wouldn't be the same. Look, there's only one thing to do. We've got to go to Leslie now and tell him how we feel, and then—"

"No, no! He'd kill you! He'd kill me too! Can't you see that it's a matter of life or death to him?"

"It's a matter of life or death to me, too," Wyatt answered soberly. "We've got to go back to Tahiti then—I'll take you there in the cutter—and you'll give yourself up to the police and let the American authorities extradite you if they want to. It will be hard, but it's the only thing to do."

"They might call me an accessory after the fact."

"I don't think so. Not if you gave yourself up. They'd be more likely to charge you with harboring a fugitive from justice."

"Prison—"

"Yes, prison." He took her hand. He leaned very close. "You've got to do it, Carol. You've got to! For both of us. I'll go to the States with you. I've got a little money saved, I'll get some sort of position there. If they put you in jail I'll stay near you. I'll visit you on every visiting day, and I'll be waiting for you when you come out. And then we'll be married."

Dazedly she echoed it, "And then we'll be married."

"Or beforehand, if you want. As soon as we can."

Another fish jumped and spanked back broadside, and startled ripples hurried away from that spot.

"Can't you understand, Carol? It's *got* to be like that!"

She sat silent, her hands in her lap. By her side the pile of Mrs. Wallis T. Wetler's diamonds gleamed unnoticed, ignored. He looked at her and nothing else; while she looked for a long time at the reef where the foam lifted itself in fantastic outline against a blue-black sky, and fell, and lifted itself again, changing shape, and fell, and lifted itself.

At last she said, "The fete would be just about starting in Papeete. We—We wouldn't have to go to the police right away, would we? I mean, not the very first day? If I could only have one night, to go around a little, and see people dancing, and hear the music. If—If we could just—just see people laughing and singing."

He rose.

"All right."

"It will be such a long time, afterward. It will be so hard. But if we just went out for one night—"

"All right," he said. "Come on. But put the diamonds back first."

* * *

They came from Papara and Hitiaa, from Papenoo and Paea and Arué and Faaa; they came in from all the districts, some even from Tautira and Teahupo. They'd been making copra for weeks in advance and selling it on a flooded market, and they had some cash in their pockets.

They came from the other islands, Moorea, Huahine, Raiatea, Pora-Pora; from Makatea and the low Tuamotuan flecks among the reefs to windward.

They came to Papeete to get drunk—not only on wine, but on sheer excitement—in commemoration of a street fight one hundred fifty years ago nine thousand miles away, about which perhaps one in five hundred knew anything at all, nor did he care. In Tahiti, Bastille Day is not a day but a couple of weeks. It is not an anniversary but an excuse.

Laughing and singing they came, in trucks that whee-ed and steamed, in schooners that squealed at each push of the Pacific.

Into the thatched *baraques* they poured; and they spun wheels trying to win bars of soap and suckling pigs and Kewpie dolls and bottles of God-awful perfumery; they threw things, speared things, fished things out of pools. And the flags flapped and the bands played and corks went pop-o, and my! what a time was had!

"Aue, aue! te vahine hupipi!
"Aue, aue! patia i tona apoo repo—"

It was about ten o'clock when Wyatt Black first saw the man he instantly knew to be a detective. The man was looking at Wyatt, who had been unable to catch a waiter and had gone to the bar to pay his chit. He wore gray, and wore a coat and necktie, which in itself was enough to make him unusual. Moreover he was sober. He did not look notably grim or bulldoggy, but his blue-gray eyes were watchful and his mouth was painstakingly expressionless.

Wyatt paid, and as he started back toward the table where he'd left Carol he saw that the man was following him.

Walking among the tables was difficult. He squirmed, moving in cat-steps, and though he was normally diffident he forced himself to use shoulders and elbows. Nobody minded. Nobody could see the need for hurry, but they didn't mind. Flowers in their ears, gold teeth in their mouths, they laughed and sweated all around him. They blew smoke into his face. And persistently, though never really meaning to, they got in his way.

Carol was not there. A party of Frenchmen, *fonctionnaires*, in stiff whites, had surrounded the table and were thumping it. They paid not the slightest attention to Wyatt.

This was an outside table, far from the bar, on the edge of what in the States would be called the midway, where the crowd was thickest, the noise greatest. In all this bustle there was a spot near Wyatt where excitement was even more marked. He squirmed and wriggled toward it. He was panting, and his eyes were bugging half out of his head. He had forgotten about the man in gray.

He only glimpsed Carol, he did not reach her side. The shoulders of other men and the hips or buttocks of women prevented that. He struggled, and could not move ahead. He only glimpsed her. Then she was gone.

He had seen that she was walking in a daze, and just at that time she was probably not altogether sane. In the disagreeable glare of pressure lamps, in the cheap gay dress she had purchased that afternoon within half an hour of the time they tied up at the quay, with espadrilles on feet that had so long been bare, she walked with chin high, speaking to no one. The crowd fell away before her. For never before in that part of the world had there been seen anything like Mrs. Wallis T. Wetler's diamonds.

The diamonds! Wyatt had supposed that she took them back to Teraitua's hut and left them in their cases. Yet here she was, with ears unadorned, to be sure, and no tiara on her head, but with the great necklace, the brooch at her breast, the magnificent obstreperous bangles. From the fixedness of her stare she might have been a sleepwalker who could be awakened by clapped hands or a

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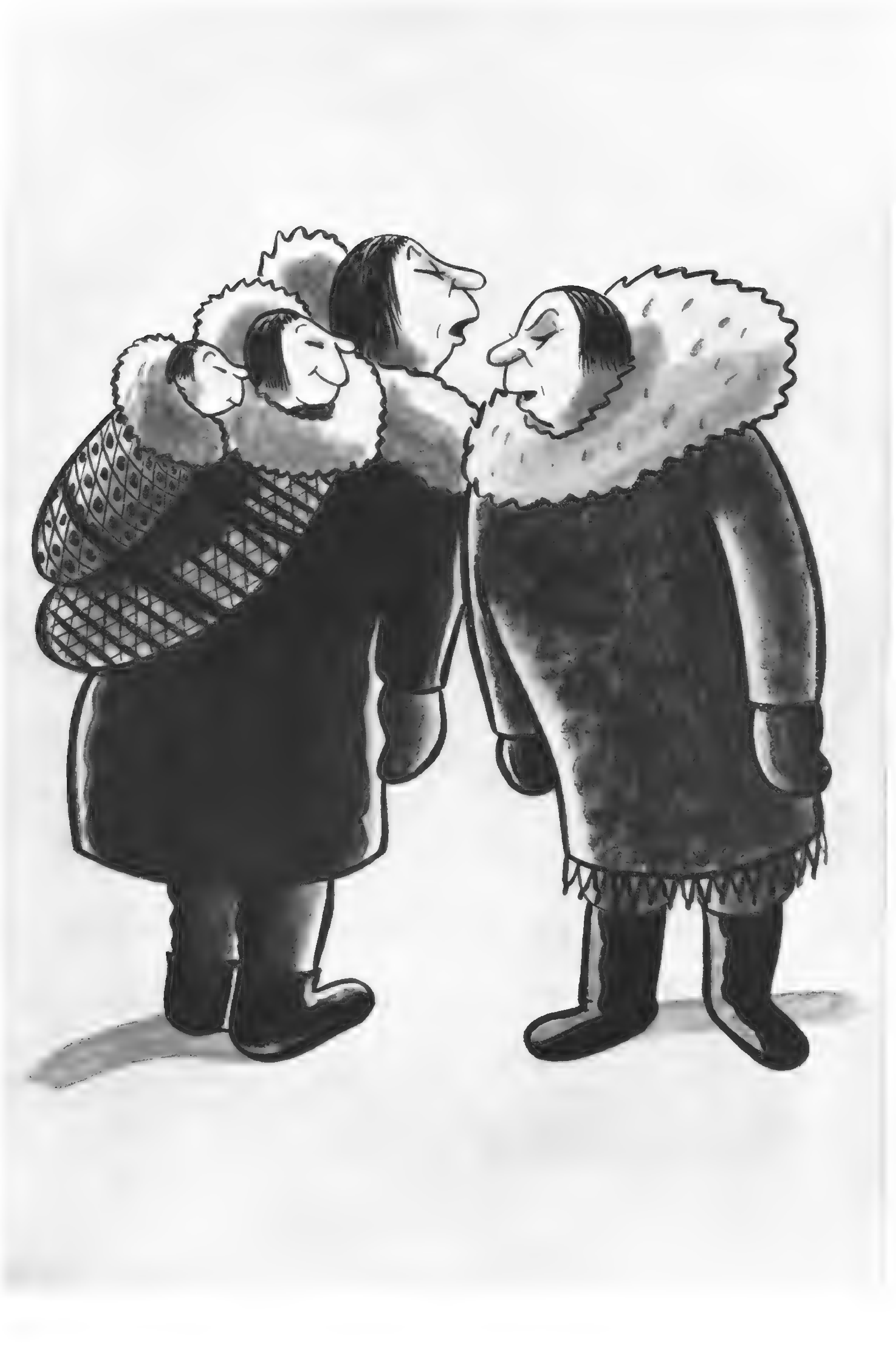

"Nikiyuki, I sometimes wish our nights weren't six months long"

Diary
WED: An Evening of Symphony on VICTOR RECORDS
Conductors: Toscanini, Stokowski, Koussevitzky

Thurs.: The crowd came over. We played musical comedy favorites of the past and present on Victor Records...*Fri.:* Katie's birthday. Had a party for her after school, and the children danced to the world's best dance bands on Victor Records . . . *Sat.:* Guffawed at Alec Templeton's newest musical whimsey on Victor Records. Went out dancing later and told our friends to be sure not to miss the new Templeton records...*Sun.:* Aunt Sue and Uncle John dropped in. Entertained them with chamber music . . . Then Uncle J. to our surprise, said: "Don't Victor Records furnish snappier music, too?" So we finished off with Tommy Dorsey and Larry Clinton which they adored.

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I'll Be Waiting for You

Continued from pages 35-139-140

stamped foot. Certainly she was beautiful. The crowd fell away from her, pushing Wyatt back.

A hand gripped the upper part of his right arm, and he turned to face the man in gray. These detectives! How did they know all that they knew? How did they find out about a man, in spite of attempts to cover his trail, and inexorably come to him? That hand on Wyatt's arm was inescapable. He might shake it off, but it would return, or another would come to replace it. You can stop a given clock, but you can't stop time.

Nevertheless, and though he knew this, Wyatt instinctively put a defense.

"Vous desirez, Monsieur? Je suis—"

"Cut it out. You're no more a frog than I am. Let's just move along nice and quiet."

* * *

At the police station they stood around him, but there was nothing intimidating about it except what his own imagination made. The gendarmes stared in open curiosity, and there was a man who could have been the Commissaire, a gray-haired handsome man who looked worried. The only one to talk was the detective, and he talked only in English. He was an American, very well dressed and polite in a tired way.

"I stole them, yes! I killed that servant and stole them and came here, and then tonight I gave them to that girl. She's—She doesn't know anything about them. She's just a girl I picked up."

The detective sighed.

"Please, please, please, please," he said softly. "Don't you suppose I know who you are and what you are? You've never even been in the States in your life. Please talk sense, Black. Nobody's going to hurt you. All I want to know is where you met her. I know well enough who she is."

Wyatt shook his head, gazing at the floor.

"I—I must have had too much to drink," he mumbled.

"Oh, now! You've had two glasses of beer all evening, and you didn't take more than a sip out of either of them. Your name isn't Sir Galahad. Stop trying to be one of these knight errants. Where did you meet her?"

"I—She's just a girl. I just picked her up."

The detective said, "Oh, well," and turned away, patting his mouth with a handkerchief which afterward he replaced in the breast pocket of his coat, riffling the corners so that they would all be certain to show.

Wyatt simply stood there, wondering why he had been and still was being such a fool. They had come to Tahiti in order to give themselves up, hadn't they? It was strange, this last-minute shrinking. He had thought himself stronger than this.

"All right, all right," the detective said. "Go ahead and have a good time. We're only young once."

"You mean—You mean I should—"

"Go ahead! Nobody's holding onto you, are they?"

The gendarmes stared at him as he went out, and their faces were very serious, but the detective did not even glance in his direction.

He was bewildered. He walked toward the lights and music, and he kept looking back over his shoulder, but nobody followed him; nobody came out of the police station after him. As he approached the entrance the crowd was thicker, the noise greater. There was a fight about something, but the two fighters were so close together and so drunk that they could scarcely punch one another. Wyatt, like a man hypnotized, walked around them. A girl who smelled of coconut oil and *vin rouge* fell against him, laughing, and apologized in Tahitian, and lurched away. Somebody threw a wreath of frangipani upon his head. It tilted ludicrously over one eye.

"Aue, aue! te vahine Tahiti!
"A rave i ta oe hauti e!"

When she took his arm, from behind, it was only another person in the crowd, but her whisper into his ear was unmistakable.

"I'm sorry, I made an awful mess of things! I was sitting there thinking, and I just couldn't resist—Come on with me! This way!"

She was pulling him away even before he had turned his head to see her. She did not wear the diamonds now. Nor did he reproach her, for reproaches at this stage of the game would not have made much sense.

"Come on! You promised me tonight, and we only have a little while. The cops have been watching me."

Somehow they got clear of the throng, and somehow they stumbled into a taxicab. "Drive anywhere," Carol said. "Out in the country somewhere." And they kissed.

After a while the driver stopped the car. He didn't look around or say anything. He shut off the engine, slid low in his seat, put his legs up on the opposite door, tipped his cap over his brown face, and either went to sleep or pretended to do so. Taxi drivers in Papeete are sophisticated cusses, in some ways. They have no union, and during the fete they have to work very hard, night and day.

Wyatt and Carol got out. They walked among coconut trees toward the mutter of surf on the reef, toward the silvered still lagoon. A pig, surprised, oncked indignantly off into darkness. They came to a little beach.

"It was wrong of me, I know it was! I just couldn't resist taking some of them. Just to wear them once more. It will make it all that much worse when it happens, but I'm all right now. I love you and

I'm happy. Do you love me?"

He smiled a little, and kissed her. He sat on a chunk of coral, and she drew the gewgaws from the depths of her dress.

"It's practically closing time anyway. And we can have these few minutes before—"

In ecstasy she walked, her chin high, her arms away from her sides, and she held her hands up a little as though the weight of the diamonds was difficult to bear. She walked back and forth. The bangles clanked on her wrists, throwing moonlight back at the sky—smashed moonlight that had become many colors and was brighter than any other brightness. She banged and crashed in splendor, and there was a warm glow in her eyes.

Even when he heard the step behind him Wyatt Black kept his eyes on her. Even when he felt again the strong hand on his arm.

"All right, you've had your little fun. Let's call it a night and turn in, eh? I'll show you where to sleep."

"Yes," said Wyatt. "Yes." He saw the gendarmes moving across the sand toward Carol, and the picture would be spoiled in an instant, and he wanted to enjoy every last split-second. "I'm going to marry her," he said abruptly.

"Sure. Why not? Come along."

"Yes," said Wyatt. "Yes, of course." ǂ *Next month's crime story will be **In Theory Only**, by Louis Paul. Donald Barr Chidsey's contribution to the April issue will be **An Affair in Tahiti.***

The Ferry that Becomes a Liner

Continued from page 67

unbelievable lattice-work structure floating placidly down the Kanawha River to join the Ohio and go all the way to Cincinnati or Pittsburgh, with heroic black smoke unfurling from her two stacks, her back paddle churning up the mud, and all the time that plaintive half-yodeling, half-whistling of the Calliope.

These journeys are not limited to the South. Out of Cleveland to Detroit and Buffalo runs a line that has been in the same family for seventy years. The James Fair McMillans are celebrating the anniversary this year. When you board the *Eastern State* or the *Western State*, each thirty years old but immaculate, you get the feeling that, no matter how many Deals, New or Old, we shift to, the real guide-rope of life are these simple symbols of steadiness. Or if you want to step literally into another world, take *The Princess Louise* or *Alice* or *Charlotte* out of Seattle to Vancouver. Run by the Canadian Pacific Railway, these 3000-ton liners are in the tradition of British seamanship. The stewards are English or Canadian, there's broth at eleven and tea at four, and when you stop at Victoria, you're in as beautiful and typical a port as you would find anywhere in England. The round trip costs only five dollars and you can sail at 10 a.m., arriving at 9:35 p.m., or make "an overseas" night voyage for a little extra.

Many companies run summer cruises. For $60 you can spend a week on the Great Lakes, seeing as beautiful country as if you went abroad. For $44.50 you can take a 7-day cruise down the Ohio River. Next year the Mississippi and the 3000-mile Missouri will carry cruise-ships, for the fans are just beginning to discover America. Yet charming as these excursions are, it's the all-year, nonglamor-selling services which recreate "the importance and flourish" of the small journey.

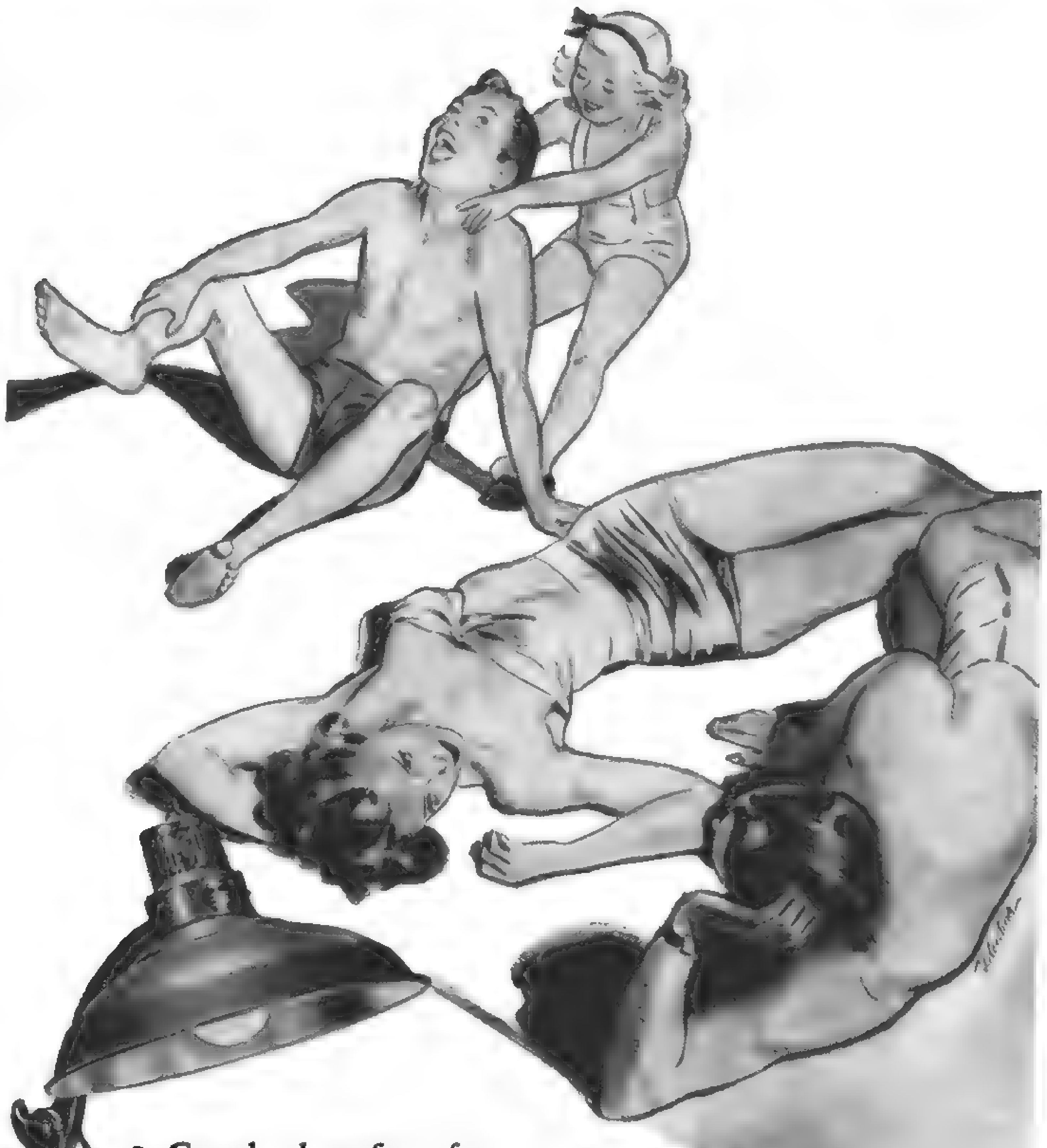
To take the New Bedford-Nantucket boat in winter, instead of in fashionable summer, is to get this feeling of "high purpose" at its best. This service which has been running since 1850, though the present boats are quite new, is the sole source of supplies to the islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, thirty miles straight out to sea. Besides, they carry the mail! Once in February I made this trip. It was snowing. Waves broke over the decks. Instead of the usual four and a half hours, it took all day. Darkness came, fog rolled up, but the sturdy little vessel ploughed on. Rolling through the wild sea, it was like a lithograph of an early packet buffeting the Atlantic!

A friend of mine, who had a fatal malady, used to recite to me:

If with fancy unfurled,
  You leave your abode,
You can go 'round the world,
  By the Marlborough Road.

I've got that feeling on simple ferry boats. There's one from Tarrytown, New York, to Nyack. Listening to the old Italian accordion player and watching the mountainous banks change and recede and become still in the dusk, you might be on the Rhine slipping into a town a thousand years old! From Bridgeport, Connecticut to Port Jefferson, Long Island, there's a service that's been running fifty years. Once late, I telephoned and begged them to hold the ship. They did—five minutes. The frenzy and stares were as great as if I had held the *Normandie!* And sailing out of the harbor past those old red-brick buildings, then into the Sound, quite choppy, getting a sandwich at the buffet, and coming into the enchanting harbor of Port Jefferson, I felt I had made quite a voyage! It flashed through my mind: what should I allow for tipping!

So there they are! Going on in their quiet, peaceful way, these boats (and though the ships may be new, the services are old) preserve a sense of high efficiency combined with leisureliness and real charm. Without ballyhooing, they go on year after year, unsurpassed in service and filled with unpretentious dignity. They bring back something of a bygone day: the strong, humble, but constructive feeling that the world is very large and man very small. ǂ



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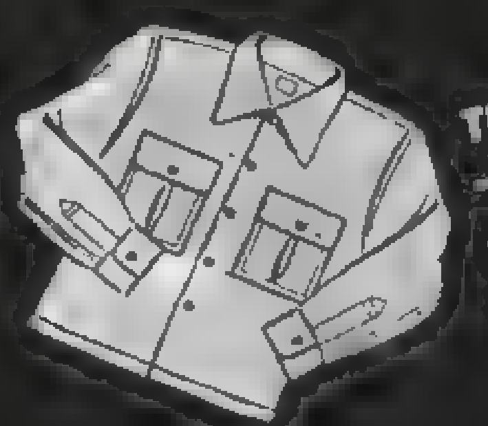
The smartest all-'round jacket that you've ever put around you!

Great for the great outdoors — and grand for indoors, too!

Styled by Marlboro . . . of rich, water-repellent KAMA-SPUN!



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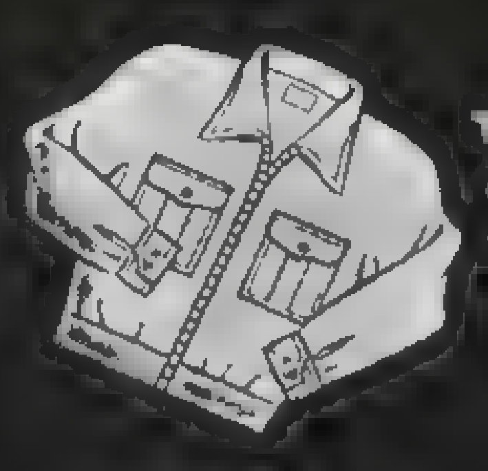
5-Button Jacket model. Wide waist band; two breast pockets; shirred back . . . $3.50



Talon Slide Fastener Jacket with full kimono-type sleeve. Bellows pockets . . . $4.00

Belted-Back Sport Coat with saddle-stitched collar, sleeve tabs, deep pockets . . . $5.00

And mister, if you're *not* a camel, you certainly ought to have a KAMA-SPUN! This is the jacket that you can wear from the Yukon to the Yucatan . . . on the promenade deck or on your own front porch . . . driving down the fairway or driving across the country! Only this unique spun rayon-and-cotton fabric has the deep pile, the warmth-without-weight, the woolly feel of KAMA-SPUN . . . only Marlboro has it, and tailors it so smartly! At your favorite store - - - or write direct to

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SHIRTS BY Marlboro L' PLAYA SPORTSWEAR

Guppies Are Great Lovers

Continued from page 60

Victory tonight, hon?"

She didn't answer, so I repeated the question.

"If you're so anxious to see a movie," she snapped, "go and see one!"

A sense of peace stole over me. She was hooked. She was a Guppyite . . .

But it was when the Smiths dropped in that I got a distinct shock.

The Smiths are didactic bridge fiends. I hate the game because it always ends in a battle—and me writing an I. O. U. But there was no bridge that night. The Smiths took one long, fascinated look at our guppies and promptly began holding hands. They left at midnight, with the worst case of Guppyitis I've ever seen. They bought a dozen guppies the next day.

Hours after we had retired, my wife talked guppy, until utter exhaustion claimed her. Claimed me, too.

I dreamed I was a guppy, and woke up at dawn fighting to break out of an imaginary gold fish bowl.

I was almost happy for once. My wife actually hummed as she prepared the waffles.

The mail carrier stopped and, with his set smile of sympathy, handed me the daily bundle of open-faced envelopes. (You know the kind.) He gave me a look of wonderment as he spied the guppy case.

"Guppies," I said.

"Guppies?" He dropped on the top step and peered closer. It was noon when he left, with a pack of much-delayed mail, and a far-away look in his Irish eyes. He told me later that his wife had purchased a pair of strapping young guppies, given up three movies a week, and that he had quit haunting Bud's Beer Barrel.

The usual army of collectors always began arriving about noon. The first to arrive carried a dangerous looking monkey wrench and he told me, glowering, that he'd come to turn off the lights. I was just framing a heart-melting plea for a little more time when his jaundiced eye lighted on the guppy case.

"Guppies," I told him with a catch in my throat.

"Guppies, huh!" He deposited his deadly looking implement on the porch and squatted down. Fortunately, my guppies were in a particularly affectionate mood. The electric man stared. He poked at the glass with a stubby forefinger and clucked, "Kootchie, kootchie-koo!" He burst into laughter. He forgot to turn off the lights.

So passed that first day. The guppies scored a hit with every cold-eyed collector that called on me.

The finance company man who'd threatened to take my car and furniture became a rabid guppyite, as did the insurance chap. They each gave me long extensions on my contracts, and hurried off to buy a bowl of guppies.

I took a new lease on life. I studied books on guppy culture. I pored over their history. I bought breeding stock and built a large aquarium. People began coming to my house to learn about guppies. My wife and I became guppy experts and sold gallons of them at a nice profit. We paid our bills. We organized the M. O. O. I. G.—the Mystic Order of the Imperial Guppy—and then sold life memberships at ten dollars a copy.

It was in the middle of all this success that my mother-in-law arrived for one of her long, horrible visits. She took in our new prosperity at a glance and wanted to know how come.

"Guppies," I said proudly.

"Guppies! And pray, what are guppies?"

I led her into our ornate Guppy Gallery and turned on the soft lights that made the gleaming cases look like pale emerald.

It was a moment before her eyes became adjusted to the semi-darkness. Then they bugged. She squinted at the nearest case.

"Land sakes!" she cried, "they're alive! Why—what are they—"

"Amorous is the word for guppy," I explained. "Get a load of that little team over there, Ma—jitterbugs."

She looked. She choked. She turned a ghastly color. "Why—why, Joe—it's shameful! Let me out of here instantly. I never will set foot in this sinful house again!"

And that's how my mother-in-law's visit was abruptly terminated.

We have since learned that she has gone in for guppy breeding—on the Q. T., of course. So have a lot of our friends who pretended to be shocked at first by guppy genuflections.

Well, there's supposed to be a point to every story. There is to this one. As I said in the beginning, I believe that guppies can avert another world war. Here is how:

Let every guppy fancier chip in a dime each for the purchase of a million or so finger bowls. Into each bowl will be placed two lively guppies. These will be sent to the heads of all belligerent nations to be doled out to the soldiers. Picture if you can a war being fought with finger bowls filled with guppies.

Picture the next conference at Geneva, with the shaggy heads of a dozen countries bobbing around a guppy bowl. I'll buy you a stuffed guppy stickpin for Christmas if those chaps could harbor thoughts of war while engaged in guppy gazing! This goes for the Three Blind Mice, too. Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin would be calmly raising guppies instead of hell! ⧺

Poll On Lasting Questions

Continued from page 53

they have more pressing things on their mind. There is a large variety in the answers.

Who cares? 52 per cent.

At the movies; it's bingo night: 18 per cent.

Where do they usually park? 11 per cent.

At the Reds-Dodgers night game: 9 per cent.

Other theories: 7 per cent.

No theories: 3 per cent.

Question: "What price glory?"

Conclusion: As a nation we are a bit disillusioned on this one too. Almost everybody has asked himself this question at one time or another, dating back, no doubt, to the siege of Troy, but for the first time the answers have been assembled.

Too many autograph seekers: 41 per cent.

A war every twenty-five years: 33 per cent.

Fat syndicate contracts: 14 per cent.

Are you trying to sell me life insurance?: 12 per cent.

Question: "Can I see the boss?"

Conclusion: This was put to a large number of people all the way from Maine to Vermont in an effort to see whether the situation has improved any since the time office receptionists were first invented. Our findings prove conclusively that it has not.

He's out of town until next week: 50 per cent.

Have you an appointment?: 40 per cent.

No: 10 per cent.

Question: "Can you lend me—"

Conclusion: No: 95 per cent.

Hell no: 5 per cent. #

"Boil Some Water—Lots of It"

Continued from page 30

writer too. It's so very interesting."

"It has its points," he said . . . he had thought for years it was a dog's life.

"What is it you want to ask me about a doctor?"

Here was toil again. Something in Pat's mind snapped off when he thought of the story.

"Well, Max Leam—that man facing us—Max Leam and I have a script about a Doc. You know? Like a hospital picture?"

"I know." And she added after a moment, "That's the reason that I went in training."

"And we've got to have it *right* because a hundred million people would check on it. So this doctor in the script he tells them to boil some water. He says 'Boil some water—lots of it.' And we were wondering what the people would do then."

"Why—they'd probably boil it." Helen said, and then, somewhat confused by the question, "What people?"

"Well somebody's daughter and the man that lived there and an attorney and the man that was hurt."

Helen tried to digest this before answering.

"—and some other guy I'm going to cut out," he finished.

There was a pause. The waitress set down tuna fish sandwiches.

"Well, when a doctor gives orders they're orders," Helen decided.

"Hm." Pat's interest had wandered to an odd little scene at the Big Table while he inquired absently, "You married?"

"No."

"Neither am I."

Beside the Big Table stood an extra. A Russian Cossack with a fierce moustache. He stood resting his hand on the back of an empty chair between Director Paterson and Producer Leam.

"Is this taken?" he asked, with a thick Central European accent.

All along the Big Table faces stared suddenly at him. Until after the first look the supposition was that he must be some well-known actor. But he was not—he was dressed in one of the many-colored uniforms that dotted the room.

Someone at the table said: "That's taken." But the man drew out the chair and sat down.

"Got to eat somewhere," he remarked with a grin.

A shiver went over the near-by tables. Pat Hobby stared with his mouth ajar. It was as if someone had crayoned Donald Duck into the *Last Supper*.

"Look at that," he advised Helen, "What they'll do to him! Boy!"

The flabbergasted silence at the Big Table was broken by Ned Harman, the Production Manager.

"This table is reserved," he said.

The extra looked up from a menu.

"They told me sit anywhere."

He beckoned a waitress—who hesitated, looking for an answer in the faces of her superiors.

"Extras don't eat here," said Max Leam, still politely, "This is a—"

"I got to eat," said the Cossack doggedly, "I been standing around six hours while they shoot this stinking mess and now I got to eat."

The silence had extended—from Pat's angle all within range seemed to be poised in mid-air.

The extra shook his head wearily.

"I dunno who cooked it up—" he said—and Max Leam sat forward in his chair—"but it's the lousiest tripe I ever seen shot in Hollywood."

—At his table Pat was thinking why didn't they do something? Knock him down, drag him away. If they were yellow themselves they could call the studio police.

"Who is that?" Helen Earle was following his eyes innocently, "Somebody I ought to know?"

He was listening attentively to

Continued at top of page 147

VAT 69
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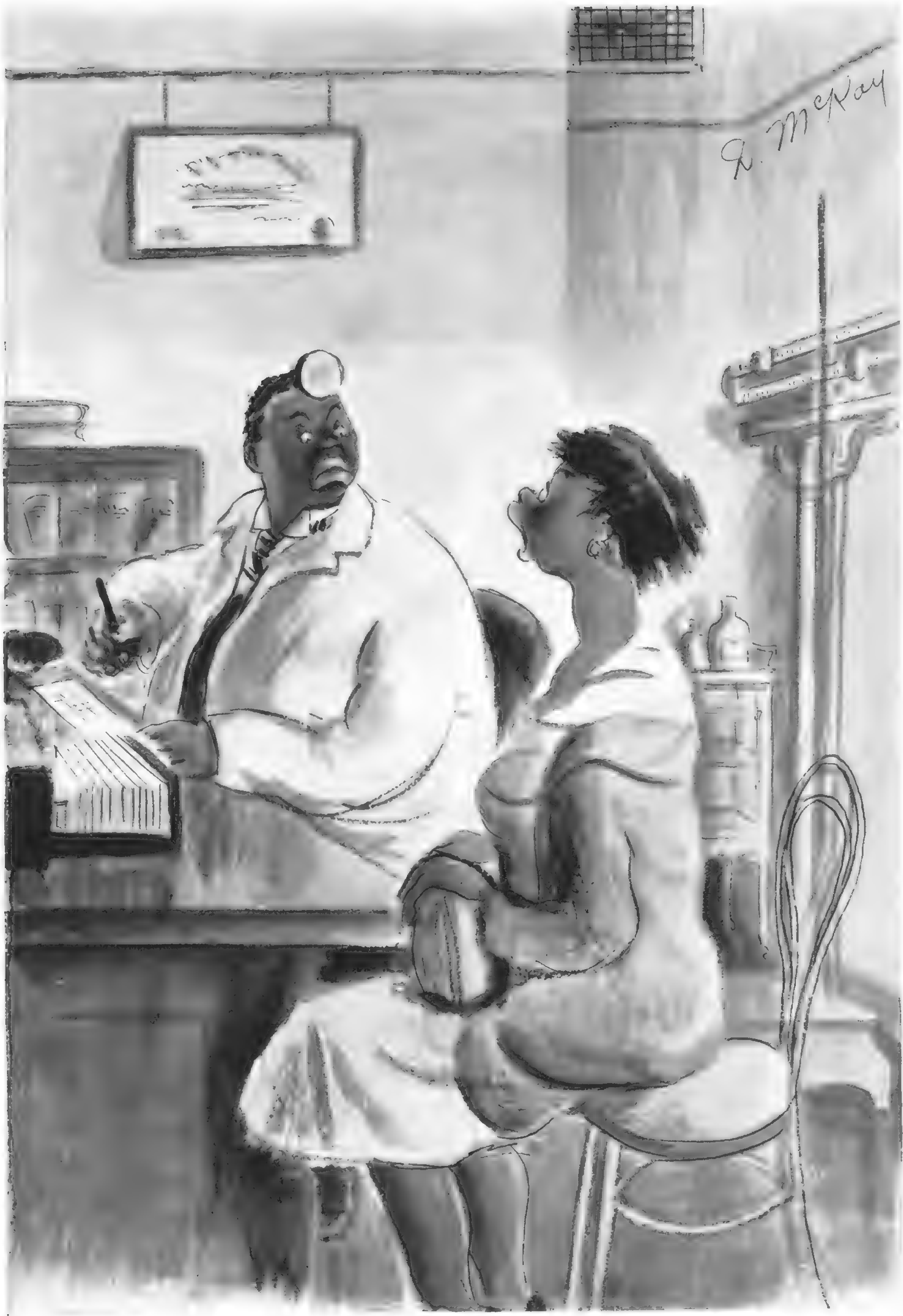


"I'se never been X-rayed, but I'se been ultra-violated!"

“Boil Some Water—Lots of It”

Continued from pages 30-145

Max Leam’s voice, raised in anger.

“Get up and get out of here, buddy, and get out quick!”

The extra frowned.

“Who’s telling me?” he demanded.

“You’ll see.” Max appealed to the table at large, “Where’s Cushman—where’s the Personnel man?”

“You try to move me,” said the extra, lifting the hilt of his scabbard above the level of the table, “And I’ll hang this on your ear. I know my rights.”

The dozen men at the table, representing a thousand dollars an hour in salaries, sat stunned. Far down by the door one of the studio police caught wind of what was happening and started to elbow through the crowded room. And Big Jack Wilson, another director, was on his feet in an instant coming around the table.

But they were too late—Pat Hobby could stand no more. He had jumped up, seizing a big heavy tray from the serving stand nearby. In two springs he reached the scene of action—lifting the tray he brought it down upon the extra’s head with all the strength of his forty-nine years. The extra, who had been in the act of rising to meet Wilson’s threatened assault, got the blow full on his face and temple and as he collapsed a dozen red streaks sprang into sight through the heavy grease paint. He crashed sideways between the chairs.

Pat stood over him panting—the tray in his hand.

“The dirty rat!” he cried, “Where does he think—”

The studio policeman pushed past; Wilson pushed past—two aghast men from another table rushed up to survey the situation.

“It was a gag!” one of them shouted. “That’s Walter Herrick, the writer. It’s his picture.”

“My God!”

“He was kidding Max Leam. It was a gag I tell you!”

“Pull him out . . . Get a doctor . . . Look out, there!”

Now Helen Earle hurried over; Walter Herrick was dragged out into a cleared space on the floor and there were yells of “Who did it?—Who beaned him?”

Pat let the tray lapse to a chair, its sound unnoticed in the confusion.

He saw Helen Earle working swiftly at the man’s head with a pile of clean napkins.

“Why did they have to do this to him?” someone shouted.

Pat caught Max Leam’s eye but Max happened to look away at the moment and a sense of injustice came over Pat. He alone in this crisis, real or imaginary, had *acted*. He alone had played the man, while those stuffed shirts let themselves be insulted and abused. And now he would have to take the rap—because Walter Herrick was powerful and popular, a three thousand a week man who wrote hit shows in New York. How could anyone have guessed that it was a gag?

There was a doctor now. Pat saw him say something to the manageress and her shrill voice sent the waitresses scattering like leaves toward the kitchen.

“Boil some water! Lots of it!”

The words fell wild and unreal on Pat’s burdened soul. But even though he now knew at first hand what came next, he did not think that he could go on from there. ⋕

This is the second of a series of Pat Hobby stories. There will be another next month.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10

SGT. HURT’S EQUATION

To keep the ball rolling, I would like to submit the following equation:

a^3plus b^3plus c^3equals d^3. There are many solutions.

Yours truly,
JAMES E. HURT
Fort Kobbe, Canal Zone.

STAUFFER’S RATIONALIZATION

Here is one that may be interesting to some of the problem solvers. Rationalize the denominator of the reciprocal of $\sqrt{a}+\sqrt{b}+\sqrt{c}+\sqrt{d}+\sqrt{e}+\sqrt{f}$. This is an extension of $\frac{1}{\sqrt{a}+\sqrt{b}}=\frac{\sqrt{a}-\sqrt{b}}{a-b}$

If this is too cumbersome, try it with $a=2$, $b=3$, $c=5$, $d=7$, $e=11$, and $f=13$.

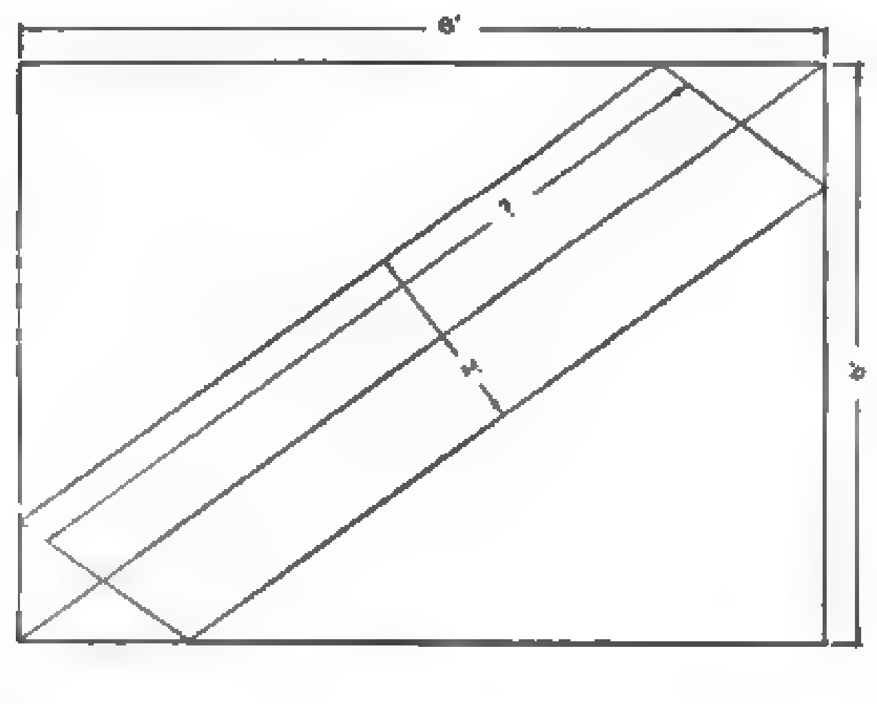
Laurel, Del. J. R. K. STAUFFER

EDITOR’S NOTE: Mr. Stauffer’s solution of the Jamieson cow and silo problem gave as answer a grazing area of 876.2 sq. ft.

MAC CONKEY’S RUNNER

Here’s a problem someone might care to add to their collection:

A room is 6′ x 8′ and a runner 2′ wide is to be laid along the diagonal with the corners touching all four sides, as shown. How long will the runner be?



This is a much harder one than the January ladder problem, and should be worked by trig., although a quartic can be set up and solved by Horner’s or Newton’s method.

Chicago, Ill. L. H. MACCONKEY

REXROAD’S ROAD GAME

This may provide amusement for some: A man starts on a 330 mile train journey, allowing himself four hours and twelve minutes at its conclusion to make a connection. However, there is an accident en route which not only delays the train two hours, but slows it for the rest of the journey so that he misses his connection by three minutes. Had the accident occurred just six miles further on, he would have been barely in time for the connection. What was the speed of the train before and after the accident?

Very truly yours,
Marietta, Ohio F. HOWARD REXROAD

THE FOURS AGAIN

In your December issue a reader gave three methods of writing the number 73 using four 4’s as proposed in the October copy. His first attempt; $4^3+(4-4/4)^2=73$ is obviously wrong because he has used a 3 and a 2. The problem was to use only the number 4 four times. His second try; $4!\times4-4!+(4)^0=73$ is wrong because zero is considered by most mathematicians to be a digit. His third attempt . . . $4!\times4-4!+\log\gtreqless(4)=73$ comes the closest of any, yet it has a slight flaw in it. He states that “$\log\gtreqless(4)=1$.” This is true if common or Brigg’s logarithms (to the base of 10) are used but if natural or Naperian logs (to the base of 2.71828 or “e”) are used the expression is equal to 2.3026. True, common logs to the base of 10 are used oftener than logs to any other base, but in any solution the base should be indicated. In this solution the base is not indicated, so it is not certain what the value is. My way of writing it is

$$\frac{4!^{C}\sqrt{4}}{4}+4=73$$

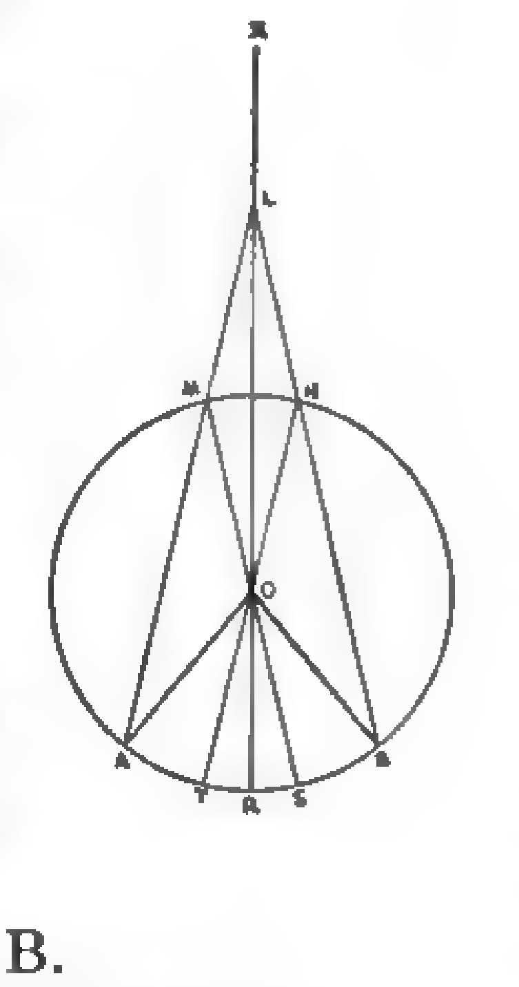
“C” represents the total number of combinations of 24 things (represented by 4!) taken 2 (represented by $\sqrt{4}$) at a time. The formula for evaluating this expression can be found in any algebra book.

In the same issue Mr. Jamison, who gave a very fine proof of one of the hardest problems in geometry, asks anyone to find three numbers such that $a^3+b^3=c^3$. If he will refer to Fermat’s “last theorem” he can answer his own question. The theorem states that $a^n+b^n=c^n$ is impossible if “n” is greater than two. It is possible if “n” is 2, and it has been proved impossible if “n” is 4 and it is thought to be impossible if “n” is 3, since all numbers up to 700 have been tried and no three fit this equation. No general solution of the theorem has ever been given, but Mr. Jamison might be interested in knowing that $3^3+4^3+5^3=6^3$.

Yours truly,
Chicago, Ill. WILLIAM A. NASH

REPLY TO A CHALLENGE

In reply to the assertion that the angle cannot be trisected with compasses and ruler only:



To trisect an angle (with compasses and ruler only).

Let A O B be an angle.

With O as a center describe a circle cutting ∠A O B at points A and B.

At the center of arc A B draw secant R O X.

With A as a Center revolve the ruler intersecting secant R O X at L making LM = MO.

Draw secant L N B.

Draw diameters N T and M S.

Arc M N = arc A T
= arc T S
= arc S B

$\therefore \angle AOT=\angle TOS=\angle SOB$.

$\therefore \angle AOB$ is trisected. Q.E.D.

HERBERT B. WENTZ, M.D.
Fort Smith, Ark.

SCOVILLE’S INTEREST

Let me offer the following for your readers interested in math. curiosities in *Sound & Fury*.

Some years ago *Time* carried an item as to interest on installment loans, and could arrive at no definite figure because of varying viewpoints as to crediting interest!

The question: If a man borrows $92 net and pays $2 a week for 50 weeks, what flat annual rate of interest does he pay?

It is easy to approximate this rate.

For absolute accuracy, each payment must consist of a varying installment on principal plus interest on that amount for the number of weeks elapsed at the unknown rate.

I saw your problem dept. for the first time a few days ago, and got a great deal of pleasure out of the one about the cow and the silo. I have looked over the one about the ladder, but find trigonometric problems a lot of work with no special interest as I believe the author says himself.

Respectfully,
Chattanooga, Tenn. D. A. SCOVILLE

SHAHDAN’S FOURS

Lest I am called to join my forefathers before a solution is forthcoming to that four 4’s problem, I hasten to send you mine; and I sincerely hope the “boys” are sufficiently aroused from their lethargies and idle distractions, (such as hit parades and what nots)—to recognize a SOLUTION. It grieves me sorely to think that such cultured people, (i.e., music lovers), could be so unappreciative of some of the ‘finer’ things of a symbolic medium similar to that which they profess. (I’m not mentioning any names, but the gentleman from New Haven, Conn., please take notice.) Tom Sharples (Dec.), is the only one I raise or would raise my hat to, if I had one. Not wishing to split hairs with him, I grant his second solution, although the symbol ‘log’ is ambiguous since no base is mentioned. His first, though very clever, cannot be admitted, as the cipher among good mathematicians is not a point of disagreement.

My solution is:

$$\frac{4!+4!+\sqrt{.\dot{4}}}{\sqrt{.\dot{4}}}=73$$

Here $4!=24$; and $\sqrt{.\dot{4}}=\sqrt{.44444}=\sqrt{4/9}=⅔$

As I said (Oct.), I’ve solved the first 112 integers. I’ve also solved the similar problem of three 3’s, up to the 33d integer.

I wish to tell all those who wrote to me and didn’t receive an answer, that it was physically impossible—I have only one hand that writes, and only one finger on it that types; and I can’t afford secretaries as yet—not on what this column pays its faithful adherents, anyhow!

Sincerely,
Fall River, Mass. PETER SHAHDAN

BARRON’S TWOSOME

I have been collecting problems like this for 15 years. Here is a good one.

The chord of a circle is one half mile long and the arc is one foot longer. Find the mid-ordinate. Snap guesses vary from ⅛″ to over 100′.

And a better one is:

An athletic track is to be built ⅓ mile on a curve and one third mile on each of two tangents to the curve. The tangents intersect and the stands are built along each tangent near this intersection, so that spectators see the beginning and end of each race and the contestants finish close to their showers and dressing rooms. Find the radius of the curve for the surveyor’s use in layout.

New York, N.Y. MAURICE BARRON

Food With Fun In It

Continued from page 75

of Burdigala—Bordeaux to you. Successful Roman politicians had villas in some of these regions which were the forerunners of the famous wine-growing châteaux.

The Helvetii of Switzerland were vineyardists too, and still are, though we Americans aren't as familiar with their mighty pleasant productions as we ought to be. And the unconquered people of Hungary were busy at something which turned out to be Tokay. On the other hand, the Germani were chiefly occupied with beer—an ancient commodity which had spread all over the northern regions where grapes didn't grow so readily. For nowhere did anybody seem content with water. It was wine or beer according to your geography and history. In either case the drinking vessels were copious, to be gone at in half-pint sips. A chieftain would have scorned to come up for air short of a quart.

When new worlds were added to old, the fortune hunters who went forth brought their beverage habits along, with the result that by the end of the sixteenth century, South America was becoming grape-patched. Today Brazil raises quite a sizable part of its rations; Argentina produces enormously and by no means despicably as to quality; Uruguay, Paraguay, Bolivia, and Venezuela are each on the job; and Peru has seven select districts whose characteristics draw smacks from judicious discussers. Chile, blessed with Pacific-facing Andean slopes which are ideal as to soil and climate, turns out really bang-up items in wide variety. I have sampled "Rhine wines" from there that would pretty nearly have fooled Fräulein Lorelei herself, and a "Steinwein in Bochsbeutel" (goat's bag-shaped bottle) that tasted as though straight from Würzberg. The impediment to North American acquaintance with these wines has been the long sea mileage involved, making them a bit high for strangers. If Sister Chile would forget expense and sort of scatter them around among us altruistically, our Pan-American sentiment would be terrific.

Backwardness is prevalent also as regards Africa's southern end, where Boers have been raking and hoeing ever since 1653. A sweet, brandy-bolstered soother called Constancia, hailing from just above Cape Town, has long had a play in Europe but somehow never reaches us. All we get is the brandy—strong and silent as the string of table wines the South Africans produce, apparently for their own selfish use, the cads.

Australia is another diligent outputter, but with no single outstander. California blankets it as far as we are concerned.

North America was grapy when discovered. Leif Ericson christened it Vineland and the First Families of Virginia, shipped by Sir Walter Raleigh, attempted wine independence, as did William Penn, and there were similar and bigger endeavors in one colony and another, with New York, Ohio, Virginia, and the Carolinas emerging as leaders, and the native Catawba grape enjoying such favoritism as to cause Longfellow to asseverate:

> "Catawba wine
> Has need of no sign,
> No tavern bush to proclaim it."

Meanwhile Spanish missionaries in California had converted native botany to practical purposes, demonstrating that it was indeed a land of promise. So we grabbed it. A big idea man from Hungary, Count Haraszthy, introduced cuttings from the vineyards of Europe—every variety he could think of and get hold of. They flourished and spread, with the result that types and tone colors of California wines today are as the stops on a pipe-organ. Or pretty nearly.

But it's been accomplished in rather a rush, with Prohibition raising hob in the middle of it, forcing many vineyards to switch from grapes of the best wine-making types to raisin grapes and grapes that would tempt a fruit-shopper's eye. All things considered, the general average is surprisingly good; certainly it surpasses that of the unbranded *vins ordinaires* of Europe which comprise about 95 per cent of that continent's production. If we as yet don't go in much for aging, we are at least turning out one-year-olds that are clean, sound, and palatable. Which is something. In fact, most of the wine consumed the world over is one-year-old stuff, much of it sharper and cruder than ours. I remember a shot of red I had as the guest of an old sailor in a basement in Lisbon. It cost a quarter of a cent the glass. And was it harsh! Such brutality is typical, however, of what you get in bargain basements in the wine proudest countries, for the great bulk of the crop not only isn't worth aging but couldn't be aged: its unsoundness would catch up with it.

The European wines we revere and roll on our tongues are fortunate vintages of best vineyards, fastidiously nursed from the grape up. Besides the grower, there is the shipper who vouches for quality and acts as the wine's general guardian, maturer, and sponsor. If his reputation is worth more to him than slick profit, you are in clover; if his endorsement hasn't the value of the paper it is printed on, you'll find you've bought yourself a bottle of bilge. Hence, if we are wise, we'll *select* from Europe by dealing with those firms of known reliability. And for everyday wines for routine use on the table we have America's resources from coast to coast, some of them eminently meetworthy.

If there is less tradition on this side of the Atlantic, there are more science and fewer caprices of climate, especially in California where the weather is the private property of the Chamber of Commerce. If our wineries can't offer you Great Years, they can supply you with the twin of what you liked. And it is fresh and fruity, matching its lack of dust outside with a lack of sediment within.

Admittedly such casualness of enjoyment would jolt the sensibilities of doctrinaire drinkers for whom wines are shrines to be worshiped at. And the sticklers for custom are right when the awesome marvels of the Old World are dealt with. Then one can sincerely salaam! Chateau Margaux—Chateau Yquem—Montrachet—Clos-Vougeot—Romanée Conti—and so on: kings may cease to reign, but not these. They are among the phenomena of France which Thomas Jefferson took note of in his diary, March 1787:

> "The wines which have given such celebrity to Burgundy grow only on the Cote, an extent of about five leagues long and half a league wide. They begin at Chambertin, and go through Vougeot, Romanée, Vosne, Nuits, Beaune, Pommard, Volnay, Meursault, and end at Montrachet. Those of the last two are white, the others red. Chambertin, Vougeot and Vosne are strongest . . . Volnay is the best of the other reds, equal in flavor to Chambertin, etc. . . . but lighter . . . It is remarkable that the best of each kind, that is, of the red and white, is made at the extremities of the line, to wit, at Chambertin and Montrachet . . . The aspect of the Cote is a little south of east. The western side is also covered with vines, and is apparently of the same soil, yet the wines are of the coarsest kinds."

Meaning no disrespect, I have spelled the name Volnay, Vougeot, etc. not as they appear in the neat handwriting with which the Declaration of Independence was authored—"Voulenay," "Vougeau," "Romanie," "Nuys," "Monrachet"—but as you will find them when in the course of human events you pick up a wine list. With no printed labels to guide him, Jefferson's fact-gathering achievement bespeaks his many-faceted, many-bottled genius.

It's a pity in a way that the job of naming wines wasn't attended to by Adam and Eve after they got done with the animals. The results would have been so much easier on the would-be pronouncer who, as it is, finds himself up against such tongue assignments as Chateau Lafaurie-Peyraguey (sha-tow lah-fo-ree pay-rah-gay) and Chateau Sigalas-Rabaud (sha-tow see-ga-lah rah-bo), his difficulties enlightened by being told that these are a couple of Bommes, *i.e.*, located in the commune (French for township) of Bommes in the Sauternes (so-tairn) district of the Bordeaux (bor-do) region of southwestern France. Luckily the human hand has fingers on it, and one can point—preserving one's aplomb by a look of delighted recognition. An air of, "Well, well! If it isn't our old friend Chateau Lafaurie-Peyraguey!"

"Very good, sir," says the waiter. "Bottle of Number Twenty-Seven."

The whole thing as smooth as butter. Yet there are orderers who sit gripping the Carte des Vins with cold sweat cascading down their spines. If the ceiling would only open and an angel appear to answer what they daren't ask: Are frogs' legs *meat* or *fish?*—or anyhow fishy enough to take Chablis? And what do sweetbreads take—Red or White?

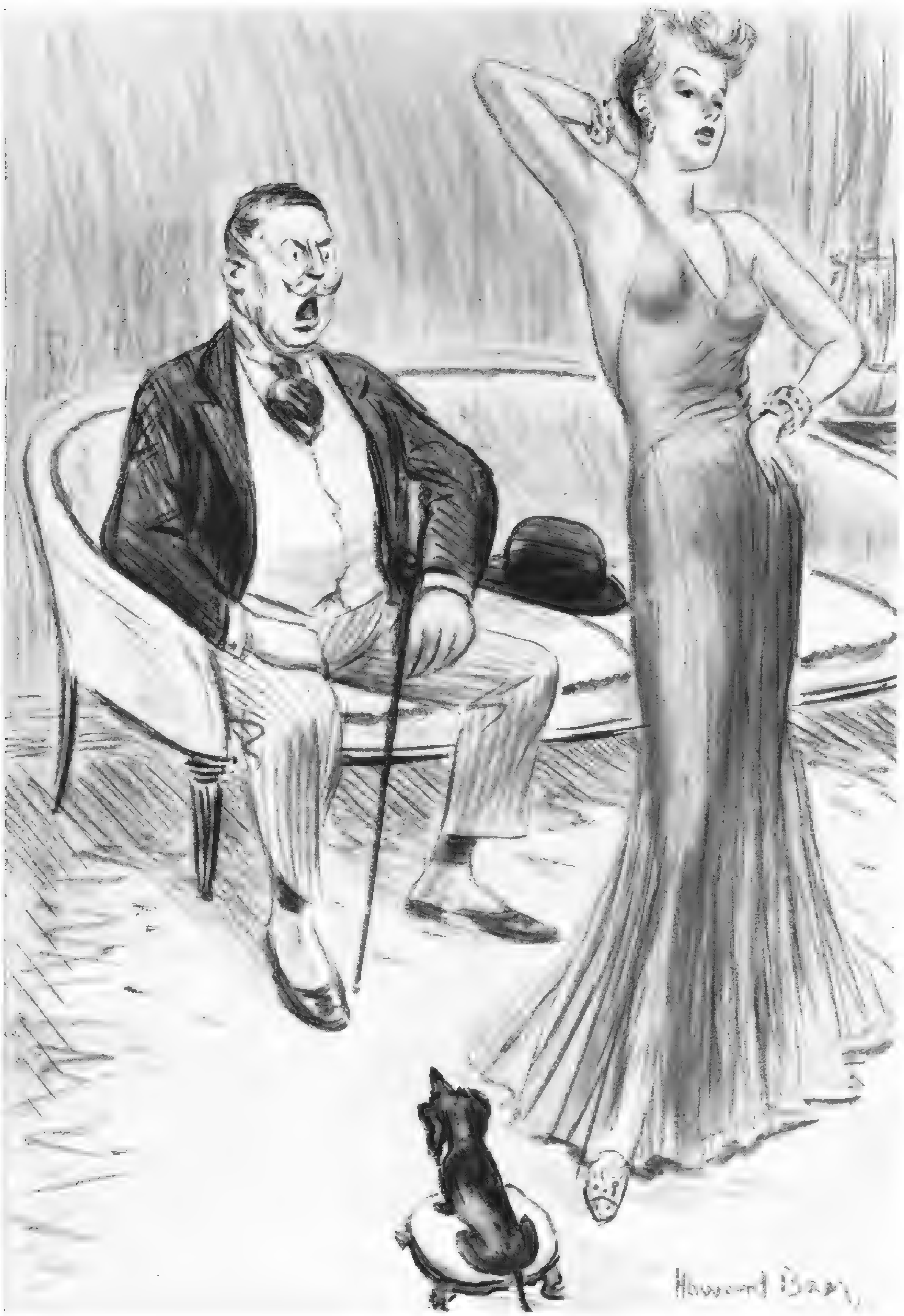
Mating anxieties of this sort can be relieved by the application of an ice-towel and the Law of Bacchus, which declares that *dishes take what they get according to the drinker's fancy.* It's *your* palate that is being pleased. Or the lady's. As for the dreadful possibility that the choice might be at variance with Gallic tradition, don't be haunted by it. Just remember that the French smoke French cigarettes and like them.

If, however, you are host of a dinner party and want your wine show to click, there are certain principles worth adopting as your steering committee.

1. Champagne has complete versatility; harmonizes with any and every course including the canapés.
2. Where a varied succession of wines is served, they do themselves proudest if arranged in a crescendo of richness—heaviers following lighters, up to full-fruited sweetness.
3. Hold everything when salad is served. The vinegar is a bolshevik at bouquets.
4. To most tastes, fortified wines (Sherry, Port, Madeira, Muscatel, Malaga, Marsala, Zinfandel) are too heavy to be suitable *during* the meal—except a dry Sherry or Madeira with the soup, especially turtle. But with the dessert and after, they come into their own.
5. The flavor of fish and sea food is enhanced by a delicate white, preferably dry.
6. Chicken and other barnyard fowl chum with anything except a honey-sweet dessert wine.
7. Hearty red meats respond enthusiastically to their own color.
8. Game of all sorts bathes well with plenty-bodied reds.
9. All white wines chilled—the sweeter the colder. All red wines at room temperature—except sparkling ones, which are served like Champagne.
10. Glasses should be large enough to dramatize the wines. Never filled full.

"Humpf!" you may heckle, "but which particular Claret? Which particular Sauternes? Which particular Burgundy? How does one make sure of getting the mosta of the besta?"

Well, there are two alternatives. One can spend fascinating months and years nosing around among vineyards, pressing vats, cellars, and warehouses, from Rheims and Turin to the Pacific. Or one can entrust one's problem to an established house which has been doing that very thing for generations. Any middle course is a muddle—with the accent on the mud. #


Howard Baer

"Listen—I don't have to come here to be insulted, I can stay at home and listen to my wife!"

Bureaucrat's View of Washington

Continued from page 33

short-circuited around Washington to the living cities, to New York and Chicago and San Francisco.

Washington is the only capital in the world that has not given direction to a national literature. From Molière to Proust, French writers have found Paris a microcosm of Gallic culture. Delete London from Thackeray or Galsworthy and the social content of a dozen great novels would disappear. But the main current of American literature has been quite tangential to Washington. Only in Mark Twain's *Gilded Age* does the city appear, and it is painted there with the awkward artificiality of a vaudeville stage backdrop.

True enough, Washington is often introduced in current second-rate fiction, but never as a real town—always as an atmosphere, a state of mind, or a political platform. The "Washington" that is talked about so much isn't a city at all; it's simply an array of activities with nothing more in common than a post-office address.

The Diplomat's "Washington," for instance, is well-known to all readers of detective stories but means nothing whatsoever to the townsfolk. The Washington press (which far surpasses that of Keene, New Hampshire in provincialism) lavishes great gobs of space on "society news." The most insignificant embassy or "service" function is described in that insipidly unctuous style common to write-ups of engagement showers in country weeklies. But, save for accidental glimpses while hunting for the sports page, the normal Washingtonian is reminded of the Diplomat's "Washington" only when he gets into the usual Sunday afternoon traffic jam on Massachusetts Avenue and looks up to see a strange flag flying on a big building.

The Politician's "Washington" seems at first more tangible, typified as it is by the showy vastness of the Capitol interior (where Grant's cigar smoke lingers yet). But—to go Swinburnean—the city sees only the seamy side of Senators. America's statesmen are, unfortunately, no heroes on location. Washington welcomes them annually with that apprehensive indulgence which Cape Codders display in greeting "summer people." The servants of the people occupy themselves mainly (Washington thinks) with gay parties in hotel suites, with breaking traffic rules, and with passing fool laws for the District. Washington presumes that they sometimes legislate on national questions. But Washington doesn't give a damn about national questions anyway, except insofar as they may impinge on the local bureaucracy. Washington wishes that Congress would pass the five-day week for government workers and get out of town.

Every bureaucrat knows how to get to his Senator or Representative—and that's all he wants to know about state business. Except for the inevitable flow of pipeline gossip (always concerned with personnel and the throat-cutting thereof), the citizenry knows the Politician's "Washington" only as he sees it mirrored in syndicated newspaper columns that are simultaneously available to 130,000,000 other Americans. The Diplomat and the Politician both camp out in Washington, and they affect the surrounding countryside far less than an army post does.

Statistically, economically, culturally, and morally bureaucracy speaks for Washington. Now the occupational disease of bureaucracy is a sort of "prison pallor" of the intellect, and in Washington this illness is endemic. Bright-eyed little blondes from Georgia, crude ambitious Yankees, tough mugs from Brooklyn—they flood into town by the hundreds and thousands, fairly radiating local color, and in a year they're all "government workers." While single they live in forlorn rooming houses, eat in cellar cafeterias, go to second-run movies, and infrequently accompany out-of-town visitors to the Smithsonian or the Lincoln Memorial. Married, they settle down in a narrow, brick-veneer "row house" with a back yard the size of a pool table ("for the kids"), and continue the movies and sightseeing as before. Married *or* single they race through the world's worst traffic twice a day in frantic lust to get to work on time and to get away from work on time. They do not visit Washington; they are not elected to Washington; they are not appointed to Washington; they work in Washington. And they *are* Washington.

A friend of mine tells of helping an old lady descend from a bus one winter morning at rush hour. Despite his efforts she slipped on the ice and fell heavily. My friend tried to enlist the aid of a passerby in lifting her to safety. "Not me, buddy," the other called over his shoulder, "I'm late now!" When you live by the time-clock and under the frown of some petty Section Chief you get that way. Washington has got that way.

Being a bureaucrat myself, I have a special motive in studying this occupational hazard of my trade, this dull gray psychosis. I think I can identify most of the symptoms. But I've got nowhere on a cure.

The cafeterias are a symptom. Everyone in Washington grabs a cafeteria lunch, because the government permits the taking of only a half-hour at noon. Cabinet ministers and messenger boys, scientists and secretaries—democracy is broad enough to include them all in the half-hour rule. For several months out of the year Washington is tropical enough to suggest a three-hour siesta as the logical break in the day's work. But the immutable cycle of run-gobble-and-run is never broken. That digestion should lend no helping hand to cerebration under these conditions is scarcely to be wondered at. Getting down to brass tacks like this we begin to see why so much of the vital business of the greatest nation on earth has been routinized into filing papers and passing the buck.

Visiting in the city of Quebec a few years ago, I was told that employees of the Provincial Government had an hour and a half (or maybe two hours) for lunch. I think Quebec must be where good bureaucrats go when they die.

The traffic is a symptom. I don't care who you are (even a Paris taxi-driver), you haven't seen traffic till you come to Washington. Washington has more cars per capita than any other American city, and hasn't the least idea what to do about it.

Every Washington family is motorized; all bread-winners work in the same part of town. From every corner of the District, from near-by Maryland suburbs, across the Potomac from Virginia scores of thousands of cars roar through the mottled gridiron of Washington streets every morning between eight and nine, and every evening between four and five. Washington drivers are hell. They obey no rules of the road. They swoop on stranded pedestrians like famished hawks henyard bound. Occasionally some local paper will send out a cruising reporter with a cash prize to be given the "courteous driver of the day." No such driver has yet been discovered.

The bureaucrat behind the wheel is dangerous. For one thing, driving is almost his only escape from office tyranny, and he swaggers in his freedom. At the same time he is obsessed with the fear of being late to work—any kind of smash-up would be preferable to that awful alternative.

He gets no help from the local authorities, from the overlords of this "planned city." Faced with the dirtiest, most exasperating traffic congestion on earth, the District Government has apparently sat down beside the problem and had itself a good cry. True, a few pitiful efforts have been made to open up new arterial approaches (that only add to bottle-neck jams), but for the most part the authorities rely on signs.

Every Washington street is not just lined by, but papered with, traffic signs. Within the space of one block the bewildered driver is advised concerning at least eight regulations. "One Way 8-9 a.m.," "One Way 5-6 p.m.," "No Parking At Any Time," "Parking Only on Sundays," "No Parking Before 4 p.m.," "No Parking After 4 p.m.," "No U-Turn," "Do Not Block S St.," "Speed Limit 25 Miles Per Hour," "No Commercial Traffic," "Truck Route," "US 290," "STOP."

The famed Washington "circles" were "planned." But they were planned to impart grandeur to the Capital scene, not to facilitate the flow of internal-combustion traffic. You're good if you can nose your way onto the edge of one of these madly-whirling roulette wheels. If centrifugal force tosses you off into the right street on the other side your luck is phenomenal. Washington's big green street cars, incidentally, ding-dong their way around the circles in the reverse direction, sturdily breasting the oncoming cars, and adding a gala tone to the rush hour.

Every once in a while District experts ascend in a blimp, hover above important thoroughfares, and conduct a "study" of traffic conditions. Then, shaking their heads gloomily, they return to earth. And order more signs.

Which leads us naturally to the subject of the District Government in general. Washington is run by committees of Congress and by their stooges. It is the worst-run city in the country.

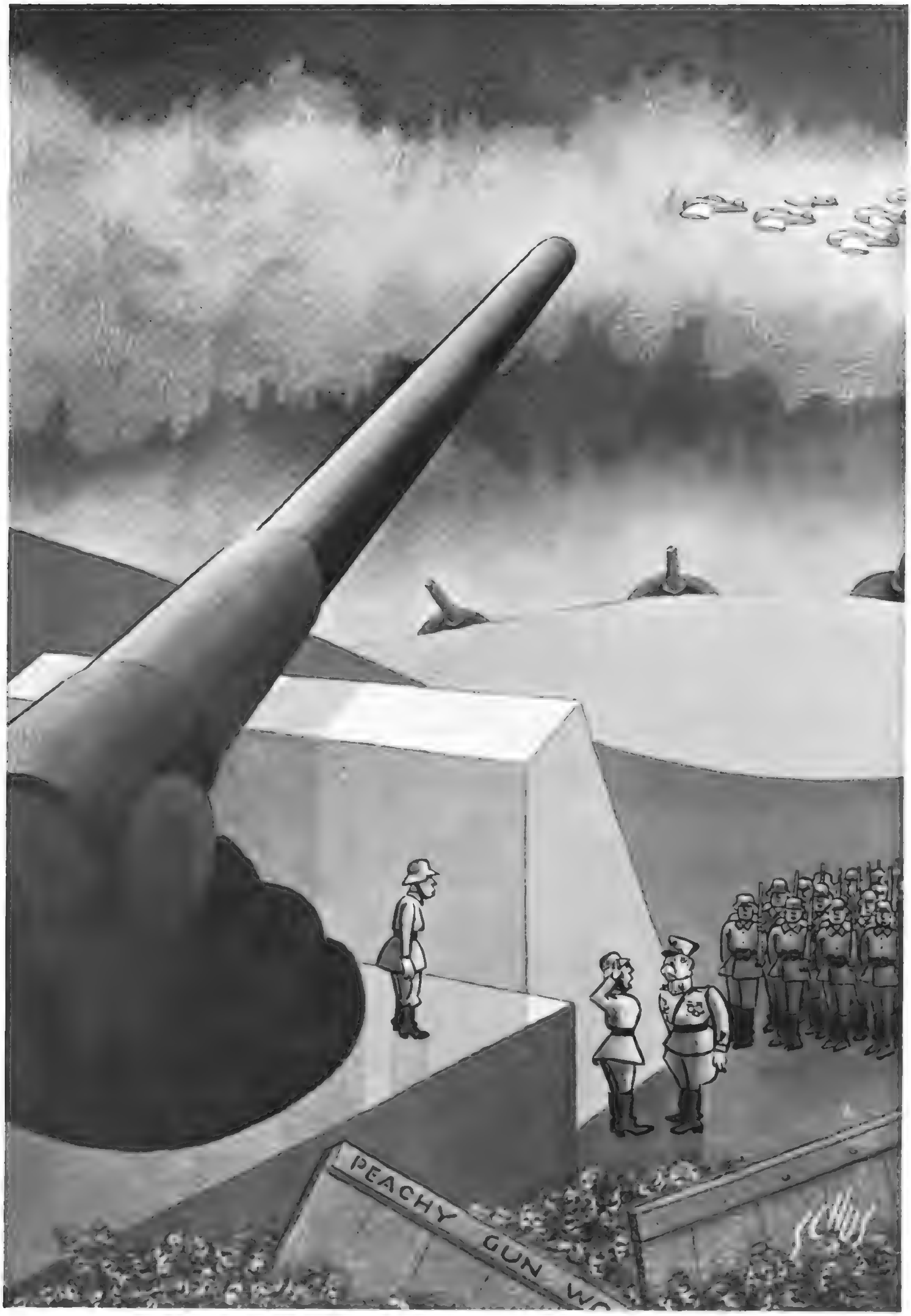
Here is the classic example of government by neglect. Congressmen are immune from the results of their own legislating (no one-way streets for *them*), and they listen to the complaints of the disfranchised bureaucrats with that bored calm usually achieved only by British officials in India. Your true "statesman" can hear a voter's voice two thousand miles away, but the baffled buzzing of half a million Washingtonians never reaches him. And why, for hell's sake, should it? They pay off on votes in a democracy, and 200,000 votes that aren't there constitute the all-time low in political sex-appeal.

All I know about corruption in the District Government is what I read in the papers when charges are brought in a Congressional hearing. There seems to be a healthy amount of corruption. And it seems to demolish Lincoln Steffens' thesis of "civic corruption by vested interests." Washington's only vested interest is the numbers racket, which operates high, wide and handsome, especially among the colored populace.

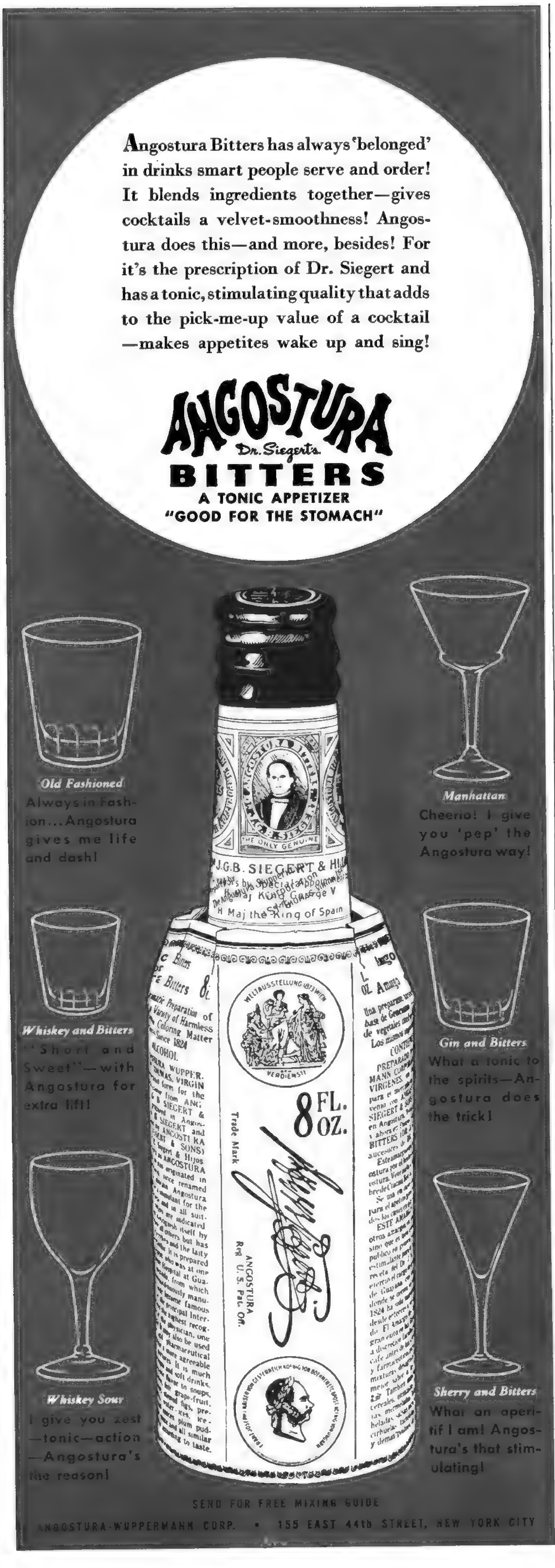
But as for inefficiency . . . ! Crime has a field-day in Washington—petty crime and crimes of violence—and the police adopt a "boys will be boys" attitude. Old ladies are attacked on the steps of 16th Street embassies; cars are stolen in broad daylight as casually as flowers are picked in a normal city; Rock Creek Park is a shooting range for the city's killers. I've heard all the official alibis. I've listened to all the explanatory statistics. But, when all the excuses are in, one ugly fact remains—in no other civilized city is it dangerous (and unheard-of) for a woman to walk one block to mail a letter after dark in the best residential sections. The test of police power is the feeling of security on the part of the inhabitants. If you want to feel secure in Washington you buy a brace of guns, and teach your wife how to shoot.

In all fairness it must be stated that the city *does* collect ashes

Continued on page 152



"I can't understand why it won't fire, sir—the directions were supposed to be nailed on the inside of the crate"



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Bureaucrat's View of Washington

Continued from pages 33-150

and garbage. But, when confronted with an emergency, such as those rare snow flurries locally known as "blizzards," the District Government just lies down and whines. Snow may be removed and streets may be sanded, but these operations must occur in obscure corners of the District.

Every time the average resident comes in contact with Washington's local government he is choked with baffled rage. It took me nine hours of waiting on three separate days to obtain license plates for my car during a slack season for the Motor Vehicle Dept. They tell me it's really bad, when the office is busy. In any state in the union the same job takes fifteen minutes. District clerks (I met twelve of them during that experience) don't bother with you much. If you were a Congressman you'd say so—if you're not, then to hell with you!

Getting back to the "planned city." Washington is proud of its parks and playgrounds. Washington has many of these. They are in the right parts of the city to look good, and in the wrong parts to serve the people. Far-flung Rock Creek Park cuts a rural swath straight into the heart of the city—there are roads and bridle-paths galore, but no walks for pedestrians. The Russian Army could camp on the Mall, with plenty of room to stretch. But you can't park a car there, though almost every office worker in Washington could walk from the Mall to his particular building. As a matter of fact, you can't park a car anywhere in Washington, unless you pay about fifty dollars a year to some "parking lot" magnate. There are many trees in Washington. Yes, the trees are really good. But looking at them is supposed to compensate you for the absence of a back yard. All in all, the "recreational system" of Washington is quite as specious as its "city plan." A real swim is hours away by car. But who would want to swim when he can always stroll by the reflecting pool between the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument?

Every American city has slums, of course. But the slums of Washington are perhaps the most painful, the most conspicuous, and the most gratuitous in the land. The Capitol is hemmed in by slums—many noble government edifices rear themselves out of slums. Georgetown (Washington's cross between Mayfair and Greenwich Village) is really just a partly-reconditioned slum. The Alley Dwelling Authority, a federal agency, has been trying to clear slums for some time. So far the ADA has managed to keep about abreast of new slums steadily developing. It looks as though, long after other cities have cleared their slums completely, Washington would still have a generous number on display—like the early automobiles in the Smithsonian. Some believe that Washington's crime rate is influenced by the slums. Congress would take a real interest in the District slums only if the latter obstructed a vista from the Jefferson Memorial.

As for Washington culture, it is, as I have suggested, a bureaucratic culture, a "cafeteria culture." The Congressional Library is always available, of course—and many Washingtonians notice it as they drive by at night to watch the flood-lights on the Capitol. This city of over half a million people possesses ONE legitimate theatre (Boston, only slightly larger, has ten or a dozen). By writing in three weeks before plays are announced in the newspapers you have a fighting chance to get expensive seats. Cheaper seats are presumably purchased a year in advance—I never knew anyone who actually had access to one. There are a few good restaurants, about one-quarter the normal number for a town this size. There are several night clubs (for the Diplomat and Politician groups). And once in a while there is a concert.

The way to enjoy Washington is to be (1) a Senator, (2) an Ambassador, or (3) a lobbyist. If you can't fix it to be one of these, stay home. In Sheep Run, Montana, or in Maple Corners, Vermont, you will live a fuller, freer life than in the capital of the richest, bravest, proudest nation the world has ever seen. You can shop by mail from these places just as well as in Washington, and the good movies will reach you sooner. Furthermore, friend, you can VOTE!

The Founding Fathers were seeking a geographic vacuum, and they created a mental one. But they failed utterly to insulate government against the pressure of interested groups. Washington is a lobbyist's paradise. Plane fare from New York means nothing in the expense account of a good "public relations counsel." When big issues are before Congress, lobbyists take over Washington the way Al Capone's gang could take over a hamlet in the Ozarks. As a result, Congress is insulated only from the voice of the American people. Parliament has reconsidered many times when angry London crowds began to tear down the railings in Hyde Park. It is good for the French Chamber to know that too many false steps in legislation will bring the Paris mob boiling across the bridges of the Seine. If our Congress should pass an act ordering every third American shot, Washingtonians wouldn't even have time to read about it during their half-hour lunch periods. The real protest would start in some Kansas village, in New England farm houses, and in the streets of New York.

What can be done about Washington? Doubtless nothing. In no community in the world is there less dry tinder for the flames of reform to ignite. Only the bureaucrats would benefit by reform, and every bureaucrat lives in hopes of early transfer back home. Washington will go on, as it always has, because it is so typically American, because it springs so immediately from American history and American character. The future will see more cars and more slums, less culture and less recreation; the future will see a long succession of Congressional Investigating Committees, whose members will continue to keep their faces straight.

I haven't touched on Washington's astronomical cost of living, or on Washington summers (which, to those who have never visited hell, are a novelty). Such complaints are routine.

But, as I look back upon Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, the 18th-century Frenchman who planned Washington, and who, more than any other person, is responsible for the place, I am forced to conclude that his proper designation should have been "L'Enfant terrible." ⧻

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 82

face. Therefore, the composer in large forms, even if he is lucky, faces a lifetime of poverty not likely for the novelist or portrait painter who has good health, and a firm of publishers or friends behind him. And poverty doesn't help creation, even though Mozart and Schubert did live in garrets and go hungry. Their genius survived in spite of it. And what is more important, their works were performed. Every great composer heard his production in his lifetime. Bach wrote his music for regular performance and directed it himself. So did Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, all the masters.

* * *

We'll never have a healthy musical life, never produce an American genius of the first water, until we have an active, militant listening public able and anxious to give the same intensity of interest that jitterbugs give. Listeners should be willing to fight for what they like.

The reason our concert-goers don't is that for all useful purposes they are deaf.

They listen but don't hear. They don't give themselves to music. They take their enjoyment vicariously . . . and, like sheep, they follow. If the dowager in charge says Sibelius is good, Sibelius must be good.

It is also true that we need organized and discriminating leadership. Conductors should not play works of their friends or of pals of the Board of Directors. The best contemporary works should be given.

The signs are indeed bright. The Federal Music Project, the festivals in Boston and New York, of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers are steps in the right direction. But the real problem rests solely with you.

Forget your missionary spirit. Most propaganda for American music—as for contemporary music—is a disservice. Don't listen to it because it is American or contemporary. Listen to it because you want to find out something about it. And don't think you're a dope or feel yourself a martyr—if you don't like it at first. It isn't all pure lyricism filled with deep, abiding beauty.

The history of music is the survival of the loudest. Every generation of composers out-shouts the last: Beethoven, Haydn—Wagner, Beethoven—Strauss, Wagner—and so on. Today it is necessary to listen through more complexity than it was in the 17th century. But that will only add to your zest in the adventure. Look upon hearing a new piece of music the same as you would a flight over the Andes or a first walk around Times Square.

The best of it is an expression of our time—not always obvious nor easy to account for on any cheap, cocksure, salts-and-electricity theory of life.

It is at once mathematical and mystical and certainly as violently non-utilitarian as was the music of our ancestors.

* * *

Unquestionably, the best way to know new music is via the gramophone. You can hear over and over again any passage that puzzles you—make strange tunes familiar within a week—and that's a first step in grasping the content of any music.

The chief drawback has been the scarcity of contemporary music on discs. Record companies, being in business for profit, are motivated by the same dollar-sign as pork packers, makers of chewing gum or billiard balls, and therefore have kept closely to established favorites.

Occasionally, goaded by informed opinion, a sense of decency and a desire to appear cultured and philanthropic, they have cut unlikely sales items. They cannot, however, by any stretch of the imagination, be compared with the English companies, who have waxed almost every note put on music paper in England this past decade.

The gramophone there has, single-handed, started a vogue for a composer by recording and publicizing his works. Delius is a case in point. They also undertook the whole Sibelius years ago.

Without any attempt to play God and judge merits and demerits, Esquire will list in its record department the recorded works of contemporary composers. For moderns, on page 86, may not be up your alley—but on an off day pick out one of the dozen albums listed there and play it over.

You may have fun and get a kick you weren't expecting. ⧻

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Fit right-Feel right, they're WALK FITTED

The above picture was taken at Provincetown, Mass. —Courtesy of the Town Criers

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Keep Moving Your Feet

Continued from page 50

into a faint, or the ball hits the floor twice on the same shot. The right of service, which carries some advantage with it, goes to the winner of the preceding point. The first player to win fifteen points wins the game, unless it goes to deuce, and a match consists of the best three games out of five.

Squash rackets is an importation from England, and is descended from the ferocious game of rackets, which is believed to have originated in a seventeenth-century debtor's prison. Rackets has to a large extent been superseded: it is too expensive for anyone but a debtor or a well-heeled capitalist, and, besides, since it is the "fastest game on foot," it demands near-perfect conditioning. The rackets court is almost twice as long as the squash rackets court and is surfaced with a special imported material applied by English workmen. Four officials are needed to conduct a formal match, one of them being occupied mostly with handing out new equipment. Bats may be broken at the rate of two hundred dollars' worth an afternoon; the ball has to be replaced about every ninety seconds. This rackets ball is interesting if only because it may be older than the players using it. Its core is of tightly wound cloth, its cover of white leather. When the cover is nicked, the core is returned to England (or was until September 1) and new leather sewed over it. Aging and the hammering of play improve its resiliency.

Originally intended as a training game for rackets, squash rackets has become the game to play. It is strenuous but does not keep a contestant doing the hundred-yard dash for an hour on end. It is less dangerous than rackets, for not all rackets players go through life keeping both their eyes. Officials are not needed in informal play, and only one is required in matches between clubs. The racket, though it is never guaranteed and will break easily enough if slapped against a wall, can be made to last a full season.

What constitutes a good squash rackets player has not been determined. A little skinny guy can take a fall out of an ex-football-player, or vice versa. Power counts, but it is not everything. Speed counts, but you can often find a stocky chunk of a man playing such a canny game that he does not have to be fast. A rangy man with a long reach seems to have an advantage, but let a cold-blooded mite go into the court with him and the outcome is not predictable. All other things being equal, it is plain fortitude that wins, the willingness to keep going when your heart is pushing into your throat and to step up the competition when you would rather lie down and die.

As in tennis and other sports, the style of play is likely to be modeled on the style of the current national champion. If the champion slams his service so hard that he pins his opponent (that is, if his opponent cannot dodge the ball as it rebounds off the front wall), other players try the same tactics. If the champion is a soft-ball artist, his style is considered the best until he is dethroned. The old argument of soft-style versus hard-style has never been settled for any long period of time. Just when everyone is agreed that a good hard hitter can always win from a good soft hitter, the soft hitter wins a decisive match and the argument is back where it began.

Coaches teach a varied, brainy game with emphasis on skilful stroking, but young players, unless they are of the stuff that makes champions or near-champions, almost inevitably turn on the power and burn up energy by the tank-car. The ball may sail high, hitting side wall, front wall, and back wall before it hits the floor—there may be terrific collisions between players—but this recklessness to a young man is fun. It is an absolute release of vitality and gustiness, and is especially esteemed after a day of paper or book work.

As an average player grows older, he has to forego climbing up the walls and turning handsprings. His game becomes calculated and tricky. He hits long when he seems to be hitting short, short when he seems to be hitting long. He mixes soft shots with hard shots, and plays for position. He goes for the kill only when he is reasonably sure of getting it. And if he is a proficient older player he can throttle a young man's game so effectively that he might as well be playing with a baseball bat.

Age does not wither nor custom stale. After forty a man can take his squash rackets or leave it alone, but usually he takes it. Before a match he may have to oil his joints and apply special supporters, but the pleasure he gets from subduing young upstarts is worth the trouble. There are plenty of players of over fifty who can win from young men of no inconsiderable ability. Harry Boakes, one of the grandest of grand old men, was playing a creditable game at eighty-two years.

Women, as might be expected, have invaded the game and ordinarily play a pat-the-ball, catch-the-butterfly style which some people find perfectly charming. A few years ago a team invaded England and was trounced. The report when the players returned home was that they had had no large reservoir of players to draw from, most American girls in an economic position to play being more interested in languid comfort, cigarettes, and cocktails than in sports. Moreover, the English girls had had the advantage of playing with men, while American men for unexplained reasons would rather compete among themselves than against their womenfolk. This

Continued on page 156

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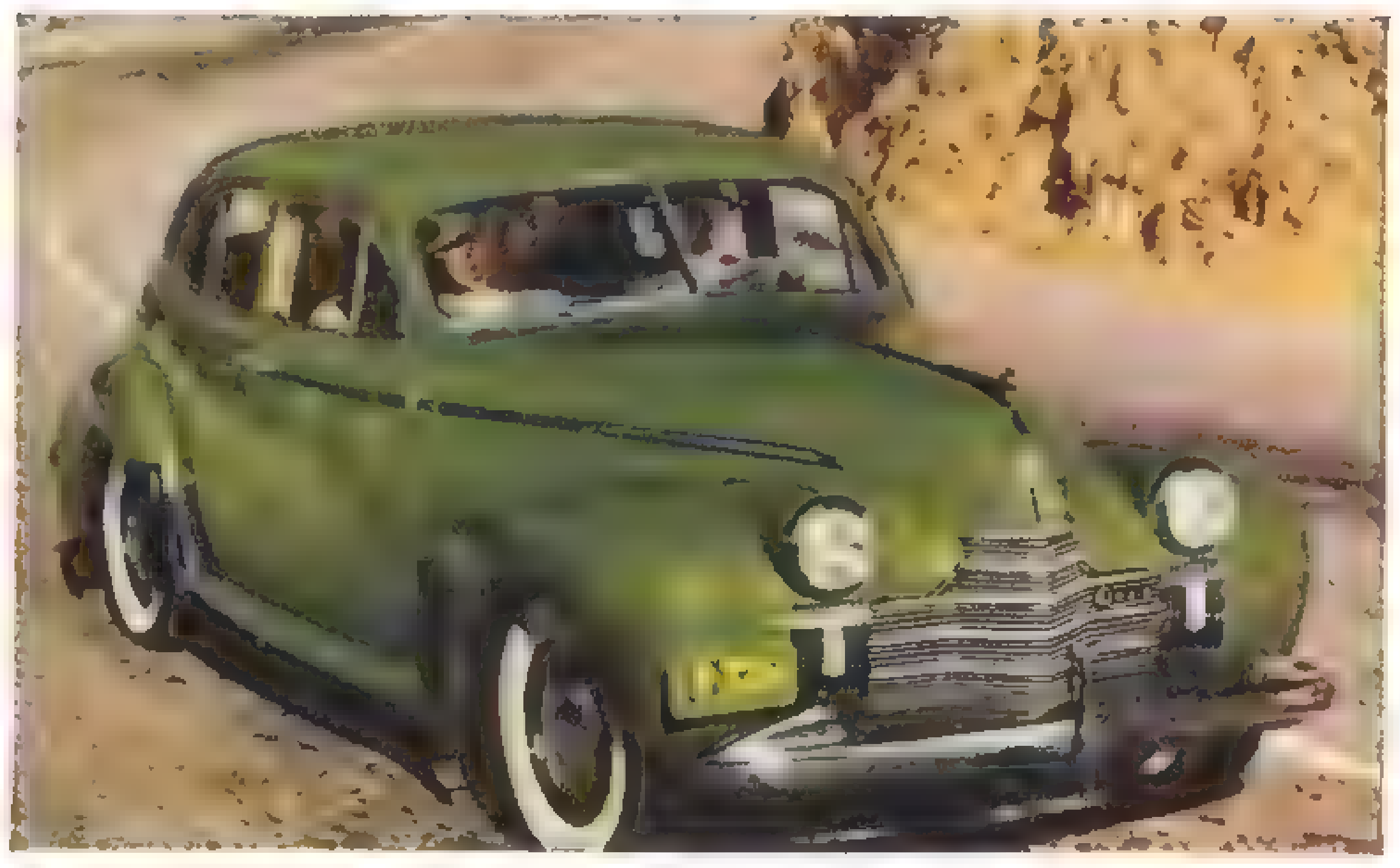

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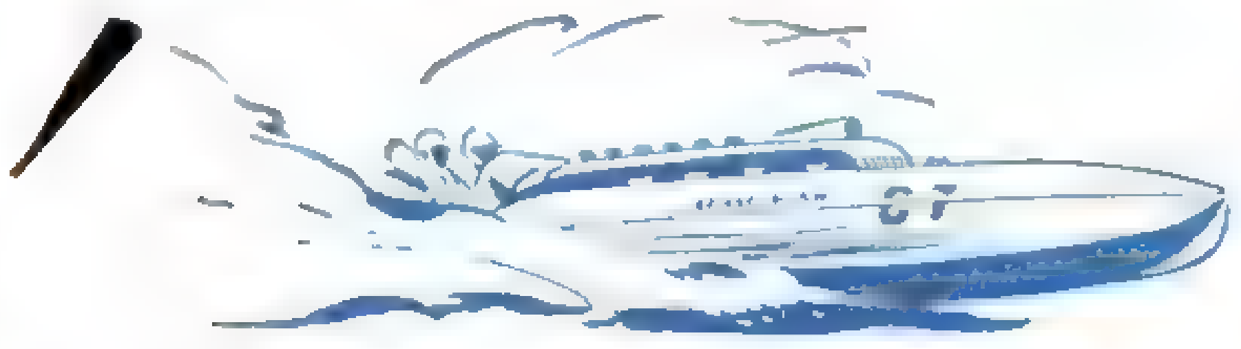

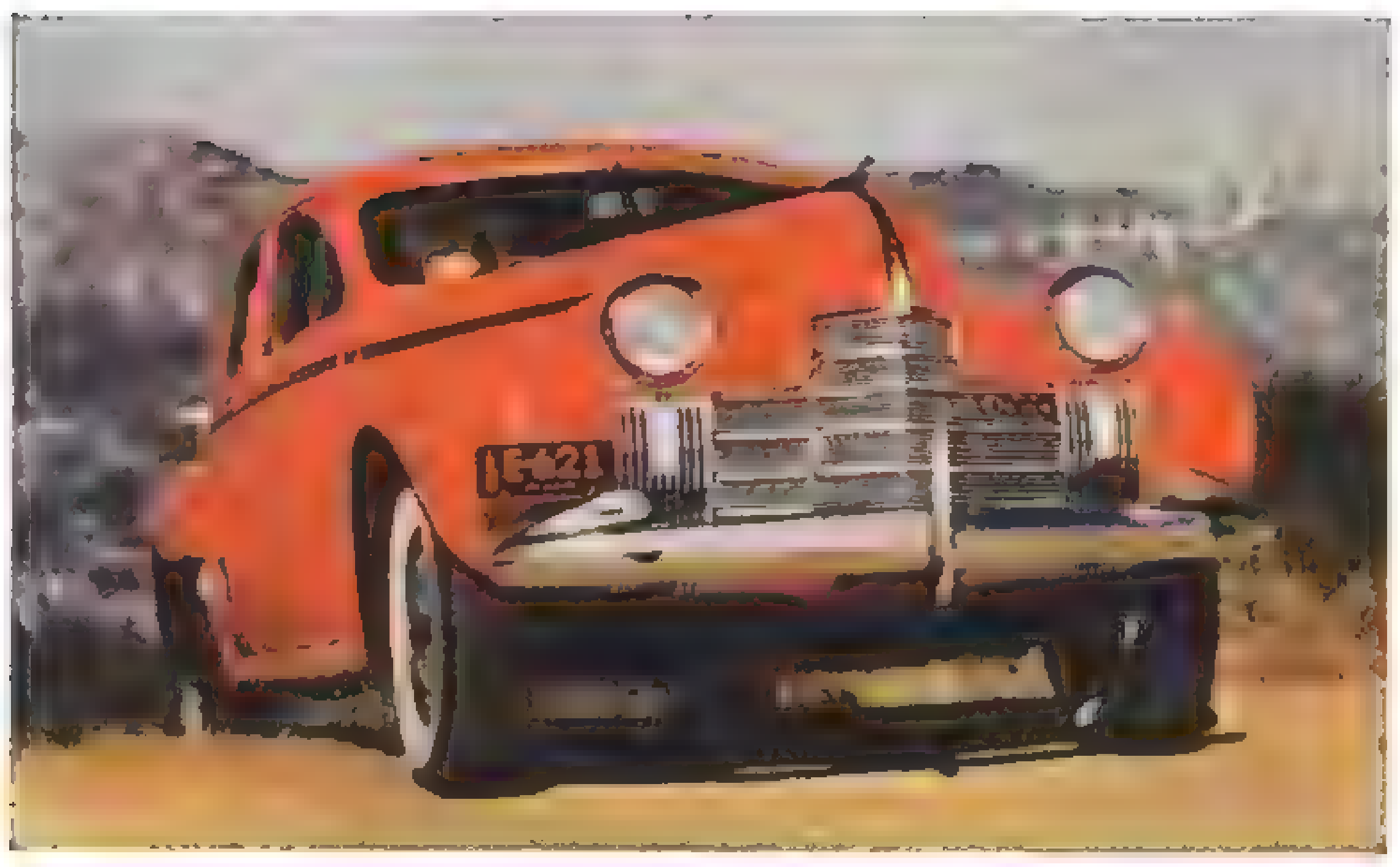

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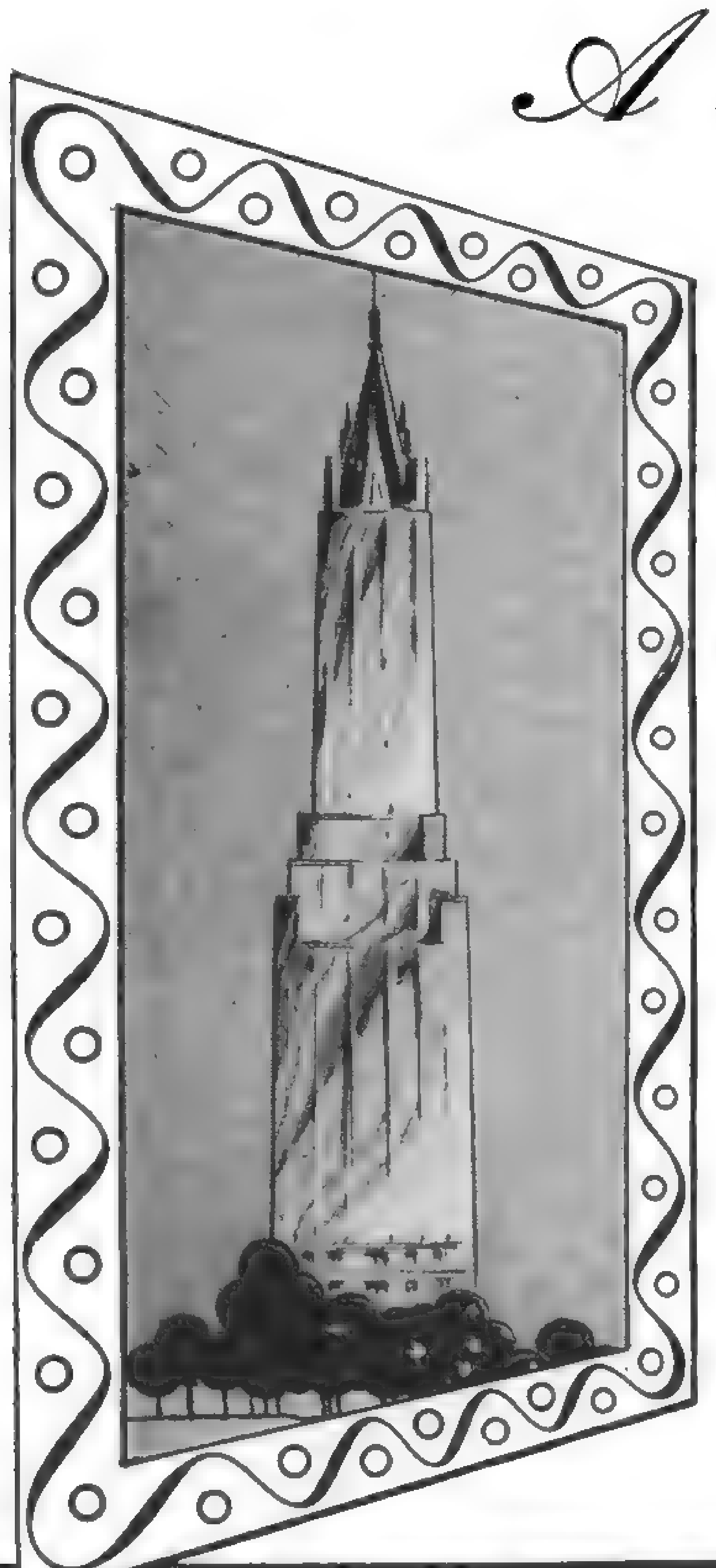

Keep Moving Your Feet

Continued from pages 50-154

is not to say, however, that all American girls fail to reach a proficiency which is terrible to behold in the female of the species. When the English girls came to this country and played on American courts, they took a beating.

Because it is a game of tremendous appeal, squash rackets breeds some amazing cases of bugginess. Matches have been arranged for and played after midnight. An addict does not like to visit a city without inspecting the local courts and testing the competition. Some men, of more vitality than discretion, play all day long, yelling like school boys during a recess period. But the oddest and yet most common manifestation is the squash-rackets nightmare, in which the addict dreams that he is in a tough match and begins to tear the bed to pieces. This may happen night after night during the season and, if the addict is married and believes in the homespun institution of the double bed, is rougher on his wife than an out-and-out domestic encounter. The dreamer sees himself embroiled in a fierce match, the ball steaming in zigzag patterns about a foot above the floor. At the climax his opponent is forced to make a weak return. The dreamer glides into position, poises himself, and then drives into the ball with all his weight and strength. His wife, stricken like a torpedoed ship, lands on the floor howling and screaming. She is tangled in bed clothes and pajamas, bruised, and downright mad. In the ensuing hubbub it is possible to learn that this is no way for a gentleman to awaken a lady.

One great advantage of squash rackets over many other sports is that the beginner can have as much fun as the expert. He is not forever chasing balls and being reminded of his mistakes. While he is learning he may not win half a dozen points in half a dozen games, but he does not have the worry that he is making a fool of himself. Another advantage is convenience. If you have a match scheduled for five in the afternoon, you can be sure, barring violent acts of God, that five is the time you will play. Wet weather or darkness makes no difference. You don't have to assemble a team. You don't have to drive miles into the country, hire a caddy, and spend the afternoon taking your exercise. You merely make sure that you have an opponent, go to the court, and stage the battle. Within an hour you will have had all the exercise that a non-professional needs.

The worst enemy of squash rackets is the court hog. He is the crowding, pressing, sub-human creature who plays with his elbows out. His feet drag. He shadows half of the front wall. He moves in so that his opponent's swing is cramped. In England it is ethical to make the swing just as if he were not there—to swat him in the tail or elsewhere with racket or ball or both. The English attitude is that he should be made to play right or take the punishment. In the United States it is considered better form to play around the hog or to claim interference. In both countries the rule is hard on the hog—it specifies that a player hit by a ball on a direct flight to the front wall not only takes the jolt but loses the point as well.

There is room on the court for two men if each has respect for the other's rights. In a well played match, though the pace may be that of a speedway race, interference does not occur once in a game. The players know what patterns of play to expect and are willing, as a matter of playing cleanly, to keep clear on all shots. The court hog gets his reward when he is matched with another hog and a double massacre results.

Occasionally even among experts an accident happens, with results both tragic and hilarious. A step in the wrong direction puts one of the players in front of the ball as it comes hot off his opponent's racket. There is a smack and a yell. The victim howls and begins a war dance, rubbing himself lightly as his nerves snap and crawl. "Oh, I'm sorry," exclaims the hitter. But he is not half so sorry, no matter what kind of gentleman he is, as the player who was hit. Play is resumed after the victim walks around a bit to see whether he will hold together.

The bruise made by a squash rackets ball develops nicely within forty-eight hours. It is circular and if suitably placed, spreads to a diameter of from eight to ten inches. On the edges its color is bluish. Inside, it is a lurid mixture of red and yellow, shading off to black and blue near the center. The center itself, covering a space the size of a dime, is a flat, dull white. It looks like something dead.

Squash rackets will never be popular in the sense that it will draw big gates and make the headlines. The construction of the courts makes large crowds of spectators impossible. A court with a seating capacity of three hundred is exceptional, and the usual capacity is about fifty. There has been some talk of building glass courts at least for the championship matches, but, by and large, most players feel that the game belongs to them and that commercializing it would only take the sport out of it and breed a new race of tramps. For their own playing they are satisfied to go off by themselves and have it out without benefit of officials or spectators. That they love the game is indisputable. In the fall of the year when the smoky haze settles over the horizons, they regret the finish of outdoor sports but have the satisfaction of knowing that for the next six or seven months they can engage in an indoor sport for which they do not have to apologize to anybody. ##

Looking Inward . . .

Features You Won't Want To Miss in the February Issue of Coronet Magazine

Good Eyes for Life by J. C. Furnas—The author of "—And Sudden Death" has here produced an article that is perhaps less dramatic but certainly of at least equal significance. First ask yourself which one of your five senses you would least be willing to part with—and then read this article detailing the specific measures that must be adopted in order to maintain the priceless gift of vision intact.

Skidproof Your Memory by Mark Ashley—The fabulous Addison Sims of Seattle, who could memorize an entire telephone book verbatim, has by now become something of a stock joke. Mr. Ashley kids him none too gently but at the same time points out that there was method in his madness—that there actually is a practical system for vastly improving the quality of your memory.

My Brother Becomes a Star by Virginia Stewart—Have you ever wondered "how it feels" to have a movie star for a brother? This personal account, by James Stewart's sister, answers that question with refreshing frankness and charm.

Starting Life Over Again by Count Ferdinand Czernin—If you are acquainted with a refugee and want to help him out, here's a real chance. Just hand him this article to read. It is an exceptionally penetrating analysis of the mental readjustment the refugee must make before he can hope to be happy in America. And more than that, written by a distinguished immigrant who has himself been forced to undergo this mental readjustment, the article contains brilliant comments on "the American way" that every citizen should read.

Building the Vocabulary by Alison Aylesworth—Vocational studies prove that the bigger a man's vocabulary, the better the job he is likely to hold. This article does not argue the point—but it does tell exactly how to go about the business of improving and enlarging your vocabulary.

The Coronet Gallery of Master Photographs and 20 other features by Louis Zara, Alice Beal Parsons, Manuel Komroff, Robert W. Marks, Thomas Benton, Carleton Smith, Parke Cummings.

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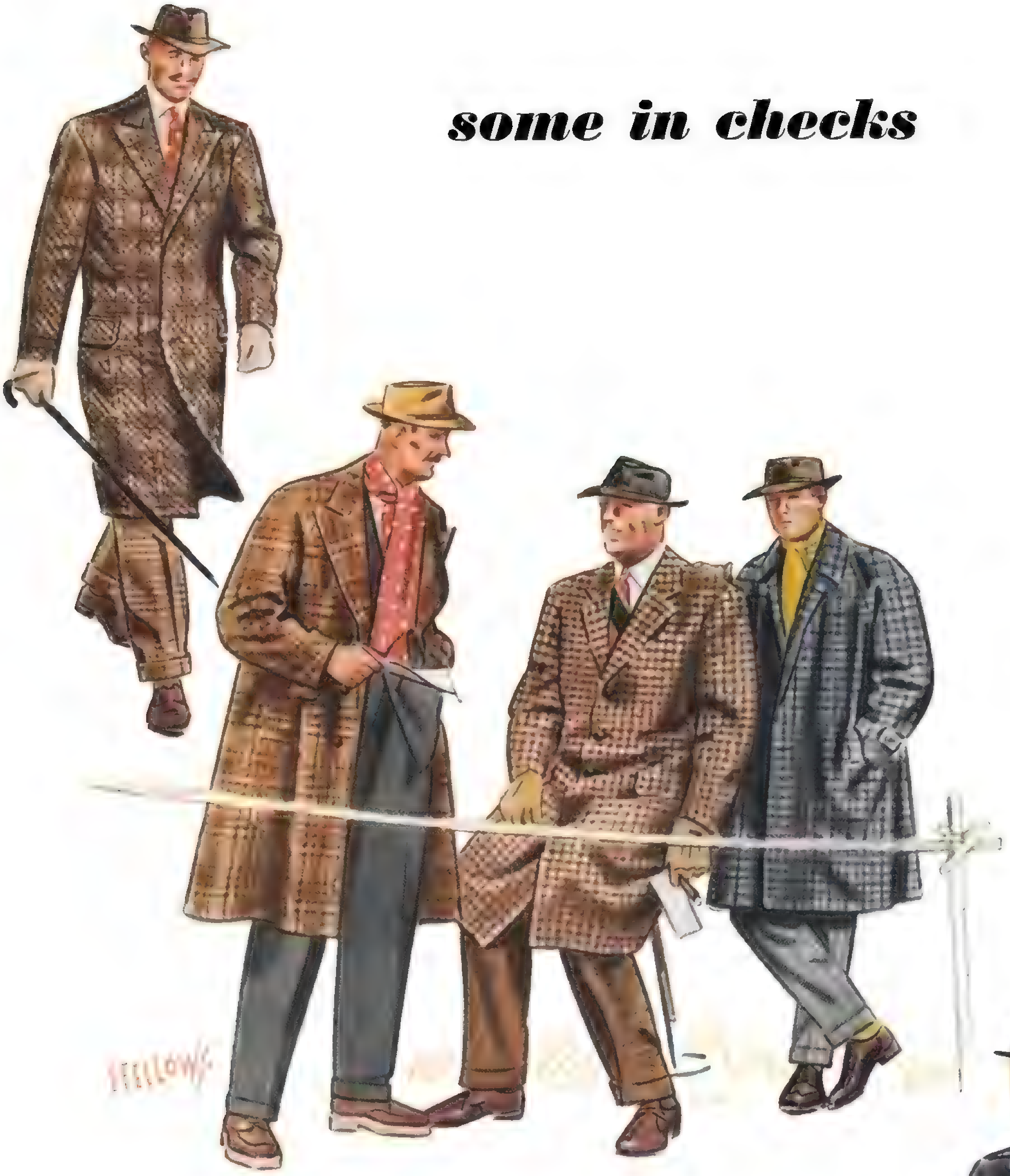
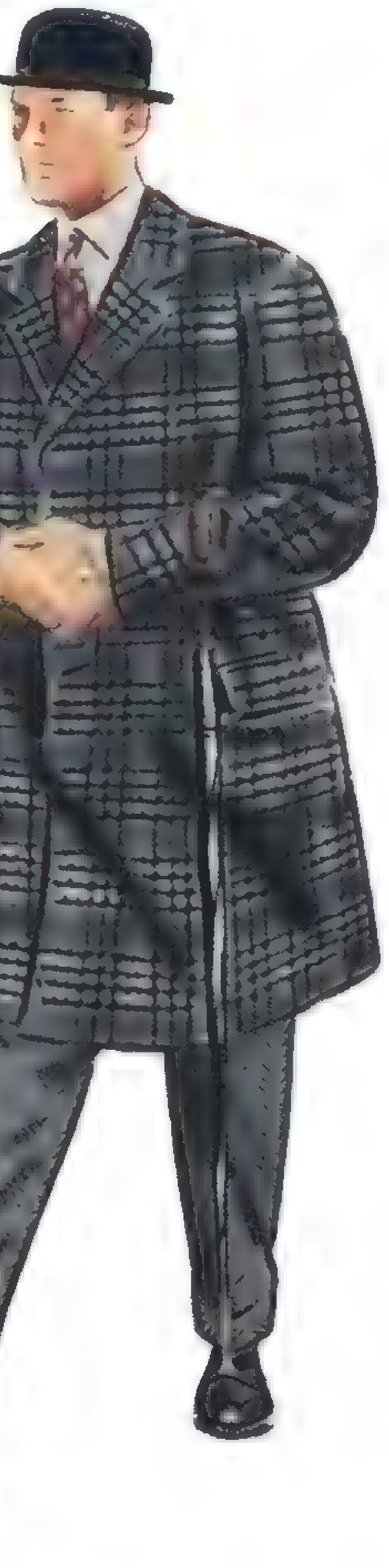


HERE'S a right smart collection of checked tweed topcoats—forerunners of the sports trend for spring. All are correct for wear in town or country, as well as for traveling. At upper left is a single breasted fly front peak lapel tweed coat in two-button style with lapel rolled to the waistline. This is a brown cheviot with colorful Glen pattern, and comes only two inches below the knee. It is worn in town with semi-sports clothes, reverse calf shoes and either the Cavalier, Homburg or bowler hat. The left hand figure of the center group shows a single breasted, button-through, raglan sleeve, tweed topcoat in large tan Glen pattern, with leather buttons, flapped pockets, ticket pocket and a wide flare to the skirt. It is especially appropriate for country wear with Lovat tweed suit, reverse calf "gummies" and sports hat. The man in the center wears a three-button, notch lapel, single breasted Harris tweed coat with set-in sleeves and leather buttons, monk front shoes and semi-sports hat. The man at the right wears a Harris tweed balmacaan topcoat in large blue, grey and white check, a favorite with college men. It has slash pockets, military collar and raglan shoulders, and is worn here with a pork pie hat, striped flannel suit and brown brogue shoes. At lower right is a knee length single breasted fly front grey Glen Urquhart topcoat with set-in sleeves. Although shown here with town accessories, it is equally correct for spectator sports.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



The Lady from Paris

Continued from page 44

her. The express started, and by the time she had come to the path leading to the top of the embankment the train had disappeared. Nothing was left of it except a ribbon of smoke which slowly dispersed in the lazy air.

There stood Mme. Du Deffand all by herself in the sunny, silent afternoon, on her left arm a huge bouquet of poppies. Poppies she had, but other necessities none. Her luggage had disappeared with the train. She had left in her compartment the satchel containing her passport, her jewels, her money, and her check book. It was simply by chance that she had taken her handbag along when she got off the train. Now she could look at herself in her mirror; could touch up her mouth and her eyes.

A hundred meters from her a herd of sheep was grazing at the side of the embankment. The animals raised their heads, disturbed, when the strong perfume of the Parisian lady reached them.

As for Mme. Du Deffand, she was so frightened that her feet were rooted to the ground. During the first few seconds she couldn't move. Then slowly she regained her poise. A complacent smile appeared on her flashing lips: She had realized that if practically all Paris had lain at her feet, then there would be a man in this strange country too who would be happy to be able to adore and help her.

Soon she found one.

On the narrow path between the wheat fields a gendarme appeared and stood in front of the lady from Paris.

In Hungary the gendarmes are chosen from among the most stalwart of men. The gendarme of Mme. Du Deffand was a handsome man too; muscular, like a bull of the puszta. The night-black cock feathers on his helmet waved in the air. On his hands, white gloves; on his shoulder a rifle with bayonet. He wore his splendid uniform proudly; he looked as if he had stepped forth from the magnificent chorus of a grand opera finale. In the course of her long career Mme. Du Deffand had seldom taken to a man as she took to the gendarme. Her eyes clung to the tanned face and to the chin strap which was taut around his jaws. Her amethyst eyes smiled bewitchingly. She chirped in French and giggled in English; but the gendarme didn't understand a word of these languages. He stood silently, dignified and stern. One could see no emotion in his face. But inside, he was very much amazed. He didn't know how to classify this woman whom he found at the edge of the wheat fields. Was she a woman at all? Or a witch? Or was she just crazy? Had she come up from hell? Anyway, how in hell had she ever got here?

Mme. Du Deffand was convinced that her violet and gray checked traveling suit and her Bordeaux rouge hat were so discreet that they could not have been more discreet. On the other hand, the gendarme was staring because he couldn't understand how an old hag like this could put on such a gaudy layout. The gendarme didn't notice it with his eyes, but felt it with his glands that Mme. Du Deffand was no longer young. The lady's skin was smooth and unwrinkled: it had recently been tampered with behind the ears. She wore sensational dark red hair which cast violet shadows in the sunshine, and that was the trouble. The gendarme didn't like to see nature violated.

They stood facing each other for a few minutes. They stared at each other. The gendarme was silent; Mme. Du Deffand babbled. She chattered, gesticulated, and smiled; and when she saw that all her efforts were in vain, she began to cry hysterically and sat down on the ground, sobbing wildly.

The gendarme listened and pondered. It had even occurred to him that perhaps the strange female had dropped from a plane. At any rate, she was lost; she was definitely out of place. She had to be taken away to some place where there would be people to understand her language. He waited until the crying attack wore off. Then he assisted the woman to her feet, and with one heavy gesture he beckoned to her to follow him. Mme. Du Deffand understood the gesture, but with an imploring glance she asked for a minute of delay. Her tears had ravaged her make-up. She wanted to repair the damage. She took out her mirror and her cosmetics.

"By God, she's crazy," the gendarme thought; but nothing moved in his face. Slowly he started down the path, and the lady followed him in a state of collapse, two steps behind.

The gendarme was handsome even from behind. His shoulders were broad, his waist slender; his gait showed strength. But Mme. Du Deffand could no longer enjoy this sight. Her shoes were not made for walking on rough roads. Her ankles twisted; she got tired, lost her breath. She had a pain in her side. She began to sob and sat down on the ground again.

The trip lasted an hour and a half. During this time Mme. Du Deffand had fifteen crying attacks. The gendarme never said a word, only waited for the attack to end and then sternly led the Parisian lady further into the silent pomp of the summer.

This is how they reached the nearest ranch. This outpost consisted of several miserable huts around a long stable. On the ground there were plows, ox yokes, rusty hoes. Everywhere poverty and simplicity.

Mme. Du Deffand collapsed on an old box. The men were all working in the fields; only the women and the children were at

Continued on page 160

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Oxford

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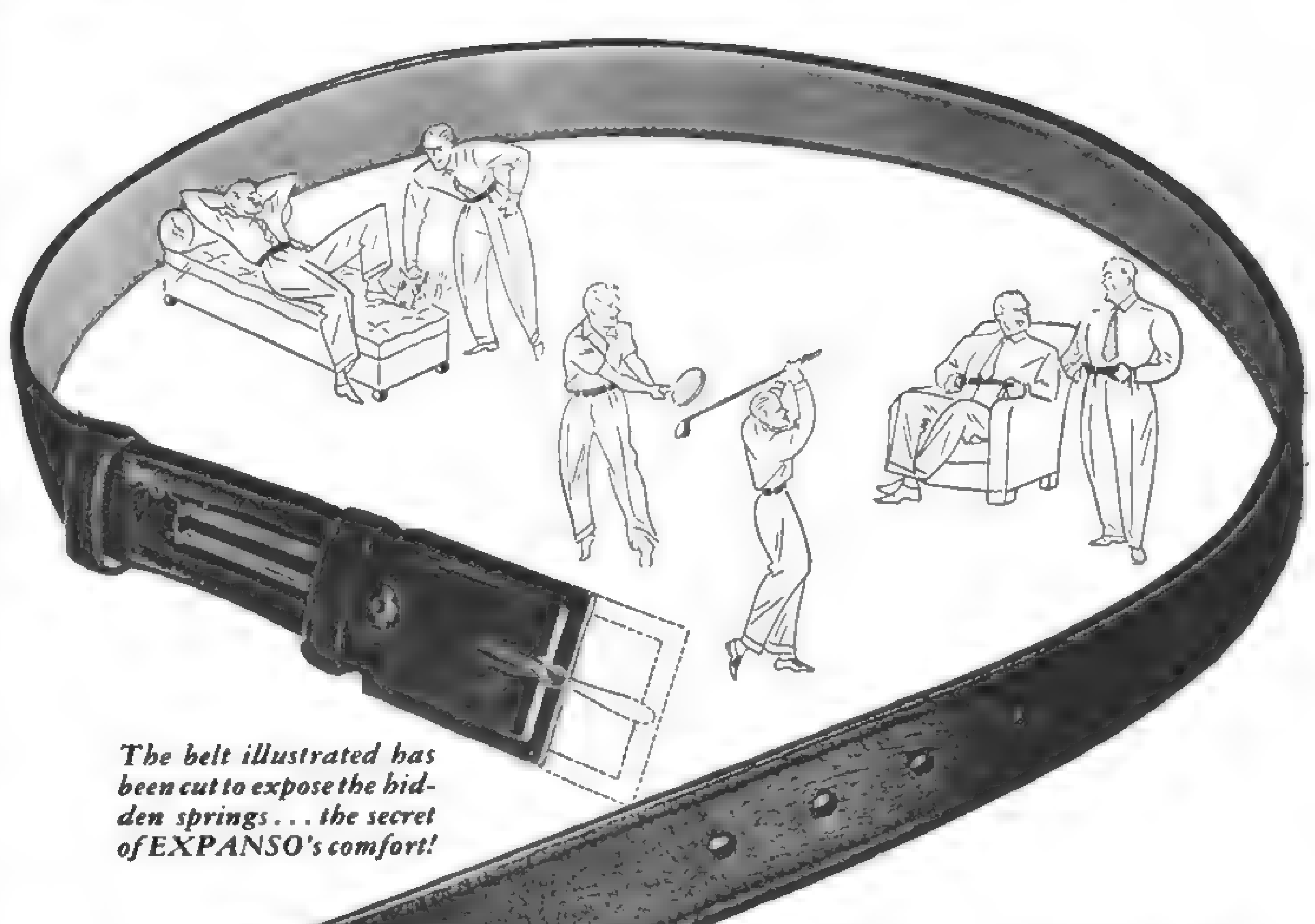

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The Lady from Paris

Continued from pages 44-159

home on the ranch. These barefooted women and some half-naked children surrounded the strange newcomer and stared at her as if she had been a monkey on top of the hurdy-gurdy at the fair. They stared and laughed at her. Perhaps they would even have touched her to see what she was made of if the dignified presence of the gendarme had not disciplined them. Mme. Du Deffand felt with a sense of gratitude that her person was under the protection of the majestic gendarme in the ring of giggling and impudent peasants.

In the meantime there was a new misfortune. The box on which the lady was sitting was close to the pig sty. The angry and voracious pig fleas had sensed the presence of this strange, fine, tender, white flesh and made an attack upon the guest. After a half-hour Mme. Du Deffand was full of fleas. This was a new sensation. Never in her life had she scratched herself before. Now she scratched herself bloody because of the insufferable itching, while the inhabitants of the ranch looked on her sufferings guffawing.

However, the gendarme did not remain inactive. He requisitioned a donkey and hitched it to a cart. He put the lady in it and started leading the donkey toward the next village. Along the road the peasants turned aside and spat in the dust; the peasant women crossed themselves. In the village the priest and the notary refused, outraged, to take the painted, filthy woman into their homes.

The only thing left for the gendarme to do was to take Mme. Du Deffand to the town hall. He conducted her to an empty office which was furnished with two ink-stained desks, a couple of broken down file cabinets full of dusty documents, and along the wall, long benches.

When dusk descended the gendarme lighted the oil lamp, brought blankets, and made a bed for the lady on one of the benches. She obeyed him and lay down on the bench. She wept and scratched and then watched with excited curiosity while the gendarme made his nocturnal toilet. From his chin he pushed up the strap; he took off the feathered helmet, pulled off the dolman and his boots. Then he blew out the light and lay down on the other bench.

"He is keeping watch over me, my cavalier," Mme. Du Deffand thought sentimentally, refusing to give up her fixed idea that in secret the gendarme was fascinated by her but had concealed his sentiments out of masculine bashfulness.

The oil lamp made a terrific stink in the dark room.

The gendarme snored like a mythological demigod. The fleas were at work too, but exhaustion finally conquered the lady from Paris. She fell asleep and outslept the gendarme. When she opened her eyes the man had been up for a long time. He had washed at the well; he had put on his white gloves. He looked clean and pressed; somehow cleanliness and elegance were in his blood.

A peasant wagon drove up in front of the town hall. The gendarme had ordered it to take away the parrot-tongued woman whom fate had dropped on his neck. Mme. Du Deffand did not go to the well to wash but helped herself as best she could. Sitting on the shaky wagon she took out her handbag and smeared a little rouge over the filth which had covered her face. The wagon rattled along the road. They were going past seas of wheat, rye, and young maize sprouts. Suddenly they came to an allée of poplars. The poplars led to a friendly chestnut forest. In the center of the chestnut forest, unexpectedly as in a fairy tale, a splendid castle rose before their eyes.

It was a magnificent baroque castle surrounded with well tended flower beds. Just like the ones at home in Armagnac, or in Bretagne where Mme. Du Deffand had often spent week ends with rich industrialists.

The castle belonged to the Count, and so did all the wheat around it. With his august mind the gendarme had decided that he would bring here the lady who apparently belonged in such a place. Let the gentlefolk take her off his hands. There was nothing he could make of her.

The idea was good. The castle and the noble family meant redemption for Mme. Du Deffand, who, however, did not neglect to cast a last romantic glance of farewell to the superb gendarme. If she had been given a little encouragement perhaps she would even have fallen on his bosom for a fleeting moment. But the gendarme stood sternly, and in his motionless posture there was a suggestion of haughty reserve. On parting he saluted, raised his gloved hand to his feathered shako.

In Hungary one can find counts who look like gigolos, and countesses who are like stars from some revue. But the aristocratic family with which Mme. Du Deffand had fallen in was a very conservative clan. They had preserved the old forms and the old morals. They spent the major part of the year on their estate. They lived in stern isolation and it was very difficult to find a way into their aloof circle. But they received Mme. Du Deffand with pleasant friendliness. Perhaps to some extent because for them the guest was like an unexpected fashion plate, news from the remote outside world. But mostly because they had the genteel tradition not to refuse help to a distressed traveler.

The old Count was fat and wore a gray summer alpaca suit and wide brimmed straw hat. He looked like an old-fashioned and distinguished southern gentleman whose sons had fought under General Lee. The Countess wore her white hair in a knot low on the neck. The two young Countesses wore tennis dresses; no powder or rouge. The young Count buttoned the collar of his polo shirt and put on his coat as soon as he heard that a guest had arrived, although the heat was murderous.

France is a little present everywhere around the globe. In this aristocratic family everybody knew French, but they spoke the language of Voltaire and Racine. They used gallant, ancient and forgotten idioms. In the pronunciation of the young Countesses there was something Swiss: they had had a girl from Geneva as their governess for ten years. Their brother pronounced his French u's in an English manner because he had learned French in England.

Mme. Du Deffand felt as if she had gone back a hundred years in time. As for her hosts, they listened dazed to the modern, subtle Parisian argot which reeled off the guest's tongue.

Mme. Du Deffand was treated as if she had suffered shipwreck and was given everything that is due to a shipwrecked traveler: a bath, massage, fresh lingerie, gossamer stockings. Her wardrobe was put in order. The only thing that the house could not give her was new eyelashes. Unfortunately, in her peregrinations she had lost her eyelashes, and without them she felt not quite dressed.

Mme. Du Deffand had a splendid chateau in the vicinity of Paris, but this chateau had been furnished in haste during two weeks by the best interior decorators when M. Du Deffand, who was a factory owner, bought it from its old master. In the chateau there were old and new objets d'art. Cameos and porcelains in glass cabinets. In a separate case a medieval mass surplice of cloth of gold. Carefully and pretentiously arranged on the walls, paintings from Velásquez to Picasso.

This house was different, quite. Its inner splendor had taken shape intimately through centuries, along the margins of history. Pictures painted by the Italian masters, blackened by time, portrayed the long deceased members of the family. The silver coats of mail on the walls had been worn by the ancestors. On the mantle there was a golden box which Benvenuto Cellini had fashioned; they kept cigarettes in it. There were only useful objects; their art treasures were not for display. Mme. Du Deffand had a good scent. Soon she realized that these people belonged to a sphere which she had never been able to penetrate even in her own country. Her riches were too recent; her pedigree too short. The photographs in the newspapers, her fashionable appearance and her successes only frightened away these reticent and proud circles. She was happy that her adventure had taken her into this closed world—because there was no doubt in her mind that the twin of this Hungarian castle existed somewhere in Armagnac, if not in Provence or in Bretagne. The castles didn't know of each other's existence, but they were all alike, like mountain lakes, because of the history of their origin.

She made up her mind to conquer this friendly family. From the shipwrecked traveler she wanted to transfer herself into a guest, so that later she might be able to talk about them at home. She flattered the old Countess and her daughters. She flirted in turn with the old Count and his son. But the more she exerted herself the more the quiet house was filled with the wish: "If this fantastic stranger would only leave here!"

Mme. Du Deffand, however, could not notice this. She was treated with such pleasant sincerity and charm—and on the morning of the second day she was thrown out with such *savoir faire*—that to her it seemed more like an invitation to stay on than a cessation of hospitality.

By that time, after a few telephone calls the host found that none of Mme. Du Deffand's belongings had been lost. At the frontier station the officials had taken the luggage from the empty compartment. They had her passport, her money, and her jewels to the last little brooch.

The old Count expressed his regret in a jovial manner. He was sorry that the entire luggage had not been lost, because then Madame, his dear guest, would have had to stay in his house forever.

The old Count spoke and the Countess smiled, but the daughters had already brought their bouquets of farewell from the rose garden, and the young Count drove up to the portico of the castle with his car.

It was natural that the young Count should drive the guest all the way to the frontier station. Train connections are very complicated and it would not be fitting to leave a lady to manage such a long trip alone when the shock of recent misfortunes was still fresh in her memory.

They didn't take the chauffeur along; the young Count was driving himself. They sped along smoothly on the road. A little bird knocked against the glass of the windshield. Suddenly they had to stop. There was something wrong with one of the tires. The young Count leaped down from the wheel to change the tire.

Mme. Du Deffand got out of the car too and watched the boy work. She decided that he looked like the gendarme; that he was the same type; just as brown and slender, only the shading was finer. Not a man yet, only a boy. Well, what of it?

There wasn't a soul around them in the honey scented summer. Along the highway there were velvety fields of marguerites. Mme.

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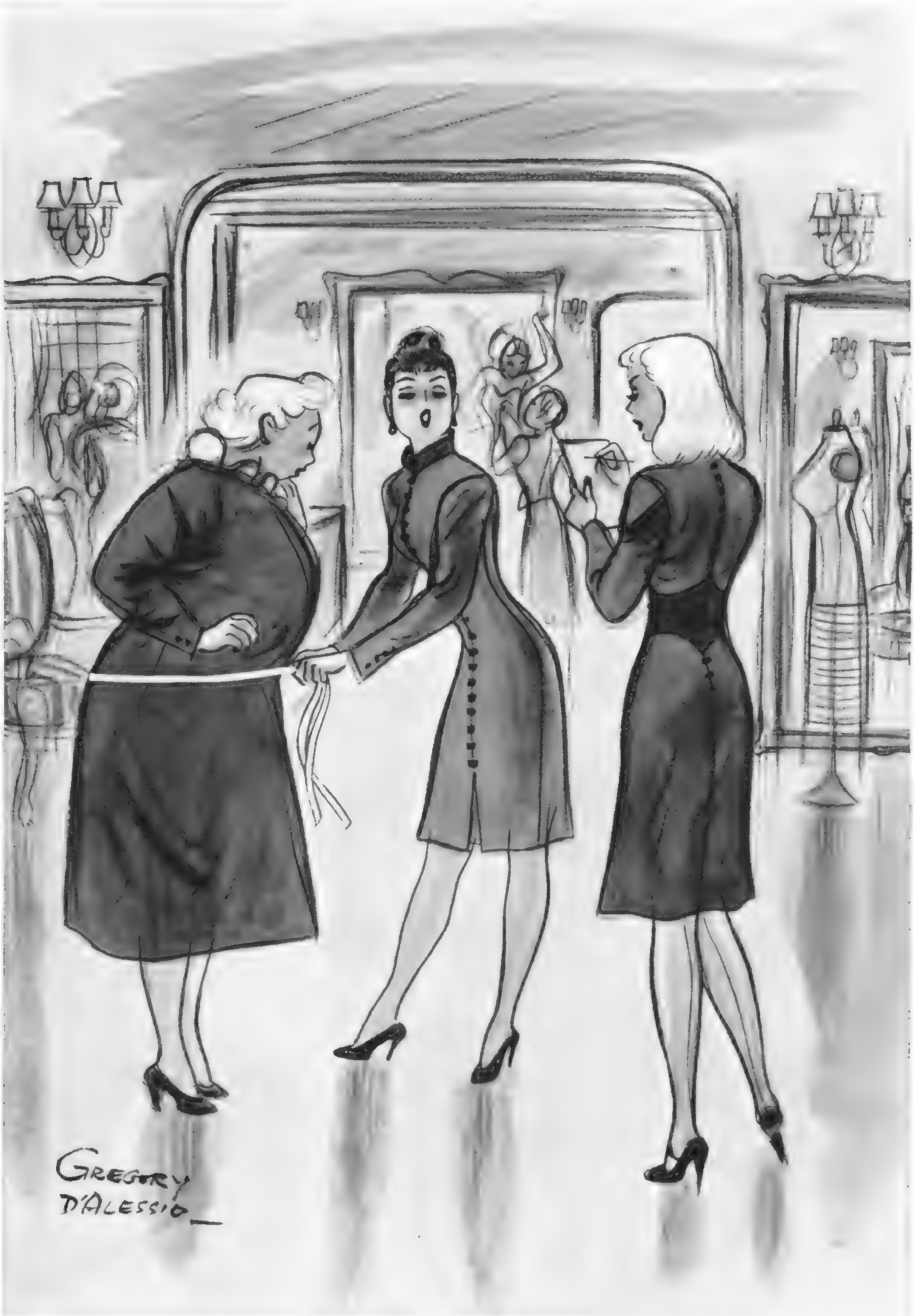
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The Lady from Paris

Continued from pages 44-159-160

Du Deffand looked at the grass and pondered whether it would stain her light traveling suit if she sat down on it.

She looked at it and pondered; then a warm inner wave made her decision for her. Why should she not reward this superb young animal, who was so diligently jacking up the axle, with an intensive kiss. Just as a souvenir. Out of pure gratitude. It would be very innocent. And very instructive. The boy could learn a lot from it.

She had a well-tried gesture which had the same effect of intoxication upon her husband, the maharajah, the jockey, and the actor. She decided to use it now.

When the new tire was on, with her two beautiful white hands she softly reached for the boy's face and turned it toward her own, tenderly. Then she looked deeply into his eyes:

"How can I show my gratitude to you for accompanying me and doing all this work—just for me?" she said, or rather whispered.

The boy, however, was just as conservative as the rest of his family. He respected raw materials more than civilization. He blushed to the whites of his eyes, and with his English-accented French he stammered out:

"Oh, Madame, it's nothing at all . . . I realize your position . . . My mother travels alone sometimes too. Some similar *malheur* could easily befall her."

Mme. Du Deffand felt as if a viper had stung her. She released the boy and they both got back into the car. At first she was only angry, but when the full impact of the boy's meaning began to have its effect on her, she was filled with deep despair. If one takes aspirin he must wait ten minutes before he begins to sweat. What she felt now was worse than anything she had gone through. Worse than death or pig fleas. She was not an evil woman, but if it had been up to her she would have been capable of sending the ten plagues of Egypt upon this barbarous country on the sunny roads of which the automobile was speeding with her. Where—and this she added as a sorry apology to herself—people knew absolutely nothing about women. #

Tomorrow! Tomorrow!

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accident. That's what it was."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes, sir."

"What kind of an accident?"

"In the quarry, sir. We were working and a hammer fell off a edge of rock and . . . It was an accident."

"You are positive?"

He hesitated. "Yes, positive."

"Will you sign to that effect?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well."

Otto breathed in deeply. He was relieved. The story of the accident was all an invention. The scar was the result of a flogging. This was the remains of twenty-five powerful cutting lashes laid on with full force. But he knew that no one was ever released with any marks of torture on his body and he therefore invented the accident. The doctor knew it was a lie.

The paper was prepared and he signed it quickly. He buttoned up his jacket and bowed twice with his cap in his hand: "Thank you, doctor. Thank you."

"Get out of here," called the orderly coarsely.

As he walked toward the other end of the room he heard the orderly whisper something to the doctor. It must have been a good joke for they roared with laughter.

But their laughter meant nothing to Otto. Only one thing was in his mind and this overshadowed everything else. Tomorrow, tomorrow he would be free. At last! At last! Tomorrow.

The strong prison lights were already burning when he crossed the yard. A clear blue sky was overhead and in the distance through the intersections of the high barbwire fence about the prison compound he could see the faint line of hills far off. Not a cloud in sight . . . A nice day surely tomorrow.

As he entered the crowded barrack the prisoners looked up. He smiled and in this smile they knew the whole story. Those near the door shook hands with him. No words were necessary.

Five hundred wretched souls were crowded together in this small, narrow stable. And later, when this weary mass of flesh stretched out on the floor, a prisoner worked his way over the bodies, picking his steps carefully, to where Otto was lying. He kneeled beside him.

"Listen Otto. Tomorrow you go out."

"Yes."

"I have a letter. I have written it secretly."

"No."

"You must. I will give it to you and you can hide it somewhere and just as soon as you are out you can drop it in the post."

"No. I can't."

"They have not heard from me. They do not know where I am. It is to my wife. Her father is a lawyer and he knows many people and they might be able to do something if they only had a line, a word or two, so that they knew where I was. I do not ask you to deliver it yourself, all I ask is for you to post the letter when you are out."

Otto shook his head.

"Don't say no. It means everything to me."

"But I can't do it. It is just not possible."

"No one will know."

"They may search me. They are

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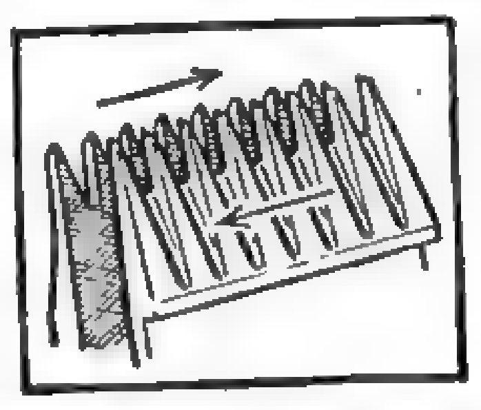

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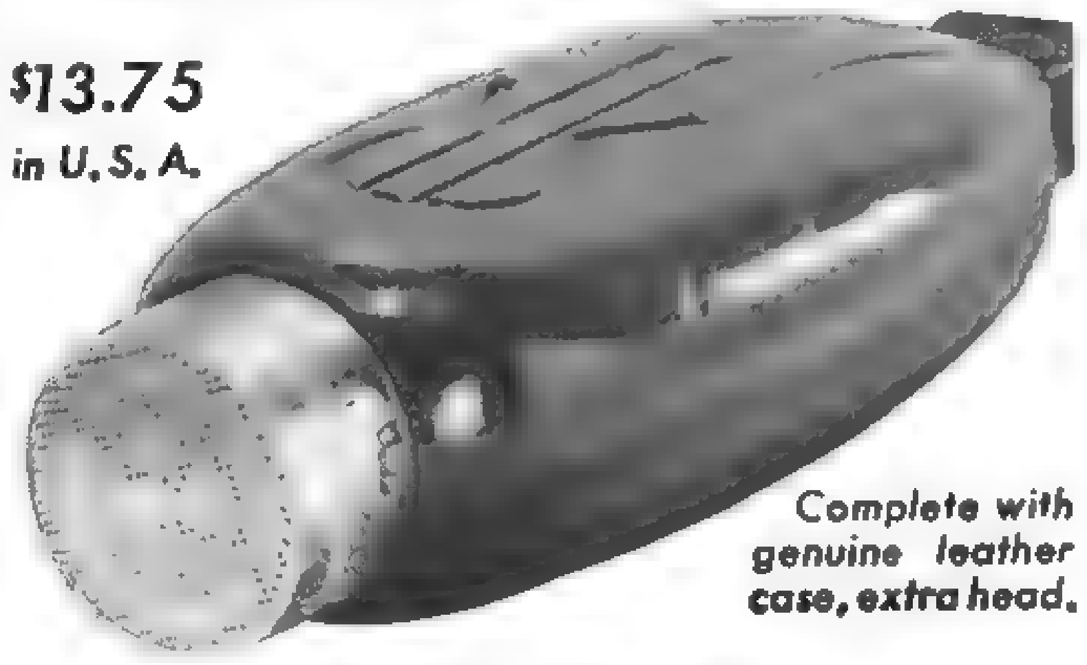

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certain to search me and then they will find the letter and . . . How long have you been here?"

"Five weeks."

"So you have been here only five weeks. And do you know that I have been here fourteen months?"

"Yes, I know."

"And because of your letter you want me to lose my chance of . . ."

"No. No. I only thought . . ."

"Yes, I would do it in a minute but the risk is too great and tomorrow . . . You do not know how I have longed for this day to come, how I have suffered everything and only kept alive by that one thought. You have no right to ask me to attempt something which . . . But listen. Tell me her name and address and I will remember it and I will get a message to her just as soon as possible."

This seemed a sensible idea and the prisoner on his knees nodded his head in approval. But he found it hard to speak the name of his wife.

"What is her name?"

"Anna Hess," he said finally. "And the address is 31 Prince Karl Strasse."

"I will repeat it." He moved his lips quickly to help him memorize the name and address; then he repeated it twice in a whisper.

"That is correct."

"You had best destroy your letter, for the penalty . . ."

"Yes. But you won't forget?"

"No, upon my honor."

The prisoner clasped Otto's hand and held it tightly. Tears filled his eyes.

Otto looked off into the distance and whispered: "31 Prince Karl Strasse. Anna Hess."

"As soon as possible you will get word to her?"

"Yes."

"God bless you and may we all live to see the day when . . ."

"Tomorrow, tomorrow! I wish the same to you all."

Two other prisoners came over later and they also had small scraps of paper, one was rolled into a little tube the exact size of a cigarette, but Otto refused to accept them. However, he again memorized the names, one a wife and the other a brother. The names seemed easy to remember for the woman's name was Marie Eimer and he had once known someone by the name of Eimer, and the man's name was Moysche Zev, and this was rather comical and hard to forget.

In the morning he would be stripped and washed down by the fire hose. He would be given an old suit of clothes and every pocket would be searched but the names in his brain would pass unnoticed for not even an X-ray could disclose them. Otto smiled as he thought of this and he closed his eyes. But he could not sleep. He heard a little soft voice as though it came from a smiling cherub from heaven whispering in his ear—Tomorrow! Tomorrow!

Tomorrow is close and yet so far. If he could sleep he would awake with the night all gone and the dawn fully upon him. And this same dawn, the dawn of tomorrow, was already shining somewhere far in the East. He tried to calculate roughly. It was now about nine o'clock at night and at this season dawn arrives at about six o'clock and therefore it was nine hours away and that would be less than half way around the world. The light of tomorrow was already shining in Japan and part of China and in Java.

But it was still nine hours before this dawn could reach . . . It would rush swiftly over Asia, from the Pacific Coast of China across Manchuria, India, Burma, Tibet, Afghanistan, Turkestan, Persia, Turkey, the Caucasus, the long plains of Russia, of Hungary, of Poland and then . . . Open wide the skies and let the light pour over us. Then it will be tomorrow, right here in this little place tied up like a package with coils of barbed wire, right here in the hills and over the prison camp. And nothing can hold it back. How swiftly does travel that brush of light over land and over sea and all the sleepers in the world open their eyes and stir and arise at the call of . . . Tomorrow, tomorrow!

He was the first to rise. He was the first to open the door and step out into the yard. He stood silently facing the approaching light and he took off his cap so that the light of the new day would touch his head.

It was still a long time before things would be stirring in the camp and he would have to wait patiently. He saw the machine gunners in their watch towers pacing up and down and blowing on their fingers. The air was chilly and they had still another hour before they would be relieved.

At length things began to stir and the breakfast, such as it was, made of a substitute coffee which tasted of chicory and roasted acorns, was quickly consumed. Some of the prisoners came to say good-bye to Otto and he told them that he hoped they too would see the dawn of the day . . . "And be sure," he added, "to warn the men who are newly arrived to keep away from the wire fence even if they are called by one of the guards. How many we lost in the early days because of this joke. And warn them of the other jokes also that are so dear to the hearts of these . . ." He left the last word unsaid.

In single file the men passed on to work. Otto stood by the door of the stable, his head slightly bowed as they went by. With all his full heart he wished that all would soon be going home. He was a little ashamed of the great privilege which had come to him and not to the others.

Soon the yard was empty and he was alone. He sat on the step before the door of the barracks and waited. As soon as the hose was brought out he took off his prison suit of coarse substitute cotton and stood at attention. Soon the powerful stream of cold icy water was played over him and he hopped up and down to shake off the surface water. Towels did

Continued on page 164

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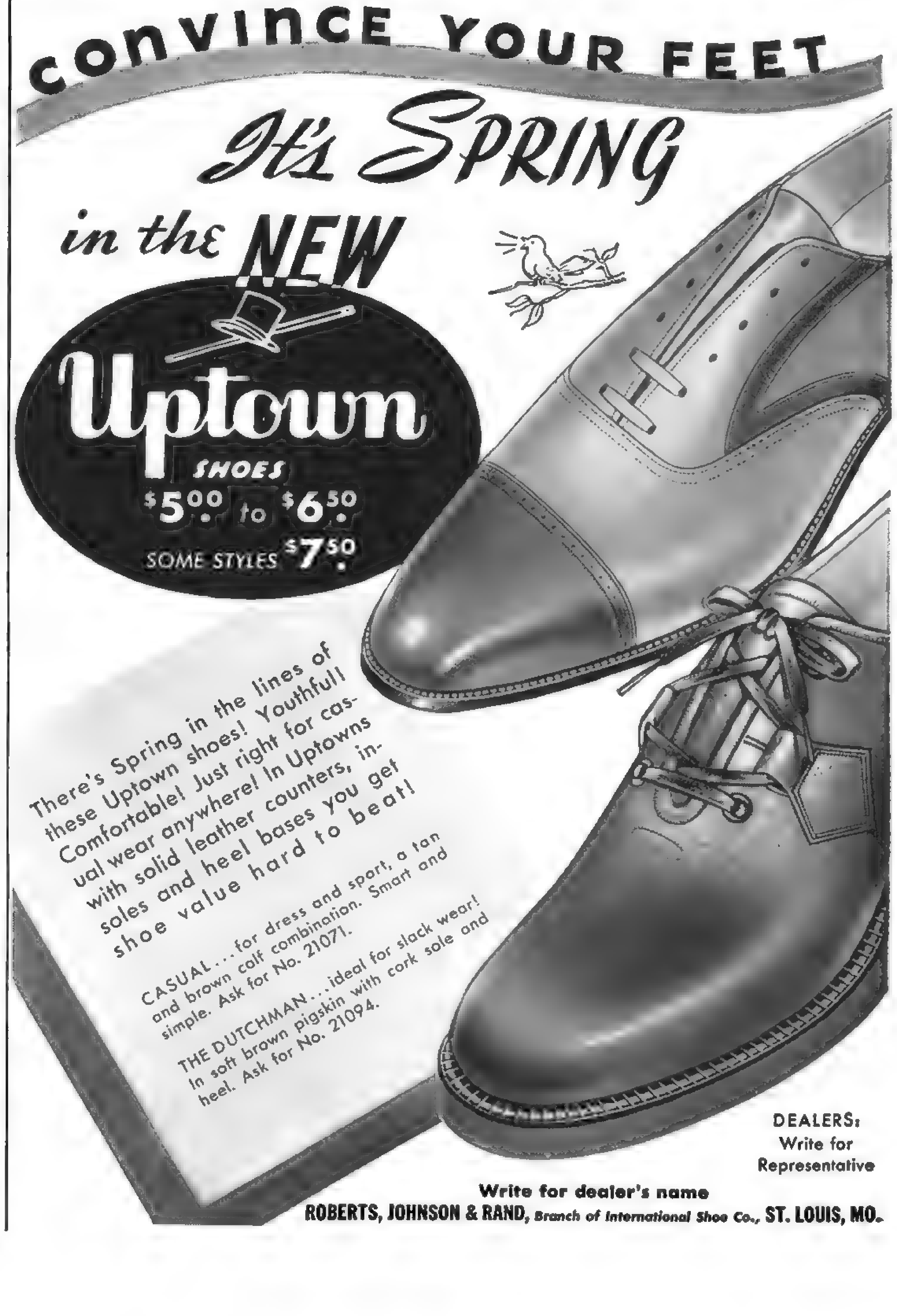
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Tomorrow! Tomorrow!

Continued from pages 41-163

not exist for any of the prisoners.

Some minutes later dressed in an ill fitting suit he came to the office. The trousers were very baggy, the shoes were broken on the top and curled up at the toe, and the coat, a black faded to a bottle green and patched, in short he needed but a little bamboo cane and the little black mustache to resemble Charlie Chaplin. He stood at the door of the office. He stood erect with his palms stiff against his thighs.

"What, you have no hat?" said one of the guards. "Wait, I will pick you out a nice skull piece."

He went off to some storeroom and returned with a very nice Bavarian felt hat, green with a brown band and a badger brush in front.

"There, that's the best hat in the house," he said with a sly twinkle in his eye. "Try it on."

Otto tried it on and it seemed to fit. "Thank you. Thank you very much," he said and stood at attention with the very fancy hat at his left breast.

He stood for a whole hour-and-a-half waiting for the young officer Schwartz, who would give him his instructions and his discharge papers. During this hour-and-a-half he listened sharply for the approach of any possible automobile. What if they were already waiting for him? What if his wife, his mother, his father and the little one, what if they were all outside already? The little one was just two years old when he was arrested. Now she must be over three. Would she recognize him? Would any of them know him in these clothes, with a Bavarian mountaineer's hat? His head which was black when first shaved in prison was now sprouting white. He would come forward slowly toward them so the shock would not be too sudden. Then he would smile and in the smile they would know: "It's me, Otto. You can't have forgotten your own Otto."

At length the young officer came into the room.

"Ah!" he called. "I see you are ready."

The prisoner bowed politely.

"You are in a hurry to get out. Well, there are a few little formalities yet. Come here!" he shouted.

Otto walked toward the desk and stood at attention.

"That's a very pretty hat they gave you!"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"Well, you understand that you are not to talk."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, what?"

"Yes, sir. I will not open my mouth."

"If you do you will be back here and heaven help you."

"Yes, sir."

"You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now I will repeat the little lesson once more from start to finish." Schwartz repeated again that the released prisoner was not to disclose anything of the life in prison and once more Otto promised faithfully that his mouth would be sealed.

"Here is your paper. Hold it in your hand and stand by the door."

"Thank you, sir."

He obeyed and stood erect beside the door. This was the door that would soon open for him and let him out. Guards came in and departed. Bells rang. In another room he could hear the telephone ring and someone reply in a voice of loud authority.

With the big shoes, loose pants and the fancy green hat at his left breast he stood at attention. Certainly they would not fail him. Certainly they would soon be here. It is a long ride into the mountains and the old folks do not rise too early in the morning. And with these thoughts in his mind an hour went by and then two hours went by, and he stood at attention and soon the sun rose up high to announce the noon of day.

"So the morning is already gone. Well, that is nothing. Fourteen months is something but a single morning is nothing. And they will soon be here and I have important things to remember which I must not forget," he spoke to himself silently without moving his lips. "Yes, at the first possible moment . . . Anna Hess, Prince Karl Strasse, Number 31, Anna Hess. There are footsteps in the yard. No. It's only a machine gunner. Must be time for lunch . . . And at the first possible moment, Marie Eimer and Moysche Zev. How do you do, I would like to speak with you. I have just come . . . Strictly in confidence. We have given our word not to talk but I have a little message for you from . . . I promised him faithfully and now I discharge my promise . . . Anna Hess, Marie Eimer and Moysche Zev. Yes, yes, they are well . . . Fairly well. As well as can be expected and everything is . . . Just as you can see. My hair is white. Well, that's nothing. In time all hair grows white. Anna Hess, Marie Eimer and Moysche Zev. Yes, I bring you news. They are still alive. We do our best to pass the day and we instruct the new arrivals to keep away from the wire fence. For God's sake under no circumstance get within twenty feet of the wire fence! The soldiers are bored and have idle time on their hands. They crave for excitement and they will call to you to come over toward them, but as soon as you move in that direction the machine guns blast away and you are dead on the ground, and you do not hear them laugh. And there are other jokes also and at first many were killed needlessly but now we warn the new arrivals and it is a risk for you never know who is a spy sent in just to . . . That is how I got that scar. Twenty-five lashes. But your husband is still alive and I gave him my word . . . Anna Hess, Marie Eimer and Moysche Zev. And on the night when I made the promise, it was just the day before, and the dawn of that day was already present far, far off in China, and in India; and it was rushing swiftly across the countries, the cities, across the rivers, the mountains, across lands barren and waste and lands rich and fertile with happy farmers and happy children, where you hear singing and church bells and school bells and laughter. From the far, far East the light of day was rushing, rushing, rushing . . ."

"Attention!" called a voice. "Stand up straight."

"Yes, sir," Otto replied, obeying the command.

His muscles ached, his bones ached, the hand that held the fancy hat at his breast was white and bloodless.

Some of the guards passed through the hall going and coming to the dining hall. There was a smell of food in the air but this was officer's food and not prisoner's food. There is a great difference even in the smell.

He stood erect and waited. There was some delay but he was sure the car would soon arrive. The thoughts that crossed through his mind became more and more illogical but above all he repeated clearly and distinctly the names Anna Hess, Marie Eimer and Moysche Zev. He repeated them over and over again and he invented conversations that he would hold with these people. And he spoke with his own people. If they should ask him what was the very worst experience he would say: "It was the first day, this was the great shock, the yard, and the men crowded into the small space and everything . . . It all resembled a slaughter house. But now it is all over. And the one thing that keeps a person alive is the thought of . . . It already exists before it reaches you. In the East . . . the Lord came from the East and that is what keeps you alive. The great hope. Tomorrow! Tomorrow!"

A dull buzzing sound filled his ears. His feet were ready to sink away; his frame swayed slightly from side to side.

"Attention! Stand straight!"

He heard the words and straightened up. To himself he repeated the names: "Anna Hess, Marie Eimer and Moysche Zev."

He was still standing beside the doorway at four o'clock when some of the soldiers gathered at the other end of the room to play cards. It was then the fun began.

"He's been waiting all day," said the young officer Schwartz, in a loud voice, "to be released. But no one comes for him. Too bad. Guess even his own people don't want the bastard."

A slight sound came through Otto's lips.

"What did you say?" called the officer.

"Nothing, sir."

"So you are waiting to go home. Why don't they come for you?"

"I don't know."

"A fine lot of relations you must have. Attention. Stand up straight."

"Yes, sir."

"So you still think your people will come for you. You are all ready to go home. All dressed up fine with a fancy hat. And you have a paper in your hand. You think they paid the money to get you out of here. Well, it's been a nice day, hasn't it? Beautiful weather for a ride in a limousine. And you hold the paper tight. Hold it tight! Attention. Stand up straight. You believe the paper is an order of release."

His body swayed. His feet were giving way under him. He opened the paper in his hand. It was a blank sheet. All day long he had held a blank sheet of paper in his hand. No car was coming to take him home. It was all a joke. The room seemed to sway and turn upside down. He fell to the floor.

"Get up! Get up, you bastard," shouted one of the guards. He kicked him and Otto rose once more and tried to stand at attention. The hat had rolled toward the table where the men were dealing cards.

"Attention!" called the young Schwartz. "Hand me the letters you are concealing."

"I have none."

"None! They have been writing letters secretly and you are probably taking them out."

"No, sir. I have none."

"Undress! Search him."

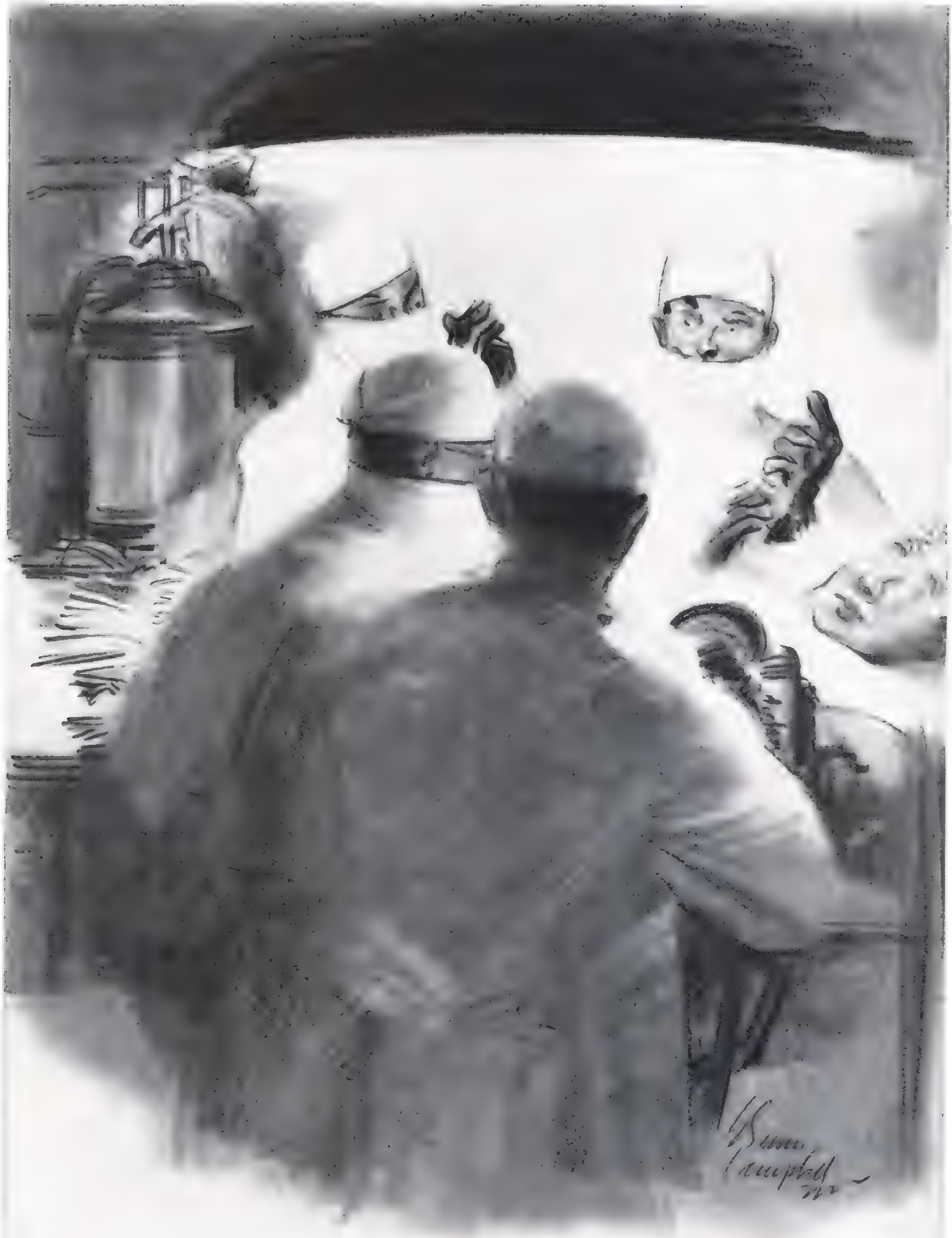
Slowly he removed his clothes piece by piece until he stood naked before them. One of the guards searched the garments but no letters were discovered. His old prison suit had been thrown on the floor and he put it on.

"Come here! It is lucky for you that you had no letters but let this be a lesson to you. You talk too much. And don't talk to the new arrivals. Let them find out for themselves and things will be better for you. Now you can go."

"Yes, sir."

He stepped out of the door into the yard. The cool evening air filled his lungs and he could see the far off green hills through the spaces in the tall wire fence. Hochwald is a beautiful place and it had been a beautiful day. He thought how nice it would be if he could close his eyes and walk toward the fence. The sharp rat-tat-tat of the machine guns would ring out and then he would sleep so hard and quietly and the weariness in his legs would slowly melt away as though washed by a warm fluid.

But his heart beat faintly and seemed to whisper a longing stronger than life, stronger than death. His weary feet moved toward the stable door and several prisoners came forward and supported him. He looked at them with full round eyes. Yes, it was all a joke. No words were necessary. A cruel joke. His lips smiled. And his heart, weak and weary, beat softly . . . Tomorrow! Tomorrow!



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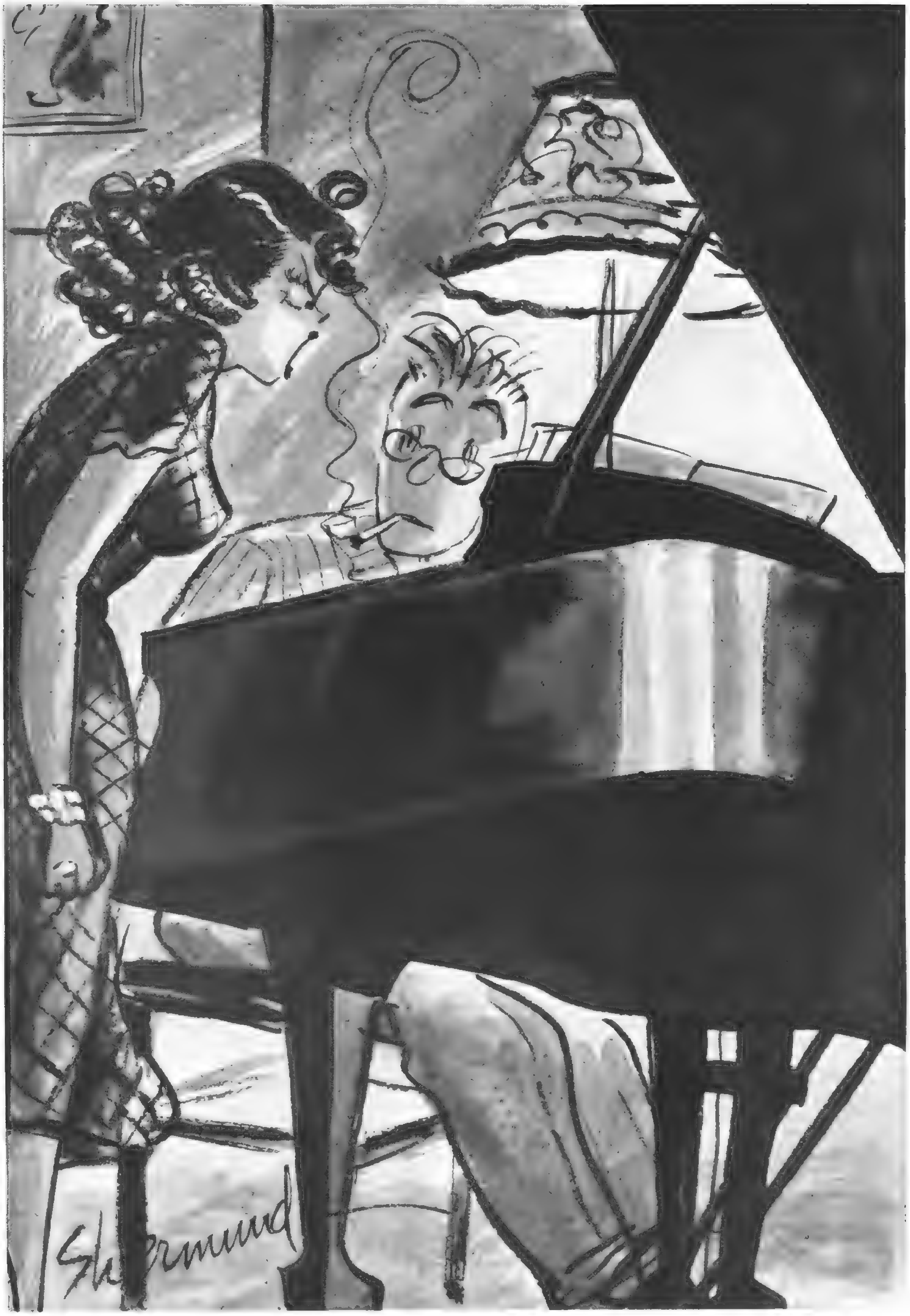

"Maybe you think it's fun for me to sit home night after night while you write your damn love lyrics"

The Devil's Trust Fund

Continued from page 72

planters for their freedom—many of these *bahkra*-slaves were hauling water up from the river in big buckets. Awasi and Kaffi, whose ancestors had killed many white men and gained their freedom, looked at the laboring Negroes across the river and laughed.

"*Goblo!*" Awasi exclaimed. "I'm glad I'm not a white man's slave!"

"*Dasso!*" Kaffi agreed. "I'd rather die than be a white man's slave!"

"*Fu-fui!*" Daasi grunted as he put down his heavy pack. "You are both slaves of an *obiaman!* You work for the *obiaman* so he can eat his belly full!" He looked at Wambi the witchdoctor whose food and hammock Awasi and Kaffi had carried through the muddy forest. "*Goblo!*" he added, "I'd just as soon be a white man's slave, as the slave of an *obiaman!*"

Wambi, the witchdoctor, scowled at Daasi, made the sign of evil magic in the air—and Awasi and Kaffi were afraid. Such disrespect would surely bring trouble to all of them.

"We cannot cross the river," Awasi said, to change the subject, "That is the white man's country. Where shall we start digging?"

"Wambi will show us the right place!" Daasi suggested glibly. "Now he will talk to the ground gods and find out where the little stones that shine are hidden!"

"*Awa!*" said Kaffi happily.

The witchdoctor nodded. "*E-ya!*" he announced. "But I will show Daasi nothing! He will find them for himself. For you and Awasi I will make *obia*, strong *obia*—but I leave Daasi to the devil!" He picked up his *obia* bag. From them he took out a few black duck feathers and some white chicken feathers. He scooped up a handful of clay, molded it into two little images into which he stuck the feathers. Then he took out two pieces of rag, some thread and a needle. In a few minutes he had made three *boe*—quite different looking charms from any he had ever made before. He kindled a fire and held them over the smoke until they were coated with soot, for according to Djuka superstition the fire god and the ground god often worked hand in hand. Then he started chanting, louder and louder.

"*Awa!*" Kaffi whispered respectfully. "Wambi talks now to the ground god!" He and Awasi turned and looked in the other direction, for ordinary men were not supposed to look at an *obiaman* while he was praying to a god.

After a long chant the *obiaman* paused. "*E-ya!*" he said, "The ground god and I have talked together. He will give Awasi and Kaffi plenty of little stones that shine. Remember, one share is for me!" He handed a *boe* to Awasi, another to Kaffi, and hung the third *boe* on his own amulet cord. He didn't even look at Daasi. "Follow me!" he commanded, and led the way across a shallow, pebbly creek.

The *obiaman* stalked along the bank of the creek, following it away from the muddy river. The witchdoctor knew nothing at all about little stones, or geology—but he had talked privately with the Saramaccan and learned a few things his companions hadn't bothered to ask. The Saramaccan had reported that the little stones were found most often in clay that was blue, not white or brown. That the white men always went up small creeks looking at the bank until they saw this blue clay. Then they stopped and dug up the clay.

The *obiaman* watched the creek's banks. After half an hour he saw that the creek's banks were no longer red. In the dim jungle they seemed to have a bluish tinge. Wambi, the witchdoctor stopped.

"*E-ya!*" he announced. "The ground god is beginning to talk with me. Be very quiet!" Kaffi and Awasi respectfully turned their heads away. Daasi put his pack on the ground. Wambi stood as though transfixed. He nodded his head every now and then, as though acknowledging a mystic conversation. He moved his lips as though engaged in silent speech. Daasi, sitting on his heels, watched the *obiaman* with skepticism. "*Fu-fui!*" he swore to himself. "What a humbug he is!"

"*E-ya!*" the witchdoctor shouted. "Thank you *Grongaddu*, thank you!" He told Kaffi and Awasi to close their eyes. Each of them he turned around several times and then shoved them toward a bend in the creek. "Walk so!" he said. "Walk twenty steps, Awasi, and dig! Walk fifty steps, Kaffi, and then dig!"

Awasi and Kaffi followed his instructions. Daasi, the unbeliever, carried his pack past the places where his companions had stopped. While Awasi and Kaffi dug among the roots of the jungle he studied the creek. The clear water gurgled over many boulders. In some of the big flat rocks he saw there were deep potholes. Daasi, as a boy, had searched many such river potholes for red stones which, when dry, could be used to color the walls of his father's house. The red pebbles collected in the potholes during flood water, as they were washed down the river. Might it not be the same, Daasi wondered, with the little stones that shine? When the creek was high such little stones would be washed out of the banks—wouldn't they collect in potholes, just as the red stones had? He climbed down into the creek, started wading among the rocks. He put his arm down a deep pothole, pulled up handfuls of gravel. There, in the third handful, were two little stones that glistened brightly as soon as the sunlight touched them. "Is *this* one!" he exclaimed, climbing up the bank and showing the stones to Awasi and Kaffi—who

Continued on page 168

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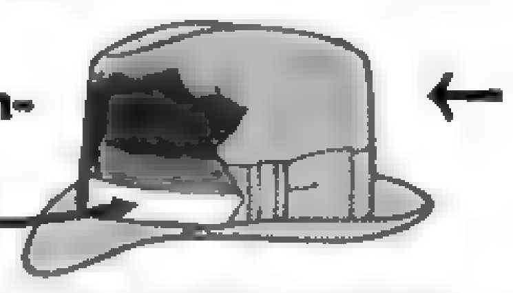
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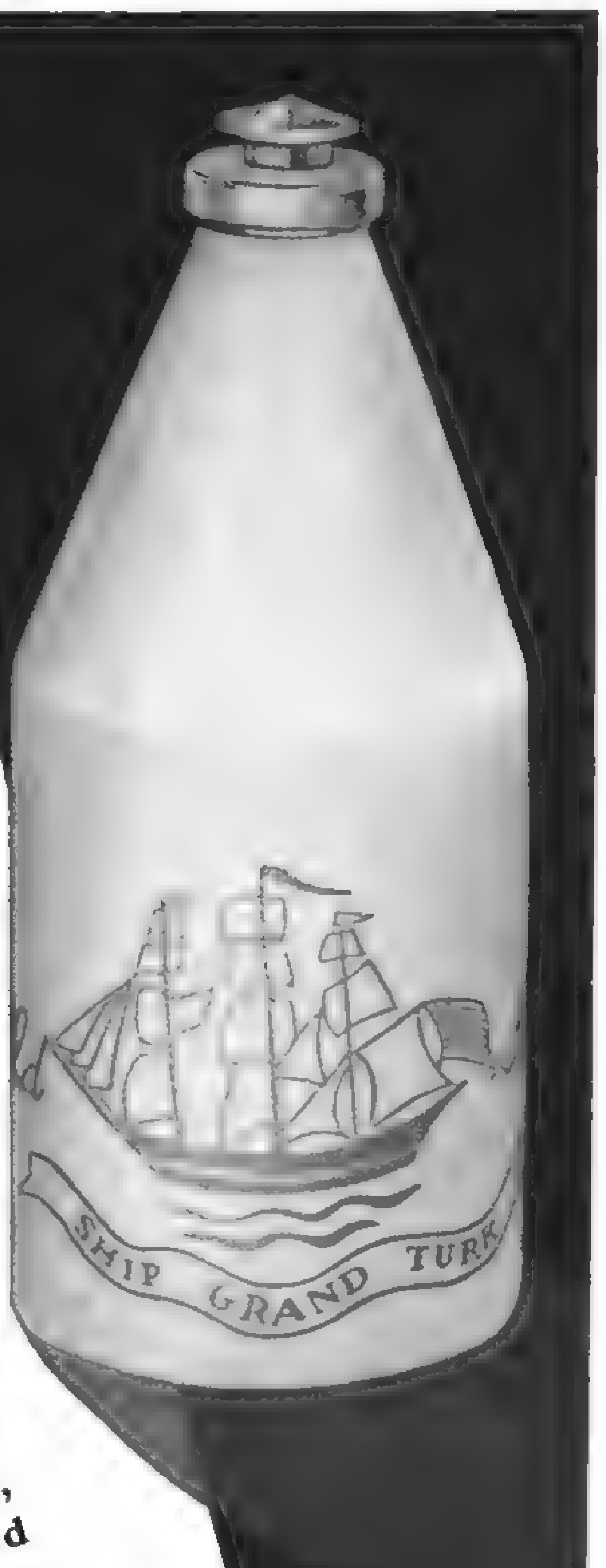

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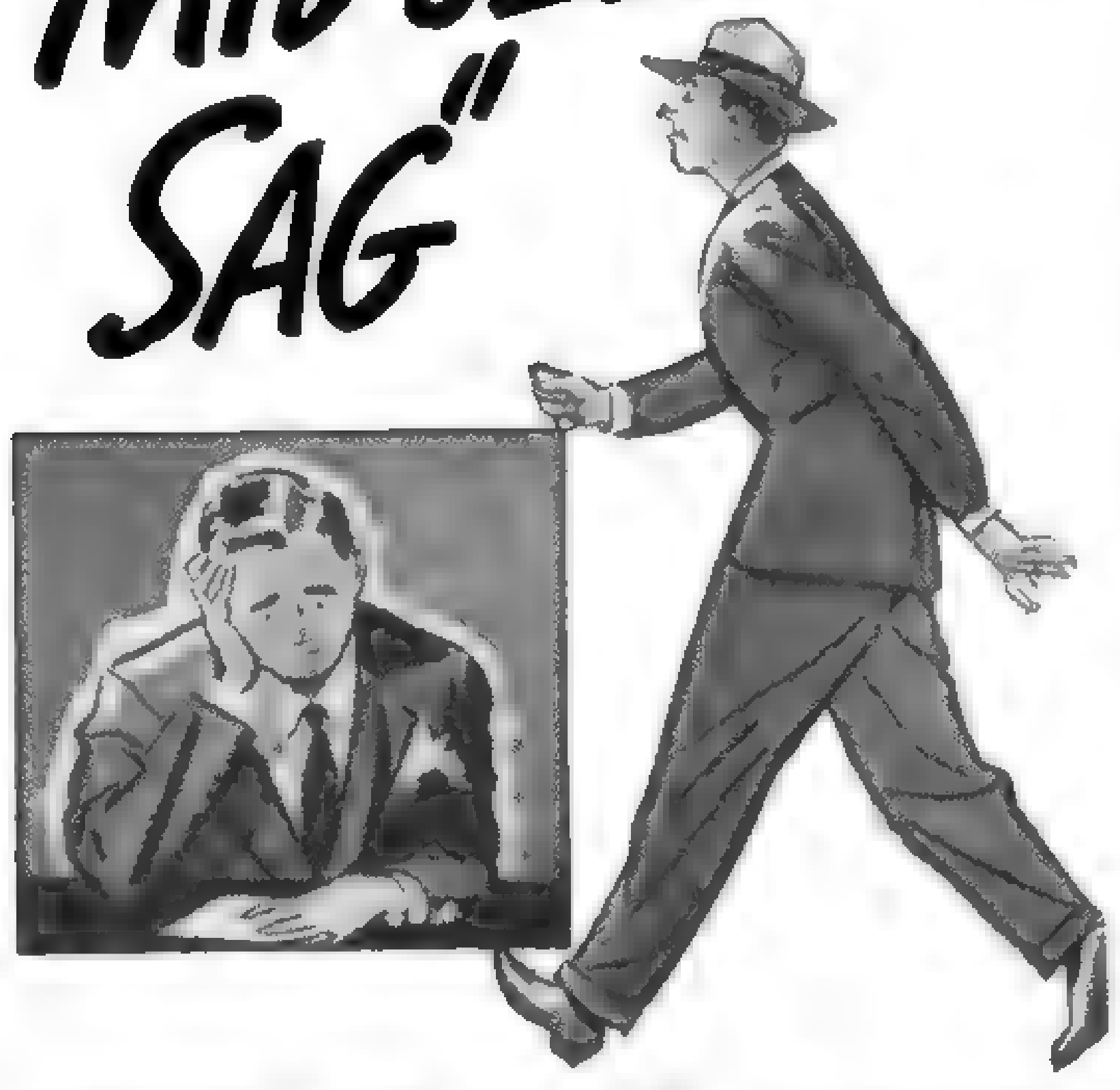

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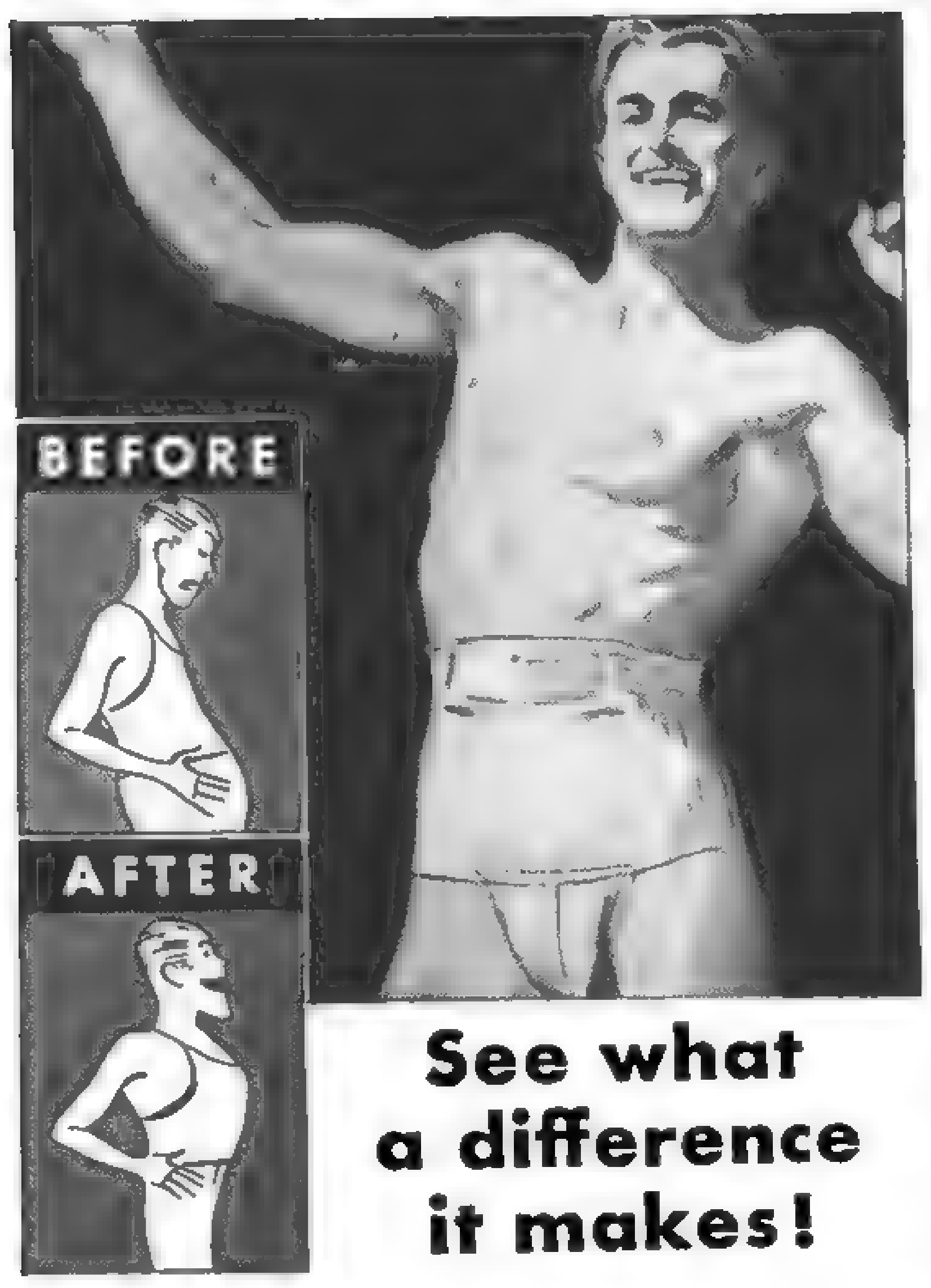

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The Devil's Trust Fund

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had dug much clay but found nothing.

"*E-ya!*" the *obiaman* said, looking over his companion's shoulders. Awasi and Kaffi stopped digging in the ground, went down into the creek with Daasi, and started scooping up gravel from other potholes.

"*Goblo!*" the witchdoctor quarreled with them. "The ground god never lies to me. Keep digging where you were and you'll find plenty of little stones!" But already Awasi and Kaffi were finding little stones that shine in the pothole gravel. By night they had found twelve little stones, and two much bigger stones, that sparkled in the sunlight. Awasi and Kaffi, in spite of the fact that the *obiaman* had not been responsible at all for their good luck, gave him the biggest piece of smoked fish, and chanted for an hour with him their thanks to the ground god. Awasi suggested that, instead of searching for more little stones in the morning, they go immediately to the stone trader, across the river, and see how much money the white man would pay for the little stones they had already found. That seemed like a good idea to Kaffi, and also to Daasi.

"*E-ya!*" the witchdoctor nodded. "Go to the *bahkra*. Ask how much he will pay for the stones—but do not sell them. Whatever he offers you will be too little, undoubtedly! Bring the stones back and I will go with them and make the *bahkra* pay me more. I understand very well the ways of white men!"

So Awasi, Kaffi, and Daasi put the stones in a piece of rag and left camp. When they reached the river they called across it, making motions with their arms as though they were paddling. A white man on the opposite side waved to them and ordered some of his slaves into a canoe.

"I will wait here," Daasi suddenly decided. "You two cross the river and find out the price. I have something in my mind I want to study over—alone with my *kra*." Kaffi and Awasi nodded understandingly. There were many times, they knew, when a man wanted to be alone with his *kra*, his soul, and hold private *krutu* with his personal gods. When the canoe arrived they stepped into it and crossed the muddy current to the white man's trading post.

No sooner had his three companions left camp than Wambi, the *obiaman*, made haste to use his time profitably—as he had schemed. He went down into the creek and began scooping up gravel from many fresh potholes. Within two hours he had found twenty stones. Then, judging that it might endanger his plan to work longer, he climbed up the bank, wiped his legs dry and lay back in his hammock. He wrapped the twenty stones in a rag and hid them under his loin girdle. He was asleep and even snoring when Awasi, Kaffi and Daasi returned to the camp.

"The *bahkra* offered us much *papamoni!*" Awasi announced. "He offered us one hundred pieces of money!" The *obiaman* sat up in his hammock, shook his head, as though dispelling the sleep god. Then he held out his hand for the rag-wrapped stones. "It is surely not enough!" he grunted. "The white man, as usual, tries to cheat you! I will go talk with him. My *kra* is stronger than the *kra* of any white man. I will make him pay more!"

Awasi and Kaffi looked admiringly at the witchdoctor. Daasi's face was expressionless, like an ebony mask. His eyes, though, were a little brighter than usual as he watched the *obiaman* disappear with the rag-wrapped stones into the forest toward the river.

The trading post was only a thatched shelter set in an acre of cleared jungle, surrounded with a stockade of bamboo posts. Wambi stepped from the canoe which had crossed the river for him and stood before the high counter. A big white man with red hair stood behind the counter and smiled at him.

"*Odi, Bahkra!*" the *obiaman* said very respectfully. He took out of his loin cloth the rag containing his companion's stones, lay them on the counter. The trader weighed them in his scales, recognized them as the same gems which had been offered to him earlier in the day. He took time out to do some calculations with pencil and paper—which arrived intentionally at the same total he had previously offered. He would pay, he announced, one hundred pieces of money.

Wambi the witchdoctor took from his girdle another rag containing the little stones he had secretly found and placed them on the counter—in a separate pile. "How *Bahkra pai-me?*" he asked, pointing to the new offering.

The trader looked at the new stones. He weighed them, made some calculations. Then he announced that he would pay three hundred pieces of money for the two batches of stones.

"*E-ya!*" said the *obiaman*, eagerly shoving both piles toward the white man. He counted the money the trader placed before him carefully, separated it into two piles—one of a hundred twenty-five pieces, and the other containing a hundred and seventy-five pieces. The latter he rolled up, wrapped in a rag, and stuck out of sight in his loin girdle. Then from the remaining bills he picked five. He handed them to the trader in payment for some tobacco, a small flask of rum, and some sweet cookies which he selected from the store shelves.

When Wambi reached camp he spoke no word to his companions. Instead, he held out his hand full of money to Awasi. Awasi took the pieces of green paper and counted them. "*Goblo!*" he ex-

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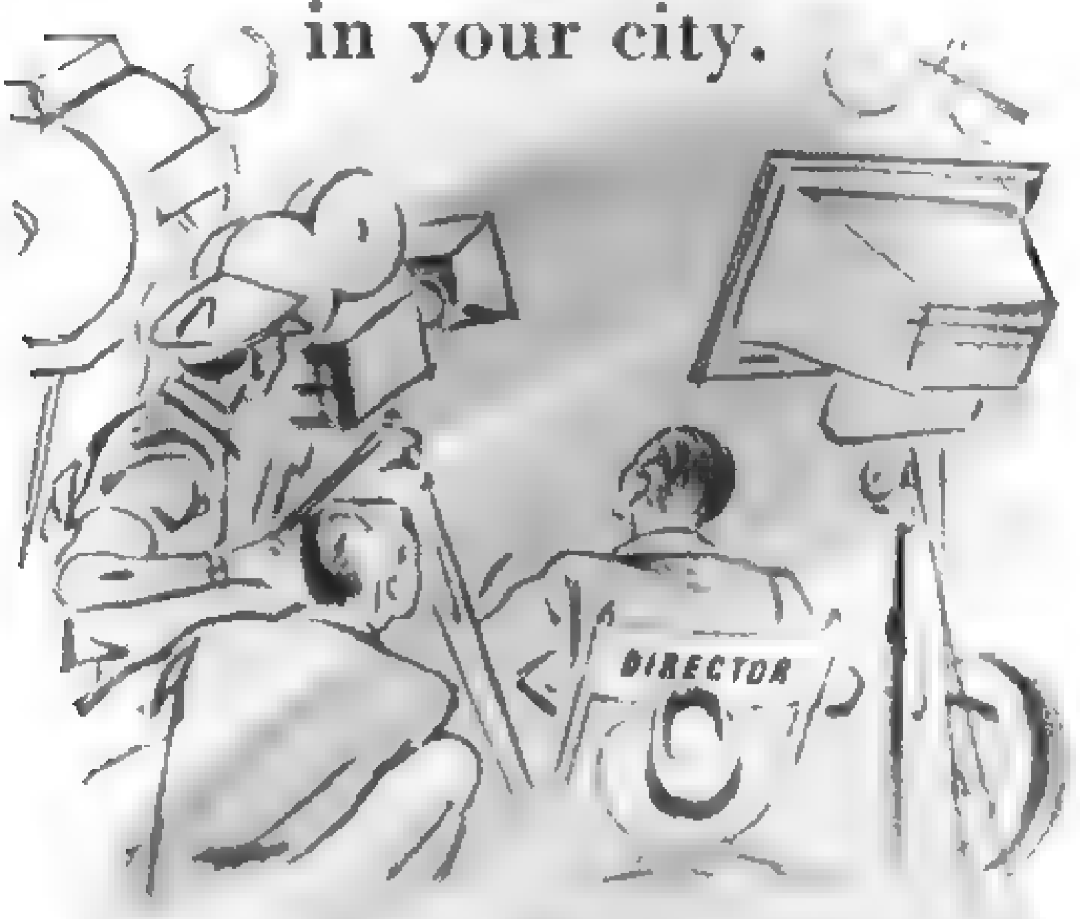

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claimed with great admiration. "It is just as Wambi told us! He made the white man pay more! It is now one hundred and twenty pieces of *papamoni!*" He passed the money to Kaffi for closer inspection.

"And also," said the *obiaman*, "this tobacco. I made the white man pay this bottle of rum! And also these sweet things!" He passed them around. "*E-ya!*" he grunted, looking Daasi in the eye, "It is good you brought me with you. I made more money for you than you could have made. I know how to deal with white men! Now give me my share!"

Awasi divided the money into four piles, passed one to the witchdoctor, one to Kaffi, one to Daasi. The remaining money he wrapped in a rag and tied securely around his left wrist. Thirty pieces of *papamoni*, from the whiteman's country, was more than he had possessed for many years at one time.

When the shadows deepened with the coming of night, Wambi the witchdoctor announced that he was going to hold a *gron-gaddu-krutu*, a big talking-with-the-gods conference, so that when the new day arrived, many, many more little stones would be found. "*Dasso!*" Awasi nodded hopefully, patting the *obiaman* on the back. "You are a great *obiaman;* you have strong magic. With you we must be very successful!"

"Well," Wambi said soothingly, attempting not to notice the fact that Daasi was glaring at him, "sleep soundly now. Tomorrow there will be much digging!" Soon four hammocks, hung like cocoons from the trees, swung back and forth, back and forth in the firelight. Daasi began to snore. He snored until his companions were asleep, but out of one eye he watched the *obiaman's* hammock. He saw the witchdoctor get up, sneak off into the shadows and bury something at the foot of a big tree. He kept on snoring, as the *obiaman* returned to his hammock. He snored for an hour after he was sure Wambi was asleep. Then he carefully got out of his hammock, went to the place where the *obiaman* had buried something, dug among the roots until he felt some sunken leaves, pulled up a rag from their center, opened it and counted the money. Then he walked back to his hammock. Sitting in his hammock he thought quietly for almost an hour, dividing up the treasure first one way, then another. Finally when he had made four piles of it he made a loud noise—he laughed loudly and woke up his companions.

"I too talked with the ground god a little while ago!" he announced. "He told me to walk in the forest. I walked. This is what I found. It was buried at the foot of that tree!" he pointed to the big tree where the *obiaman* had thought he'd hidden his ill-gotten profits. He passed one pile of money to Awasi, one to Kaffi, one to the *obiaman*—and stuck the other in his girdle. He looked at the *obiaman*—but Wambi quickly turned his eyes away.

"And now," Daasi said, taking down his hammock, "I am going to make my own camp. I am leaving! . . ."

But Awasi and Kaffi climbed out of their hammocks. They held the money Daasi had given them, and looked at him with happy eyes. He was a great magician, they both said. "*E-ya!*" Awasi exclaimed. "You are truly a great *obiaman*—it was strange we never knew it before! We will tell everyone at home about this great magic. A village that has no *obiaman* will undoubtedly send for you!"

But Daasi continued packing his canvas bag. He desired, there in the firelight, to tell Kaffi and Awasi just how it happened that he knew where to root for *papamoni.* He wanted to tell them that when they had left him on the Corentyne he had hurried back to camp and watched the *obiaman* dig little stones from other potholes. But he decided that it would be useless. His companions believed in *obiamen*, and gods, and *obia*, and charms. He looked at them silently for a long moment of farewell and then tossed his bag over his shoulder.

Daasi lit a firebrand, held it up until it flamed evenly. "And now," he said, "I am finished with all *obiamen.* I am finished with gods, and *obia*, and *jumbees.* I am going across the river as soon as the new day comes. Tomorrow I go to work on the other side of the river, with the white men, if they will let me. *Goblo!* I would rather be a white man's slave and get paid for it than to work to support an *obiaman!*" He marched off alone into the black night. "*Adiosi*, Awasi! *Adiosi*, Kaffi!" he called over his shoulder as the darkness engulfed him.

* * *

THAT IS THE STORY Daasi told me, slowly in his almost perfectly learned English, as we sat on the wide verandah of his tile-roofed home on the outskirts of the white man's Caribbean city. He had not seen his own people, he said, for five years. He had heard, however, that his friends Kaffi and Awasi had worked for months digging diamonds and selling them through the *obiaman*—and that the *obiaman* was now quite rich and Kaffi and Awasi were still poor. But all that was behind him, he said. With his new life he had dropped his jungle name, Daasi, and called himself Joe.

The white men on the coast called him Joe-the-Djuka, or, more respectfully, Joe Diamond. He was the only Djuka in over three hundred years, they told me, who had left his ancestral home, left his voodoo gods and fetishes, and taken up life among white men. They told me many stories about his phenomenal luck in the booming diamond fields. Many white prospectors and coastal Negroes, they acknowledged, had gone into the Guiana jungle and found aluvial diamonds—a few here, a few

Continued on page 170

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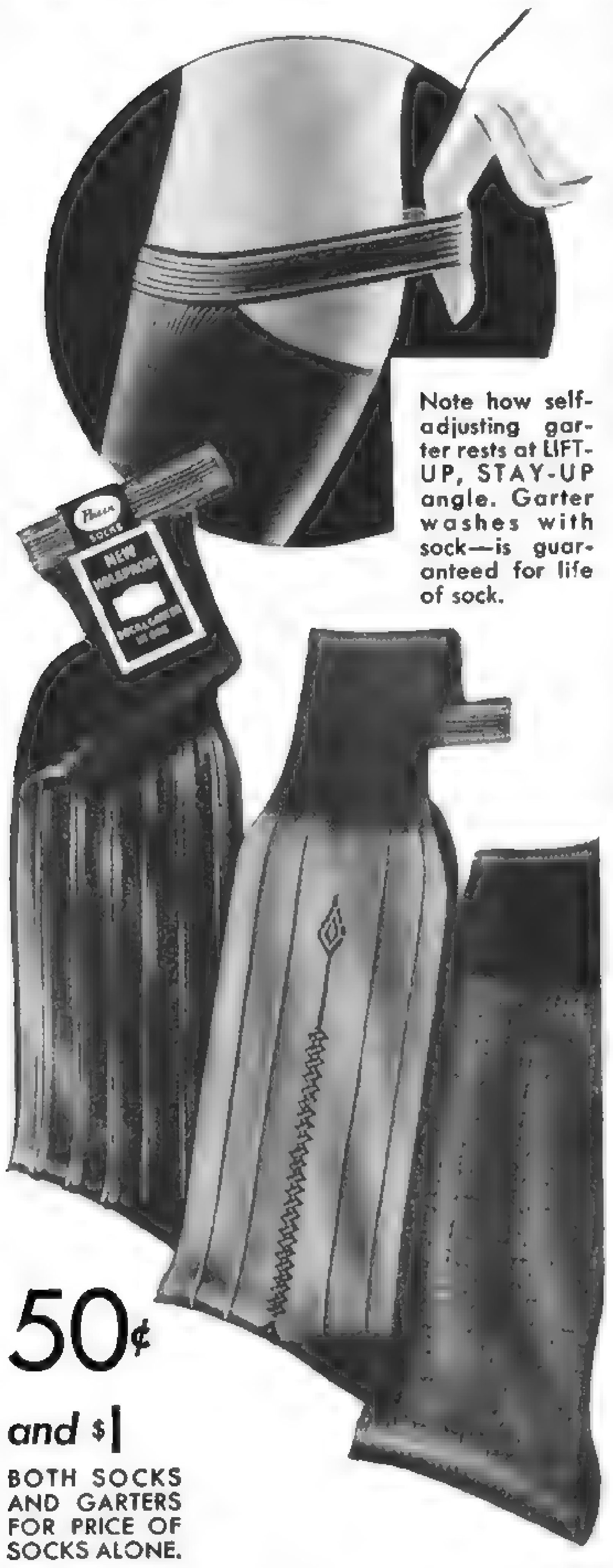

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The Devil's Trust Fund

Continued from pages 72-167-169

there. But Joe-the-Djuka was the only man who had gone into the jungle and found a diamond mine. He had started to dig, one day, in some green clay. As he dug deeper the clay proved to be weathered peridotite. The peridotite rock was loaded with diamonds. He had now two score of coastal Negroes working for him, and employed two white mining engineers to run his little mine. He had a comfortable home at his mine and an elaborate house on the coast, overlooking the Caribbean. He was thought to be wealthier than most of the coastal planters.

I had called on him, curious to delve personally into something a coastal banker had told me. Joe had just come down the river in his new launch with a ginger-ale bottle full of diamonds. His paddling days were over. He dumped the diamonds out on an inlaid table for me to inspect. I had an assistant who usually negotiated the diamond buying deals, and Joe's pride in being able to roll his stones out before me was quite apparent.

As I sorted them out and weighed the stones I wanted, a missionary from the local mission knocked on his door. The missionary asked Joe to contribute for the mission's Easter ceremonies, but Joe shook his head and sent the good priest away empty-handed. When I had made out my check for the diamonds I reminded Joe that after all the missionaries were quite hard up, and suggested that he send them a present out of his profits.

"No-no!" he said. "I am no friend of the gods anymore. I am a friend of the devil now! It wouldn't be fair to him for me to give to the gods, or to the white *obiaman*, or their saints!"

"We all give something to the mission people on Easter week," I said. "And you are quite rich. You ought to give generously. Has not God blessed you more than most men?"

"*Goblo!*" Joe grunted, forgetting for a moment that he was no longer a Djuka jungle man. "It is the devil who takes care of *me!*" As we sat on the verandah, watching the sea, he laughed softly to himself as though, after telling me his long story, he had thought of a good joke.

"I make the white *obiamen* from the mission very mad," he chuckled, "when I tell them I won't give anything to their saints. I make them very mad when I tell them I don't want to go to their Heaven—when I tell them I want to go to Hell, where the devil lives, I make them furious!"

"It is a strange decision to have arrived at," I suggested.

"I thought it all out—in my own head!" he said nodding approvingly.

He had left the Djuka country, he explained slowly as though he were talking to a schoolboy, to be free of Djuka *obiamen*, and their incessant demands. Then, in the white man's country, he had discovered that there were other *obiamen*, white witchdoctors he called them, who wanted to talk to another kind of god for him, and passed around a plate in which he was supposed to drop his fee. Both the Djuka *obiaman* and the white *obiaman*, he said, claimed to be able to talk with gods and keep harm from happening. So he had thought it all out and decided that he didn't need white *obiamen* any more than he needed Djuka *obiamen*. Both, he said seriously, were middlemen, making a profit on their acquaintance with certain gods.

"I decided to make friends with the devil directly!" Joe informed me. "He's the one everybody is really afraid of. The *obiamen* talk and pray to their gods but they only do it so the gods will keep the devil from harming them. I, myself, have made friends with the devil. I arranged to give the devil a share of everything I make. Each night I pray to him, and tell him the amount I have given him!" It was now up to the devil, Joe Diamond insisted, to take good care of such a good, and profitable, worshiper. The better luck the devil secured for Joe the more the devil made out of it!

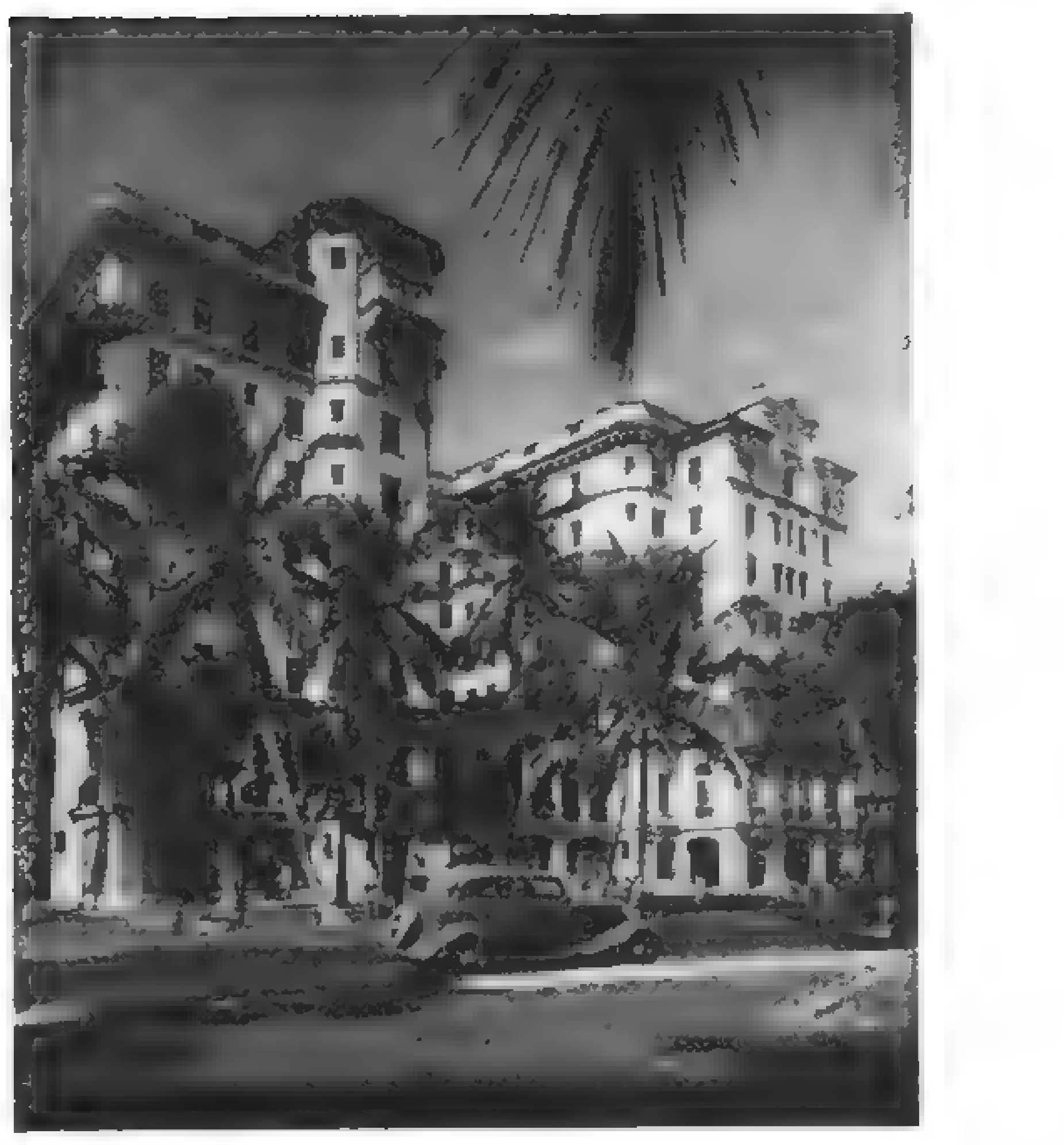
"And so you gave some of your diamonds to the devil?" I suggested, "before you showed them to me?"

"No-no!" he said. "I sell every diamond. But I give five cents from each dollar I get to the devil. I put it in the big bank for him. The better the devil takes care of me the bigger his account will be! Look!" he said, reaching into his coat pocket and handing me a small book. I turned the pages. There, certified to by the most important bank on the coast, was a record of deposits made over a four-year period to the account of "*M. Devil Esq.*"

"You put the devil's share in the bank for him?" I asked as I turned the pages and saw that the account totaled $12,271.00 with accrued interest. "But the devil never seems to get any of it. I see no withdrawals since you opened the account."

"Oh," Joe-the-Djuka said shrugging his shoulders as he had seen the white men often do, "it is all there in the bank, *in trust* for him. Whenever the devil needs it he can get it! He doesn't have to share it with any *obiaman*—as the gods have to do. *E-ya!*" he exclaimed, again forgetting for a moment that he was no longer a jungle man, "Nobody but my friend the devil can ever touch any of the money I have given him!"

The coast banker hadn't been joking after all when he told me that he was the only banker in the world who not only had high priests for clients but had the Devil himself for a good client and depositor!



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Nine Days' Wonder

Continued from page 55

to go to Joe's to calm his nerves.

"I have five cents," he says to Joe. "I will have one small beer, if you please."

Joe, who is tall, sleek-haired and expressionless, pushes back the nickel. "You better have some of this," he says quietly, and pours papa a thimble of strong whiskey.

Papa regards the little glass as if it were a kind of miracle. His eyes glisten. He gulps the whiskey and looks lovingly at Joe.

"I read all about it in the papers, Mr. Kaldi," says Joe and pours out a second thimble.

But papa is speechless. He can't answer. It is all he can do to get the glass to his lips without spilling any of the precious contents. He chokes a little from the emotion; but as if by magic, somebody appears at his elbow and pats him on the back.

"Mr. Kaldi, I hope you'll allow me to express my deepest sympathy," says the man, and turning to Joe, he says, "The gentleman will have another drink."

Joe pours the drink and at the same time casts a noncommittal eye towards the door. More customers are drifting in. They come to the bar and slide over towards papa Kaldi and buy him drinks, hoping that sooner or later he will say or do something to wring their hearts.

But he remains immobile and speechless until his seventh drink and then he bursts into tears. This is at least something; but as he is beginning to teeter, a number of men help him to a table, while another brings a bottle and still another the newspapers from Eisinger's Drug Store.

Everybody is hopeful. They crowd around the table and watch papa Kaldi as if he were a rare flower about to burst into bloom. And then, without warning, he lifts glazed eyes, points uncertainly to the headline of one of the papers and says: "That is Marie, my daughter!"

They nod and hang on his frazzled mustache under which his lips are seen to move again. "She was a good girl," he says thickly.

They all incline their heads sympathetically, even though they know that she was not a good girl.

"She was my little angel," continues papa.

Again they nod, although obviously the expression is fanciful.

Suddenly papa Kaldi clutches the bundle of papers and his eyes grow sulphurous. "Dirty pigs!" he shouts. "They lie!"

The men are pleased with the outburst and wait for more; but papa decides to take another drink and apparently goes into a trance. Later, it is determined that he has gone to sleep. Then the men take him home and deliver him tenderly, like a child, to mamma Kaldi, along with the newspapers from Eisinger's Drug Store.

That was the first day!

Next day papa has a headache.

By this time the whole city, perhaps the whole country is talking about the mysterious murder of the beautiful girl. Because it is horrible and mysterious, and because the victim, from the pictures, must have been an exceptionally "hot number," everything connected with this murder is irresistible. Already the bush in the park, behind which the nude, mutilated body was found, has become celebrated. It has to be guarded against souvenir hunters. Meanwhile, people in the neighborhood are also coming to stare at papa's little frame house on Sunnyside Avenue.

But papa has a headache, and issuing from his house, he scolds the awed crowd at his gate. He also scolds Mr. Eisinger when he politely suggests that before taking any of today's papers, papa should first settle for yesterday's.

"You treat me very bad, Mr. Eisinger," papa says irritably and throws down the papers. "I go and get them somewhere else."

"Now, now, I'm not dunning you, Mr. Kaldi, I'm just reminding you," protests Mr. Eisinger humbly and pushes the papers under papa's arm.

"Aha! So!" says papa and regards Mr. Eisinger with a curious expression.

Then he goes straight to Joe's to cure his headache. It is there, after admiring friends have treated him to a few quick ones, that he first begins to suspect something. It is quite extraordinary, this suspicion, which creeps up on him like a sweet mist and by degrees enfolds him with a delicious warmth. Suddenly it is as if he were standing on air and as if the words issuing from under his mustache were floating on wings like beautiful pigeons. A beatific expression overspreads his face and graciously, with fine unctuous phrases, he invites everybody at Joe's to come to Marie's funeral.

Later, in front of his house he finds more people staring; but he does not scold them now. He makes a little speech, quite dignified, and then invites them all to come to the funeral.

Inside the house there is a photographer and a female reporter pestering mamma.

"You run along, mamma, and make soup," papa says cheerfully, "I will talk to the lady." And so he sits down on the sofa beside the lady and, in the end, invites her and the photographer to come to the funeral.

In the afternoon he strolls to Eisinger's Drug Store to see how his picture and his words look in the paper. FATHER'S OWN STORY OF PRETTY VICTIM, says the headline. Papa takes this paper and all the other papers; but before Mr. Eisinger can mention a word about money, papa also invites him to the funeral.

"And when would that be?" asks Mr. Eisinger.

"So soon as the police can let me have my Marie back," says

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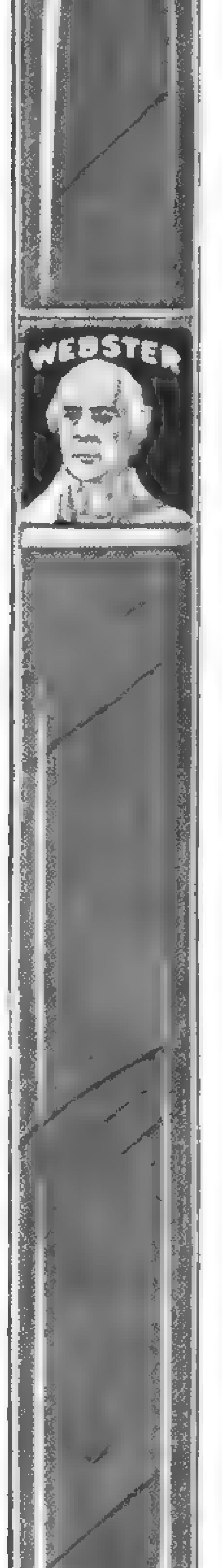

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Nine Days' Wonder

Continued from pages 55-171

papa Kaldi grandly. "But first they must take her all apart."

"You mean perform an autopsy," suggests Mr. Eisinger.

"What you wish," says papa a little impatiently, "only it is a very important matter."

Never was there such a funeral! Like a princess Marie Kaldi lies in state in Mr. Nickerson's mortuary parlor, while hundreds and thousands stand in a long queue waiting to look at her. She lies in the best casket, and tomorrow papa and mamma will ride to the cemetery in the best limousine, and all at a discount of sixty-six and two-thirds per cent.

"To be frank," Mr. Nickerson has confessed to papa, "the importance of the case merits a discount."

"How much?" papa has asked, his eyes twinkling.

"Well, shall we say twenty-five per cent?"

Papa has laughed sardonically.

"Well, then fifty per cent?"

Papa has shaken his head and smiled superciliously.

"Well, then two-thirds off! I will give you my three hundred dollar de luxe funeral for one hundred dollars. Now that's fair, Mr. Kaldi."

"That's fair," papa has said, "only mamma and I haven't got no more than $80 in cash, so the rest has got to be on credit."

"Very well," Mr. Nickerson has said with a catch in his throat.

And so they come, hundreds and thousands, to look at Marie's corpse, looking so pretty lying in Mr. Nickerson's best de luxe casket. All afternoon of the third day, papa oscillates excitedly between Mr. Nickerson's mortuary parlor, counting people; and Joe's bar, drinking quick ones, until finally he can oscillate no more. And on the fourth day, wearing his best black suit with a black band around the hat and around the arm, he rides with mamma in Mr. Nickerson's elegant limousine with the curtains drawn very low on mamma's side, but not so low on papa's side.

Ahead of them, leading the procession, is Mr. Nickerson's A-No.-1 hearse. Behind them are cars laden with floral offerings from friends, from the boys at Joe's and from anonymous sympathizers—perhaps from Marie's gentlemen acquaintances. These last are the most magnificent of all. And behind the flowers come cars upon cars of mourners, hundreds of mourners, and one car marked: "PRESS."

Mamma weeps quietly all the time; but papa, diligently peeping out from under his curtain, is too excited to weep. It is not until he is at the grave and hears the earth rattling on the coffin lid that he begins to cry; and then he wails with loud, stormy sobs, casting himself on the ground, and even the newspaper photographers are a trifle embarrassed.

Papa does not put his best black suit back into the moth balls after the funeral. Instead, he decides to wear it every day, as more fitting to his dignity.

"But you'll wear it all out," mamma complains.

But papa only smiles at her with pity. Mamma is so crass, so prosaic. There is no poetry in her, no appreciation for finer things. It has been quite a disappointment to papa to see mamma behaving so ordinary, just as if it didn't mean anything at all that the newspapers are writing every day about Marie and mamma and papa. She doesn't even read the papers, except to glance at them sorrowfully; and she has said repeatedly that she would just as soon if papa didn't buy them.

But that is mamma all over: a good heart but no imagination. Even should they elect papa President of the United States, mamma would act just the same.

But down at Joe's it is different. Papa has only to step into the place when at once a hush comes over everybody.

Then Joe says: "Good morning, Mr. Kaldi, how are you this morning?" And it is as if papa were Mr. J. P. Morgan.

Then immediately somebody else says: "Sit down, Mr. Kaldi, won't you have a drink?" And papa sits down and has a drink. Only he does not gulp now, he sips! Then somebody says: "Well, Mr. Kaldi, what's the good word today?" And papa says: "Well, if you was to ask me, myself, personally, I think the policemen are idiots."

"You don't tell, Mr. Kaldi," says somebody.

"They are fools!" papa proclaims.

"Maybe they ought to call in the G-Men," somebody suggests.

Papa considers this. Then he says: "Maybe yes, and then again, maybe no!" And everybody hangs on papa's words as though he were a high-priced lawyer.

That is the way it is after the funeral; everybody deferring to papa; people stopping in the street and saying in a hushed tone, "There he goes, that's Marie Kaldi's father." Or coming right up to him, very deferential, and saying, "Mr. Kaldi, I was to your daughter's funeral and I want to tell you how beautiful it was." Even Mr. Eisinger isn't saying anything more about money, so impressed is he with papa's great importance.

"Maybe you could use one of our special reduced toothbrushes, Mr. Kaldi?" says Mr. Eisinger expansively one day. "Only twenty-nine cents, and I'll be glad to charge it with the papers."

"I don't use teethbrushes," says papa with dignity, "I use picks."

"Well, we got some colored toothpicks, Mr. Kaldi. They're quite a novelty."

"Hmmm!" says papa, "colored, eh?"

"Like this," says Mr. Eisinger, and shows papa a box with red,

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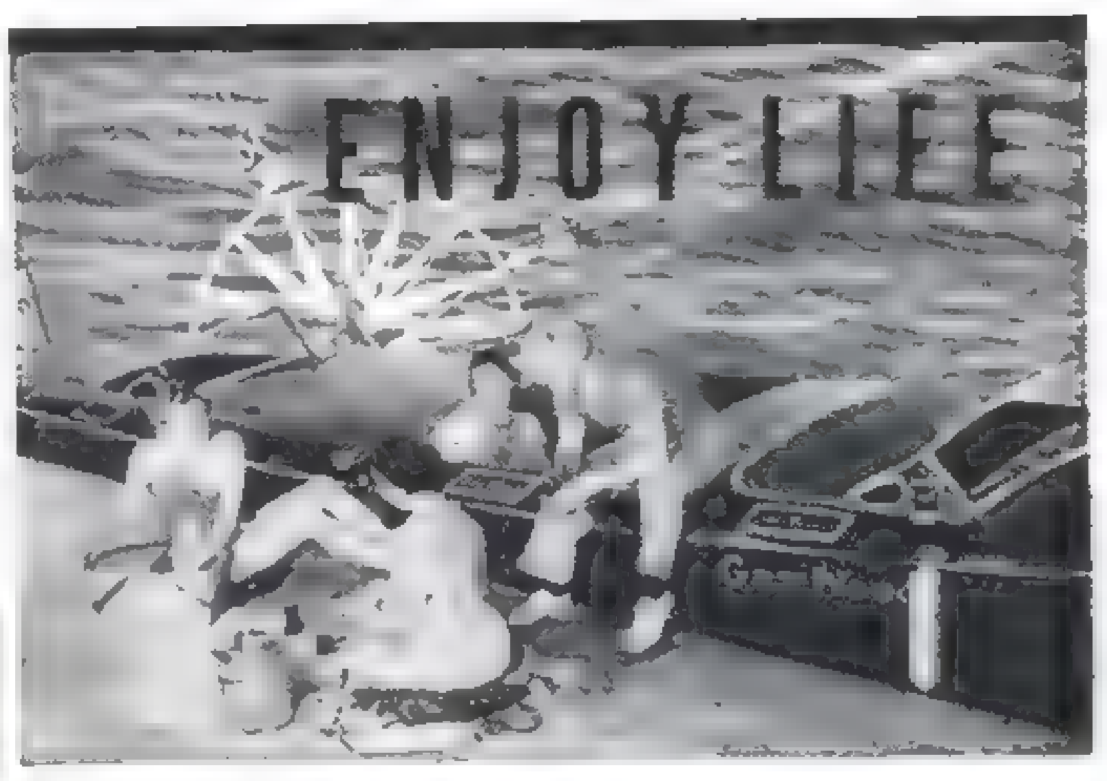

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blue, green and yellow toothpicks. "Only twenty-four cents."

"I take it!" says papa.

That is the ninth day on which papa buys the colored toothpicks and has them charged to his account at Eisinger's Drug Store. That evening, after supper, he takes the box out of his pocket and says proudly: "Mamma, have a green toothpick?"

"Papa," she says sharply, "wherever did you get such picks like that?"

"Never you mind," he says. "Maybe you like a blue one, eh?"

"Did you buy them, papa?"

"Maybe yes, and maybe no," says he, cutely.

"You did buy them!" she accuses. "You spent money for such kind of trash!"

Papa frowns. "They ain't trash," he protests.

"For shame, papa!" she cries. "Talking like that to me! Maybe you think we can eat toothpicks? Maybe you think you don't *never* have to get a job?"

But all papa does is make a very pained face, and says: "You make me very sad, mamma."

Then he gets up, very dignified; puts on his hat; sticks a red pick in his mouth, and goes to Joe's.

He walks slowly with a lordly gait, holding his head high and keeping his eyes front, except when he comes to a newsstand. Then he casts his eyes sideways, absorbing headlines which in the tabloid and more popular papers are still screaming about the murder of Marie Kaldi. SEEK NEW PARK MURDER CLUE, says one paper; GIRL KILLING MYSTIFIES POLICE, says another.

At a street corner two little newsboys rush at papa. "Buy a paper from me, Mr. Kaldi?" they plead. But papa waves them condescendingly aside.

"I got all the papers already," he tells them; "but maybe you like a nice blue toothpick as a souvenir?" he says.

He gives each one a pick and they say: "Oh thank you, Mr. Kaldi!"

"Nice boys," thinks papa and smiles to himself.

By the time he reaches Joe's, he has forgotten all about mamma and the incident at the supper table. Tonight, he senses at Joe's an atmosphere of special reverence; and when he takes out the box of toothpicks, there is a kind of murmur of admiration that ripples from one end of the bar to the other.

"Help yourself, gentlemen," says papa magnificently. "Take any color you like."

He puts the box pretentiously on the bar and one by one they come up and help themselves to one or more picks. "Now ain't that something," says one of them; and another, shaking his head, says: "What next, what next!"

Obviously everybody is impressed, and papa presently imbued with some good strong whiskey, basks in the glowing sense of being a unique personage graciously bestowing a unique gift.

As the evening advances, the toothpicks dwindle; but papa doesn't care.

"Tomorrow," he says, "I'll get another box. Maybe two boxes. Maybe three boxes." He reflects solemnly, and then, his face beaming, he shouts: "Maybe I get a dozen boxes! What the hell!"

Never has papa felt so grand, so magnificent as on the evening of the ninth day!

It is the next day, the tenth, that all the newspapers come out with a new murder. This time it is not such a pretty girl as Marie Kaldi; it is an old woman, but she has been decapitated by a fiend and all her legs and arms have been cut off and packed in separate, individual gunny sacks. It is such a horrible killing, such a fiendish thing, that the papers, in the excitement, forget all about the nine-day-old murder of Marie Kaldi. Nowhere is there so much as a word about it. Everything in the papers is all about the new SACK MURDER.

Papa Kaldi, rising at leisure, with a thick head but a joyful heart, does not even know about this until well after ten o'clock. Innocently he walks into Eisinger's Drug Store in his best suit, grandly chewing a red toothpick; and it is not till then, with the paper in his hand, that he catches the meaning of the headline. It is as if somebody has struck him on the head with a large hammer. He stands there, stunned.

And beside him stands Mr. Eisinger with a bill in his hand. "I was just thinking," says Mr. Eisinger with dreadful matter-of-factness, "that maybe you'd like to settle your little account, Mr. Kaldi. Now for the papers for nine days, it comes to $2.97; and 24 cents for the novelty toothpicks, that makes it exactly $3.21 total."

"Go away, if you please," says papa huskily, his throat so dry he can hardly pronounce.

"Now listen here, Mr. Kaldi, I'm not trying to push you; but I got to render you this bill here and I got to remind you to pay it."

"If you please, Mr. Eisinger, shut up!" cries papa, and pointing to the paper, he says: "Don't you see what it's saying here?"

"Sure I see," says Mr. Eisinger, reddening in the face. "I can read, can't I? But that ain't any reason for you to get fresh, Mr. Kaldi."

"Fresh, you say? Fresh!"

"That's what I said."

"So that's what you say, Mr. Eisinger! You say, 'Fresh!' Well, let me tell *you* something, Mr. Eisinger! Let me tell you that you can take your lying papers and your foolish toothpicks and go to hell, Mr. Eisinger!"

With that papa slams down the paper and spits the red pick on the floor. Then he raises himself to his full height and walks out with such fierceness that Mr. Eisinger can think of nothing to do except utter a few indecent cuss words.

Directly papa goes to Joe's, but even as he goes his wrath simmers down and gives way to misgivings, and unconsciously his shoulders

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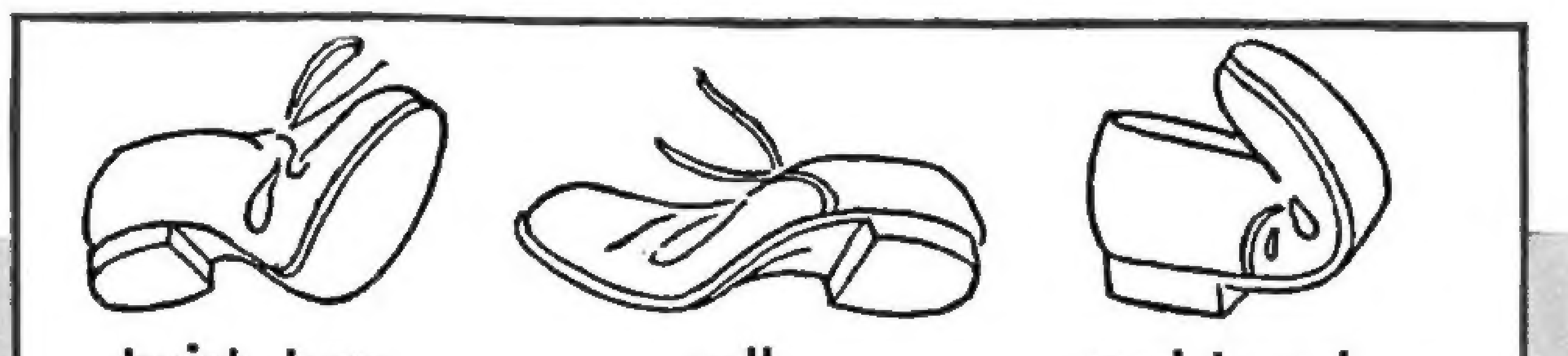

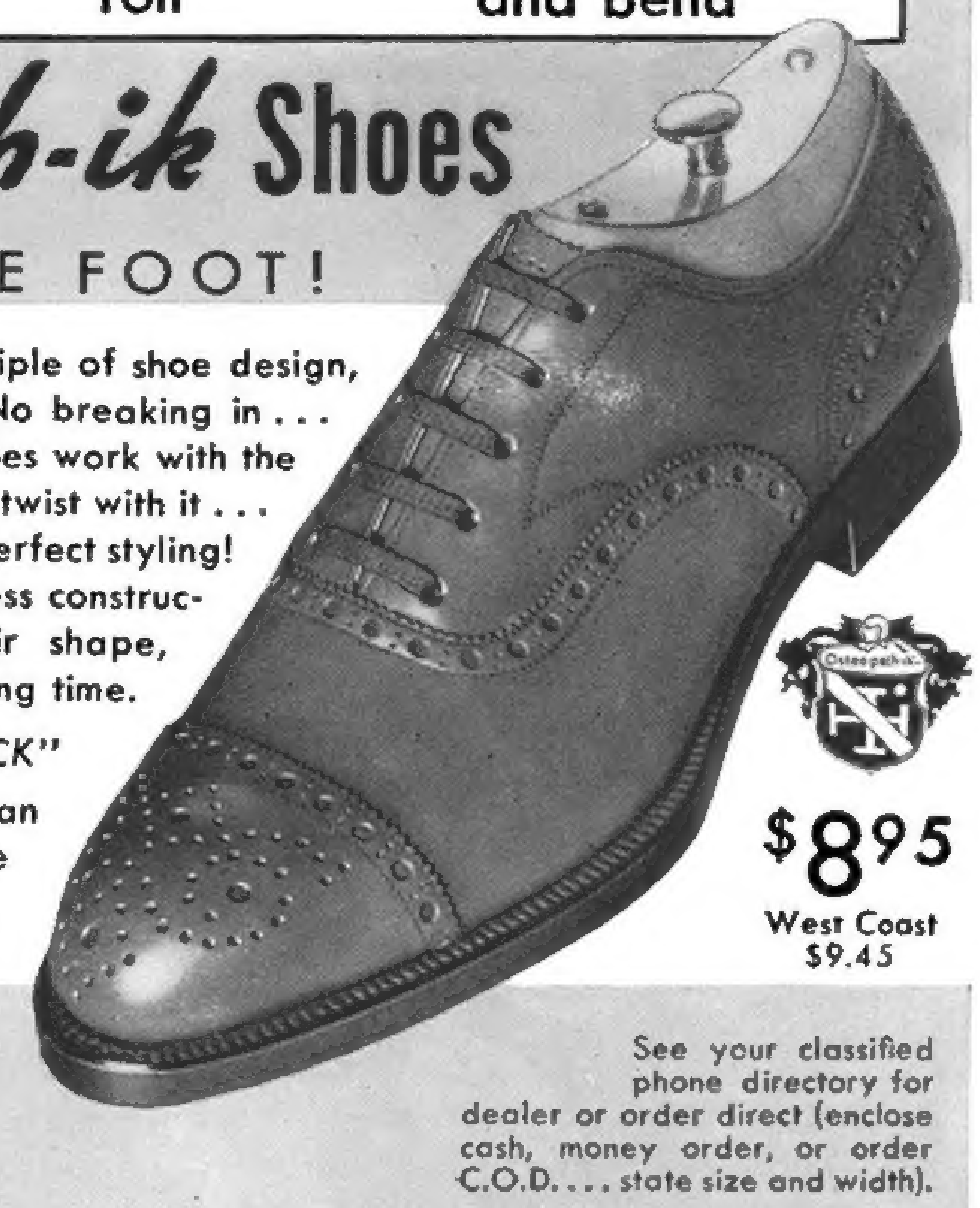

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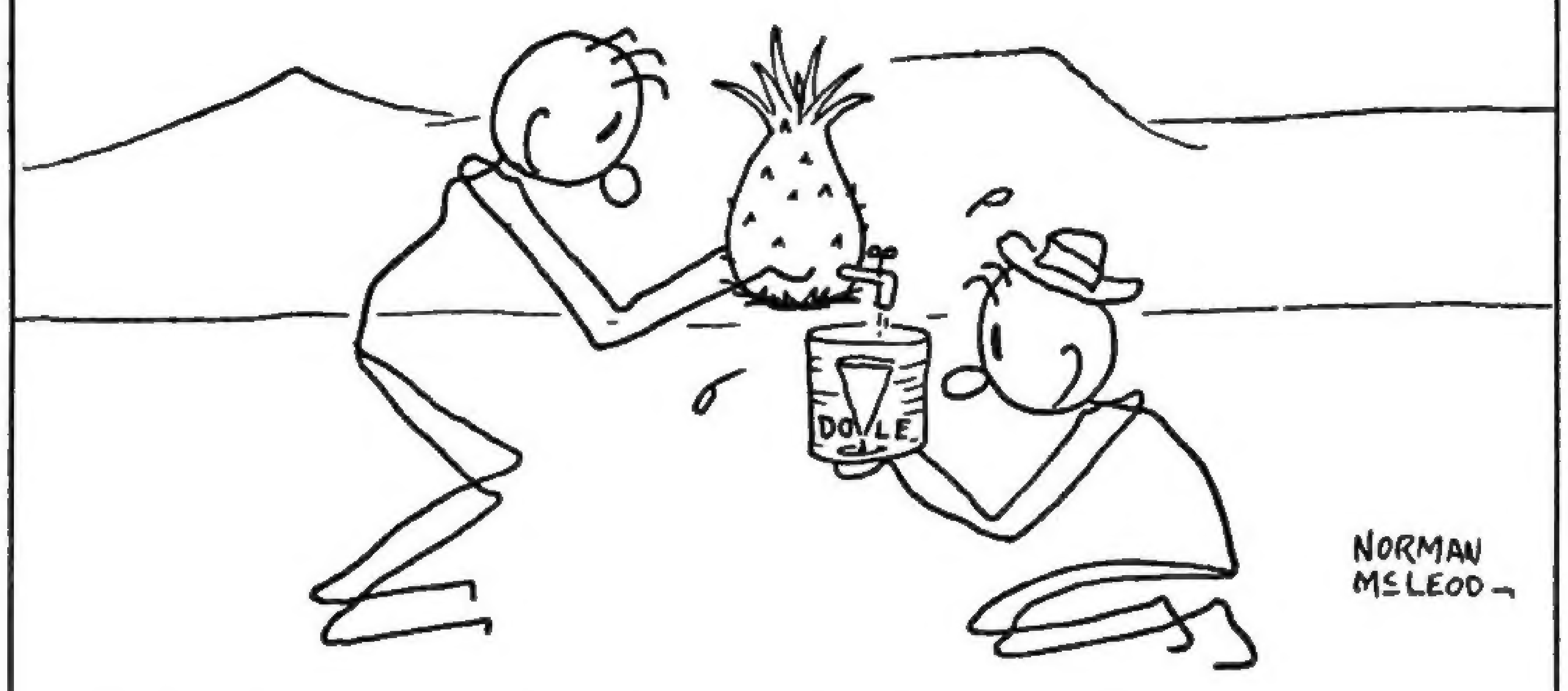

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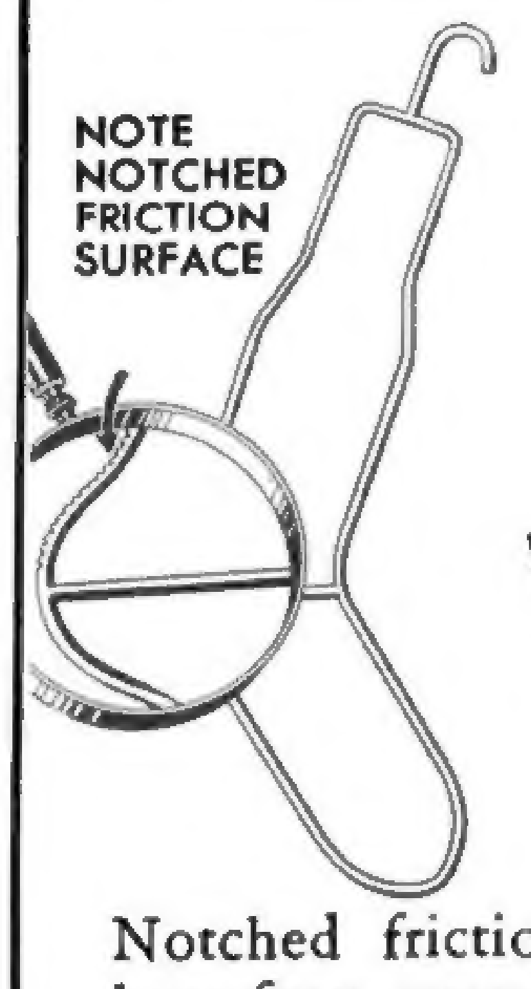

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Nine Days' Wonder

Continued from pages 55-171-173

slump. "Can it be so?" he thinks. "Can it be so?" Passing a newsstand, he casts a furtive glance and sees that it is only too true, that indeed it is so. "Dear Mother of God!" he mumbles. "Dear Mother!" And his eyes grow misty and he is ready to choke.

He goes into Joe's, and there is Joe the way he always is, wiping the bar with a moist rag and looking very sleek. There are three men at the bar, three of papa's good companions. They are talking. And there is a fourth at a table, studying a newspaper. He is reading about the new SACK MURDER.

Papa shuffles to the bar and leans against it, and waits. Presently, one of the good companions says, "Morning pop." He lifts his hand in a listless salute and the other men look over and nod, and papa smiles bravely.

"Good morning," he says and then adds eagerly: "It's a nice day!"

The men at the bar smile amiably, and Joe comes over to wipe the particular place in front of papa.

"What'll it be?" he says, and his face is expressionless.

Reluctantly papa explores his own pocket and slowly produces one nickel. "I got five cents, only five cents, Joe," he says loud enough so that everybody must hear. "Maybe I take a small beer, if you please."

Papa puts the nickel on the bar and looks longingly at Joe, his face a prayer to Joe. But Joe does not push the nickel back. With heartbreaking indifference, he catches up a glass, prepares to draw the small beer. Papa's eyes grow large and frantic.

"Wait, Joe!" he calls and shakes his head violently. "I don't want no beer, if you please."

Joe puts down the glass, goes about his business. The good companions go on talking. The one at the table, who has been studying the SACK MURDER, ostentatiously gathers up his paper, tramps over to the bar and joins the conversational trio. "Well," he says in a booming voice, "you got to admit one thing: the bastard that did it had imagination."

The trio roars with laughter and the man with the paper orders a drink. To papa it is as if they are tearing at his entrails. He tries to close his ears and looks hard at the nickel that is still reposing on the bar; but the coin becomes distorted from the film of tears that well up in his eyes. All at once he feels the crushing effect of man's earthly selfishness.

"I will go to church and pray," he thinks desperately, and the picture of himself kneeling before the shrine of the Blessed Virgin gives him some consolation. He elaborates on the picture, imagining himself buying two candles for his "little angel" for twenty-five cents apiece.

A kind of exaltation takes hold of him as he thinks of buying the candles. He is almost smiling; but the nickel swims back into his consciousness and again he wants to cry.

Joe has come back to that end of the bar where papa is leaning, and wipes the place in front of papa with the damp cloth, his face as communicative as the bottom of a pan. But the man with the paper has been watching papa, and now he says:

"If that nickel's all you got, pop, why don't you take a chance with the slot machine?"

"Sure," says somebody, "maybe you'll hit the jack pot."

"And that ain't so funny," says the man with the paper. "I knew a fellow once had only one nickel and busted the jack pot first try, and then run it up to over a hundred at craps."

"Where was that at?" asks a skeptic.

"Well, I'll tell you . . ." begins the man; but papa hears no more than that. Already he has picked up the nickel and has gone into the back room where, behind a dense curtain, is Joe's slot machine. Almost it seems to papa the suggestion of the man with the paper is a sign from heaven. Papa faces the machine, a mysterious, wonderful thing of glittering gold, his heart bursting with prayer.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God," he murmurs, "forgive me a sinner, and let me have fifty cents for two little candles to burn for dear little daughter; and if it pleases you, Blessed Mother, give me fifteen cents more for a little drink, just one little drink, if you please, because I got such a terrible headache. Blessed Mother," he cries, "give me *three plums!*"

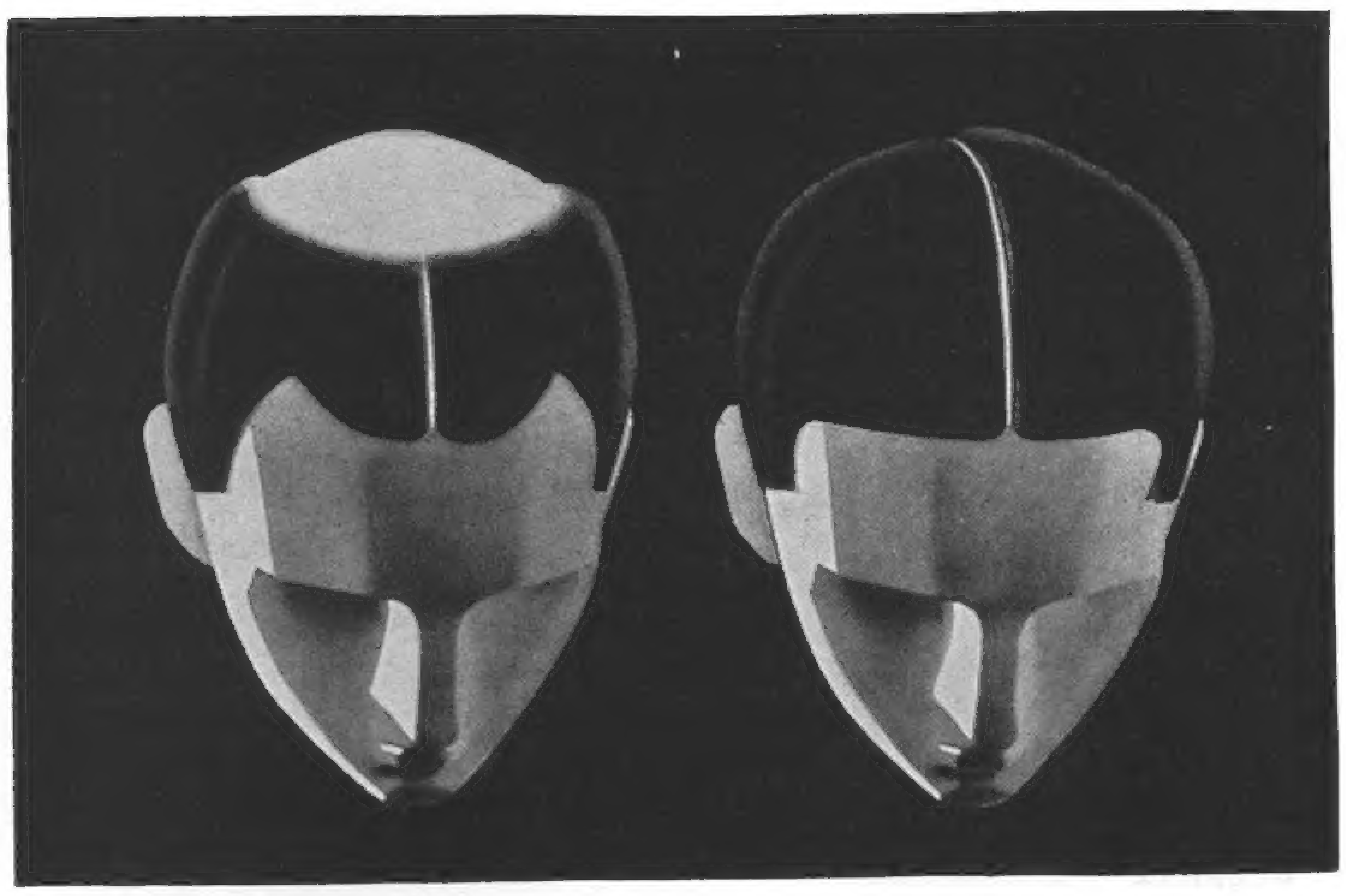
He pulls the lever then, holding his breath, and the drums whirr and come to a stop with a succession of agonizing clicks. First a cherry! Then an orange! Then a lemon!

For a flash papa's face is a grimace of anger. Then it goes. Papa's hands drop helplessly to his side. His head bows. His knees bend. His whole frame sags. He sighs with a kind of rattle in his throat.

"No luck, pop?" says the man with paper.

But papa looks neither to right nor left. He walks out of Joe's, up the street, past the newsstands, past Eisinger's Drug Store, around the corner, down Sunnyside Avenue and home to mamma. ⌗

The April issue, out March 15th, will make Income Tax Day a little Christmas!



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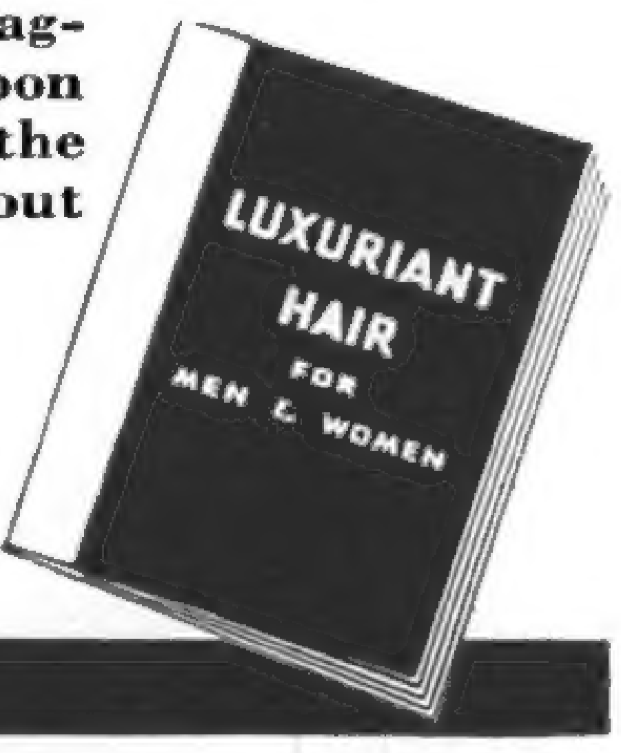

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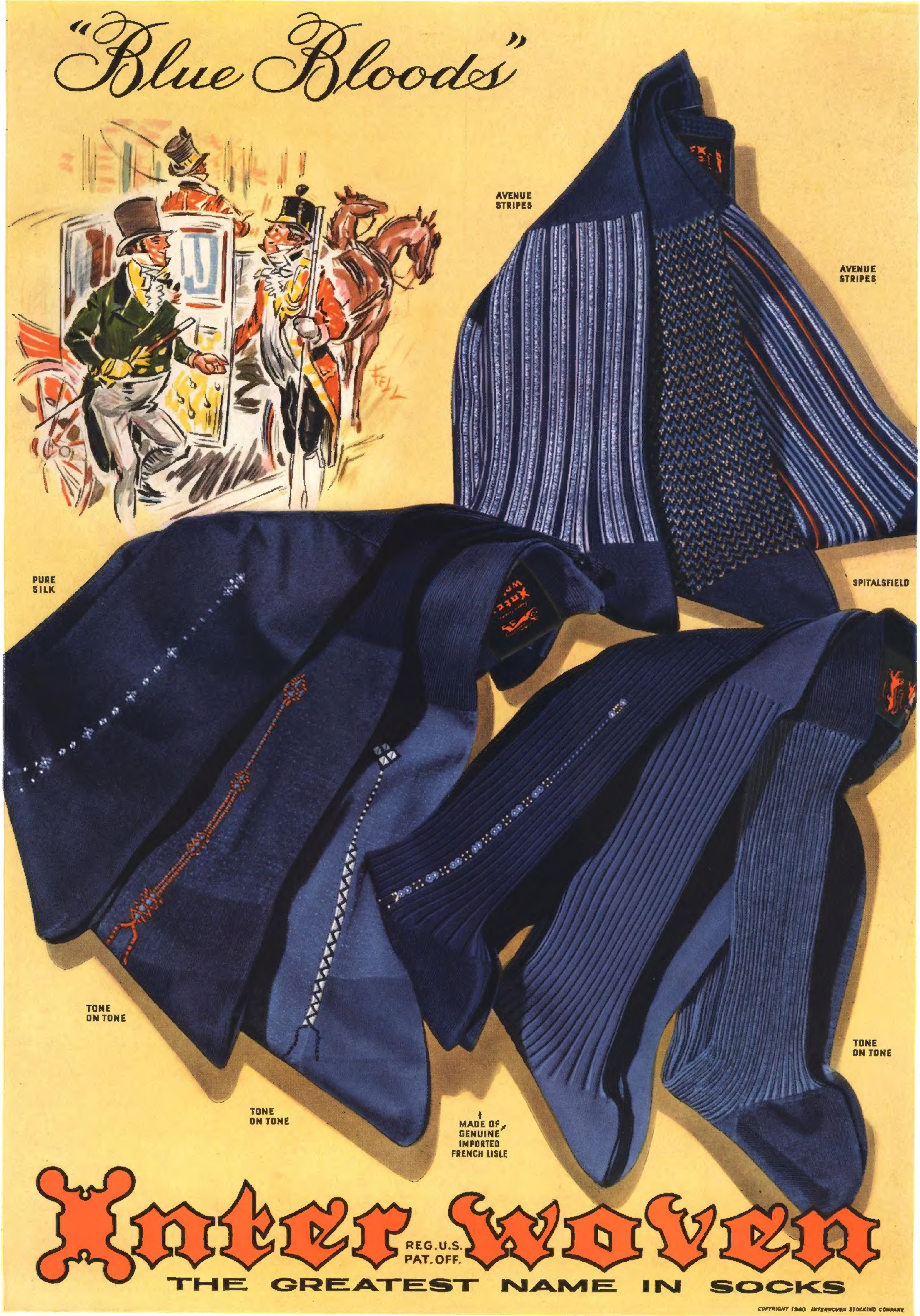
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At left: **ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH.** James Callis, North Carolina farmer, shows Miss Agnes Williams—from a near-by farm—a tobacco plant in flower, from the fine crop he has raised by U. S. Government methods.

"UNCLE SAM'S

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new ideas helped make tobacco better than ever

...and Luckies bought the top-notch grades!" says Luther Herring, 12 years a tobacco buyer!

Q. "You say Uncle Sam helped tobacco farmers?"

MR. HERRING: "Yes. Even though crops vary with weather, U. S. Government methods have made tobacco better than ever during the past few years."

Q. "And Luckies get this better tobacco?"

MR. H: "Luckies buy the finer grades, and always did."

Q. "That's a strong statement."

MR. H: "Well, I see first hand that they buy the prettier lots of tobacco on the warehouse floor. In fact, that's why Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite with independent tobacco men. And that's why I've smoked them myself for 21 years."

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